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NEW-SHAKESPE AREANA

A CRITICAL · CONTEMPORARY AND CVRRENT RE-
VIEW OF SHAKESPEAREAN & ELIZABETHAN STVDIES

CONDVCTED BY THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

VOLUME I



NEW YORK CITY AND WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY, V. S. A.

1902

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[By error of the printer, the pagination of No. 2 began over again at 1. In this Index, therefore, the numerals followed by an asterisk refer to the first 38 pages of this volume, after which the pagination is consecutive to the end. In binding, the folding page of the four title pages of Hamlet, stitched with No. 1, is to face page 18*, while the fac-simile of the entries in the Elsinore Town Records should face page 17*. The portrait of Adler as Shylock is to face page 79.]

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WEDER IRRGLAUBIG NOCH ALTGLAUBIG * NUR SHAKESPEARE

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A Twentieth Century REVIEW of SHAKESPEAREAN and DRA
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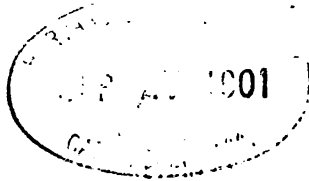
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The Editors and Publishers of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA exceedingly regret to send out this number. It is not in the least what they intended and intend in the future. But it has been thought best in the face of many vexatious delays to make an initiative at once. Succeeding issues, it is expected and confidently believed, will entitle **NEW SHAKESPEAREANA** to a place editorially and typographically among the noble achievements of the New York Shakespeare Society.

Subscriptions to March, 1902, are extended to September, 1902.

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. I.

SHAKESPEARE AS A BLAMELESS PRIG.

William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man; by Hamilton Wright Mabie, New York and London. Macmillan & Co. \$6.00 and \$3.50 net.

"I have in mind," says Herder, "an immense figure of a man sitting high on a rocky summit; at his feet, storm, tempest and the raging of the sea, but his head is in the beams of heaven. This is Shakespeare! Only with this addition, that far below, at the foot of his rocky throne, are murmuring crowds who expound, preserve, condemn, defend, worship, slander, over-rate and abuse him; and of all this he hears nothing."

Into this "murmuring crowd" now lightly and mincingly trips Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. With ladylike footsteps he treads the dusty street of Shakespeare lore, and daisies of Turveydropian Deportment spring beneath his feet. As fully equipped as a gentleman, who for thirty years had been mouthing glittering generalities about the vastness of the Ocean, would be to write a Manual of Practical Navigation, is Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie to write a "Life of Shakespeare!" To spare the feelings of mariners, and to avoid reflection upon the mighty deep, this gentleman of glittering generalities might omit any mention of shoals, storms, rocks, simoons, adverse currents and dangerous latitudes, or forbear allusion to any such thing as lighthouses or bell-bouys lest he suggest a need for them. Just so Mr. Mabie will have his Shakespeare only a lush Bosom of Sweetness and Light, a model to all youth, and a veritable Sunday school in himself for the Literary Person: and any record, tradition, circumstance or surmise that could by any possibility suggest the contrary, does not, for him anywhere exist.

Something of this sort impresses us as we lift this bulky volume from the mass of books that tumble over each other out of the publisher's shops. To say that it is redundant and superfluous, that it adds not even a new or newly put surmise (as "Georg Brandes" occasionally did) to the *olla podrida* of other people's opinions, or that the not at

all unusual or uncommon possession of a fluent pen, or a ridiculously bubbling optimism, or the facility for what is not inaptly called "spellbinding," are not valuable acquisitions to the general fund of Human Knowledge, is to dismiss the book as it deserves to be dismissed. But it would be unladylike to so dismiss Mr. Mabie's book. Herder's "murmuring crowds" "expound, preserve, condemn, defend, worship, slander, over-rate and abuse, his "immense figure of a man," but Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie does none of these vulgar things. Not the late P. T. Barnum himself, who bill-boarded his tight-rope dancer as "Queen of the Lofty Wire," ever plastered dead walls with half the pictorial English which Mr. Mabie contributes to the mass of exact Shakespearean scholarship. And it would not surprise us to come upon a Tumultuous Thanatopsis of Thaumaturgical Tetrahedrons, or a Majestical Multocular of Multitudinous Megatheriums, or any other agglomerations of Talent from the "Greatest Show on Earth!" They would glide right into Mr. Mabie's context without a ripple!

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's "Shakespeare" is perfectly "Moral." There cannot be the slightest shadow of suspicion of doubt as to that; "No possible, probable manner of doubt, no manner of doubt whatever," as Mr. Gilbert would say. But is Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie Moral? Is it moral to suppress the truth, to misrepresent facts, to describe things as they were not, even in a "Life of William Shakespeare?" For, in matters touching Shakespeare and his plays, it is mostly by way of praise that one tells the truth. Their highest praise is that we now see them to be defective, for, had they not trained us to become susceptible of higher things, we should not now perceive their deficiencies. But perhaps it would be impossible to demonstrate this to Mr. Mabie. Hence it comes that, as Mr. Malone whitewashed the Stratford bust, so Mr. Mabie will whitewash "the immense figure of the man" behind it. Moreover, he will drape Naked Truth with pantelettes, and the Young Person will be carefully attended to.

To reflect that, however finely Mr. Mabie's sentences intone when read aloud, there are yet scholars to whom the truth, even the naked truth, appeals with a force almost equal to the force of declamation, elocution and rhetoric; (if he does so reflect, which we incline to doubt,) does not harrow Mr. Mabie. Even if there be scholars to cavil, are there not young ladies of both sexes and Tea-and-Shakespeare Societies and circulating libraries and summer readers galore? Perish the suspicion, of course, that Mr. Mabie's "Life of Shakespeare" could possibly have been compounded as a commercial economy, being first heard of in instalments for a newspaper, the electrotypes of whose columns would cut up into plates for this book. If it had been prepared in this way, a space-writer might well, in the pressure of a call for "copy" have failed to read over his last printed instalment, which would account for some inconsistencies hereafter to be noted. This explanation too, would account for the care taken of the Young Person in these pages.

Most unfortunately there are few men of the sixteenth century whose biographies must not be expurgated for the columns of a newspaper, only some of us have claimed that William Shakespeare was one of the few! The Young Person! For your space-writer

who loves the truth with a surpassing love, virginibus puerisque, must drape the naked truth, if a trifle too naked, must whitewash, even if it require the whitewash to be thick and slab, those dark spots. And so Mr. Mable, with his limitations, and in view of his responsibilities, is right in choosing the school of Mr. Podsnap and Mr. Waldengarver, (we do not say the school of Mr. Pecksniff,) in preference to the school of Naked Truth. "Let us be moral," said Mr. Pecksniff. It is Mr. Pecksniff's fault that his general conduct has made that perfectly proper and most admirable maxim odious, not to say "shaky." It is Mr. Hamilton W. Mable's glory that he has restored an otherwise clouded maxim to its perfect day. With "Let us be moral," in Mr. Mable's smug and flabby optimism, we hasten to say, not the slightest fault can be found, except when a little matter of fact, or something as trifling, is involved.

Mr. Mable is no gosling either, at what Sir Walter Scott called the "big bow-wows." But in his Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders he is nicer yet. In that mood not even Sergeant Buzfuz could approach him. The late Mr. Bardell was killed by being hit on the head with a quart-pot in a cellar, but Sergeant Buzfuz in the presence of the disconsolate relict properly preferred to put it that Mr. Bardell "glided imperceptably from the world and sought elsewhere that retirement which a custom-house could never afford," and the sobs of the relict and of the pledge of her departed exciseman were tempered as winds are tempered to the shorn lamb. But not even Sergeant Buzfuz could have dished up the "Life of Shakespeare" in four hundred and odd pages of invaluable biographical matter like this:

"Shakespeare was now in the depths of the deep-stirring of his spirit, which has left its record in the Tragedies; the darkest mood was on him; apparently the mood in which the sense of evil in the world almost overpowered his belief in the essential soundness of life; and the mystery of evil pressed upon the imagination with such intensity that he was tempted to take refuge in fundamental cynicism."—page 314.

But Mr. Mable can reel off reams of this sort of flubdub and think nothing of it! Here is a bit, reminding us, in its superiority to the relations ordinarily governing such minor matters as subjects and predicates, of that Johnny Skae, who, according to Mr. Mark Twain, once stopped the press in the small hours to insert a mortuary item:

"Chief among those influences was the lovely scenery by which the poets young imagination was unfolded. Whether he was one of the throng who waited for the Queen on some old-time highway, or stood with the eager crowd who gathered about the Castle gates on the great day of the Royal visit, is of no consequence, what is certain is his familiarity with the Warwickshire landscapes; that fortunate landscape, beautiful in itself and appealing to every imagination because it was Shakespeare's country. There are more striking outlooks than these which are found between Kenilworth and Stratford, there are more fertile and garden-like stretches of country, but there are no where in England happier harmony of the typical qualities of English country; gentle undulation of world and wood, groups of ancient trees, long lines of hedges, slow rivers winding under over-hanging branches and loiter-

ing in places of immemorial (sic.) shade," etc., etc., etc.

Not Halliwell-Phillipps himself could have packed more information about William Shakespeare into a meager 13 lines! There are ten pages of this at a stretch, beginning on page 57, and several hundred more pages of it elsewhere in the book. Though why there should be several hundred pages instead of several thousand; or why Mr. Mabie's "Life of Shakespeare" is in one volume. Instead of in two, or in twenty, it would puzzle Dundreary himself to find out! When on this trek Mr. Mabie's pen ambles along all of itself! Except for a Dispensation of Providence, or that Mr. Mabie stepped out to luncheon, or happened to think of another book to write, there is really no reason whatever why his Life of Shakespeare should not, like Lord Tennyson's brook, purl on without rift or ripple, in *saecula saeculorum*!

Some of us used to resent Major Jack Downing's term "hifalutin;" being, (as it is sometimes,) applied by English writers to the intellectual achievements of American "literary fellows." But they will justifiably so apply it, we fear, as long as gentlemen like Mr. Mabie use their pens. Anyhow it is easy reeling for Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. It is not entirely clear whether Mr. Mabie however seriously he takes himself, and how ever lacking in sense of humor, endorses Mr. Furnivall's wonderful groupings, "The Unfit Nature," or "Under-Burden Falling" groups; the "Sunny-and-Sweet-Time," groups; the "Vexed-with-Nature and-Scolding-Like-a-Wet-Hen" group, (we beg pardon, but that was Mr. Adees's impiety,) though we detect reasons to suspect it on about every page. He has not that French calm of manner which made Shakespearean research with Furnivall a perpetual Society upon the Stanislaus (only that Furnivall himself heaved all the fossils.) But what Mr. Mabie lacks of Furnivallian repose he compensates for in Dowdening us. If he does not out Furnivall-Furnivall, he quite out Dowdens-Dowden, that other Furnivall, and gushes through scores of pages at a sitting, like the sample above indented—bothering to consult such impedimenta as authorities as rarely as possible, lest they intermittently subtract from Mr. Mabie's own Thought, until his Biography of William Shakespeare spreads out into five hundred spongy pages; miry. not to say boggy, with tears, moist impediments to his own speech while his young lady readers, dropping theirs in turn as thick as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums, make walking positively unpleasant not to say unsafe! (Which we flatter ourselves is a sentence Mr. Mabie himself might have written.)

Really there is no actual harm in this sort of stuff that Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie writes—not in bucketsful of it! But it ought to worry us to think that a possible posterity might be taught to believe that it was the sort of thing that we of the United States in the twentieth century not only tolerated but admired!

Upon Moral (or perhaps as Mr. Mabie would prefer, it being the longer word,) eschatological, principles, Mr. Mabie re-writes such propositions as that the theatres of Shakespeare's time were scenically not quite up to the mark of Booth's and Irving's creations! According to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Shakespeare's latest biographer, we

have a picture of a theatre in Shakespeare's time with stately and sumptuously robed ladies and richly clad noblemen in the orchestra chairs. There are ten thousand authorities as to, and thousands of descriptions of, the foul and reeking "dunghills" as Taine calls them, which passed for theatres in Shakespeare's day, and Mr. Mable could not open one of these authorities (query, has Mr. Mable opened one of them?) without learning that no decent woman ever entered one of these foul places except masked and disguised as a male. Having launched a "dodger" like this, and finding that it passed in one weekly instalment, Mr. Mable, the next week, tried another. "The plays are saturated" he ventures, "with nature and natural things!" The plays, you dear Mr. Mable, are nothing of the sort. They are full of camps and Courts; of war, politics, religion, statecraft, of courtiers, courtezans, soldiers, statesmen, artizans, but "saturated with nature, or what, by some heterophemy, became Milton's "native wood-notes wild"—not at all. The Court goes into the Forest of Arden to pessimize, in "As You Like It," into the King of Navarre's park to flirt, in "Love's Labor Lost;" Bottom takes his hardhanded clowns into "a wood near Athens" to rehearse an interlude; Macbeth seeks the witches on the blasted heath, etc. But if Mr. Mable will read up in the plays a bit, he will find none of the characters seeking the open to botanize or to construct herbariums! Or possibly Mr. Mable in his "Heart to Heart" talks with his newspaper readers will confide in them that Edgar's description of Lear's cliff; or the Chorus's description of the field of Agincourt, are "saturated with nature and natural things!" Nobody but Shakespeare's pen, not even the lovely and fluent pen wielded by Mr. Mable, could have framed such dulcet syrups tinct with cinnamon" as

"Daffodils, that comes before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

or

"Violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

But it would not have occurred to some of us to label these morsels, evidences of "saturation with nature and natural things!" *A Creme et Curacao* is not ardent spirits, nor is a *pousse cafe* a debauch, you dear, delightful, innocent, Mr. Mable!"

Mr. Mable, feels so completely, however, that his forte is apotheosis and that apotho-size something he must, that he even apotheosises, on a pinch, the putrescent carrion of the old Mystery Play. A publishing house which would put a reprint of one of these old dramas on the market to-day, would find Mr. Anthony Comstock and the whole Society for the Suppression of Crime clattering at his heels. But Mr. Mable knows his "best hold," and he purs along like this: (page 342.)

"The essence of the Mystery Play was the disclosure of a Divine Power at work, dealing directly with human affairs; the interior union of the seen with the unseen, of the temporal with the eternal, of the human with the divine."

Indeed! Some of us had supposed, dearest Mr. Mable, that "The essence of the Mystery Play" was simply an attempt to interest a people, who could not read, in the Gospel

narrative by making the Devil the clown and the various sins the Devil's men-of-all-work, and, by horse-play and the broadest indecencies, to hold their attention as against temptations of unscriptural bear-casting, cock and dog fighting, and so on! Some of us, up to this time, had suspected that the half naked clowns who whacked each other with clubs and blasphemed and made libidinous gestures on those scaffoldings in the market places, did not bother themselves much about "the interior union of the seen with the unseen, the temporal with the eternal, the human with the divine! Had Mr. Mabie, forgotten, perhaps, that in only the last week's instalment of his hebdominal "Life of Shakespeare" he had mentioned that "the problem of modern art" was "to harmonize Freedom, Beauty and Joy with moral Sanity, Order and Power? Even the good Homer nodded, and Mr. Mabie need not be ashamed to plead that he was for a moment just a trifle sleepy! Anyhow, he should prefer making a plea of momentary oversight to confessing that his "Life of Shakespeare" is nothing in the world but a farrago of inconsequent, insecutive, incoherent, irreverant and redundant flabdoodle! He confesses nothing of the sort, however, but proceeds (to speak philistinely) to take another whack at those dreams of Beauty, Joy and Moral sanity, the Miracle Plays.

"In Shakespeare this disclosure (i. e. in these Mystery Plays) of an invisible (*sic.*) background against which human life is set, and from the order of which it cannot escape without setting large forces in motion; took on a new and deeper form from the Tragedies which come from his hand in uninterrupted succession."

"Johnny's Skae's item" was bad enough, but from it one could at least infer that the writer had, somehow or other, lost a friend, by some sort of an accident, but will the gods vouchsafe to us what was running in what Mr. Mabie would doubtless call his "mind," when he penned that just too, too lovely thing! These dreams of opulent beauty must not be allowed to intoxicate us and draw us too far from our base of supplies—Mr. Mabie's meanings! We cannot afford to die a Rose in Aromatic pain just yet! Let us bind iced napkins around our hot temples and dig with patience, and find out somehow, what our dear Mr. Mabie is, in short—Driving At! To the Phillistine intellect, the only intelligible portions of the passage is in the last ten words, viz: "The tragedies which came from his (Shakespeare's) hand in uninterrupted succession." But, if intelligible, this is unfortunately, as Josh Billings would say, "one of those things which is not so." What tragedies ever came from Shakespeare's hand in uninterrupted succession? We think we remember at least one interruption in his course!

For the sake of economy in space, only a few further examples of Mr. Mabie's plan of editing Shakespeare facts for the Young Person, can be given, and these we put into parallel columns for rapid apprehension:

TAINÉ.

"Certainly the folk there (in the theatres) assembled, could scarcely get dis-

MABIE."

"In his life of sustained productivity Shakespeare passed through four periods;

gusted at anything, and could not have had sensitive noses; there was not much cleanliness to speak of. Remember they were hardly out of the middle age and that in the middle age man lived on a dunghill."

(Following Northcote, Stubbs and all the other authorities.)

APPLETON MORGAN.

"If Southampton knew Shakespeare or Shakespeare Southampton, let it be demonstrated from some autobiographical or biographical source. **** Let us find it in some of Southampton's papers, or in the archives or papers of some of his family, descendants, acquaintances or contemporaries, in the chronicles of Elizabeth, Raleigh, Essex, Cecil, Rutland, Montgomery, Camden, Coke, Bacon, Tobie Matthew, Jonson, or of some body alive and in London in or about that date. As a matter of fact as the industrious Mr. Lodge confesses (Wriothesley, &c. III, 185) there is no such record.

GRANT WHITE.

"There is no proof whatever that he was personally known to any man of eminence or of record in the years 1563-1616."

F. G. FLEAY.

"Neither as addressed to him by others, nor by him to others, do any commendatory verses exist in connection with his or any other man's works published in his life-time."

INGLEBY.

It is plain that the bard of our admiration was unknown to men of that age.

a period of joyous and many-sided contact with the world and with men ***** a mood at once serene and tender. He looked upon men with a deep and beautiful charity. ***** He saw with increasing clearness the ethical relation of the individual to Society, the significance of character as the product of Will." &c., &c., &c.

(Three pages of this.)

"The two young men, Shakespeare and Southampton, were brought together by manifold affinities."

"Shakespeare was loved by men of gentle breeding and culture.

(53 pages of this *passim*.)

"A playwright to whom many contemporary writers paid glowing tribute, who counted among his friends some of the most brilliant and influential men of his time."

REV. JOHN WARD, 1662.

"Shakespeare, Drayton and Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

On Tuesday, April 23rd, he died."

Shakespeare in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon Avon, used to lie at Davenant, at the Crown in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. Davenant, and her son, afterwards Sir William, was supposed to be more nearly related to him, (Shakespeare,) than as a godson only.

Spence, on the authority of Pope, 1730, to the same effect; John Taylor, 1629; Aubrey, 1630; Gildon, 1699; Hearne, 1709; Jacobs, 1716; Chetwoode, 1749; Oldys, 1750; "British Theatre," 1750; "Lives of the Poets," 1753; "Description of England and Wales," 1769; Warton, 1780; Malone, 1780; Taylor, 1810.

"The Crown Inn, which stood near Carfax in Oxford, was the centre of associations, real or imaginary, with Shakespeare's journey from the capital to his home in New Place. **** The spell of Oxford must have been upon him and volumes of biography might well be exchanged for an account of one evening in the Commons room of some college when the greatest and most companionable of English men of genius was the guest of scholars who shared with him the liberatory spirit of the new age."

(page 53.)

To proceed with this parallelization would be to print in perpendicular half-columns, Mr. Mable's entire 500 pages: The above is quite enough to justify the question asked above, "Is the Hamilton W. Mable a Moral Person?"

To do this sort of thing, is, Mr. Mable tells us, to satisfy the "problem of modern art!" "The Problem of Modern Art" says Mr. Mable, "is to harmonize freedom, beauty and joy with moral sanity, order and power." We tremble to think that "The problem of modern art" requires M. Mable to present us with Caliban as a pream of manly beauty, or in writing Jewish History, to present us with Herod as President of the Palestine Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; or, if he should elect himself to illuminate the lives of the Ceasars, to describe Messalina as a Vestal Virgin! So far as Shakespeare happens to be concerned, those whom this kind of solution of "the problem of modern art" would not irritate, might perhaps propose a problem of their own, viz: "If this is what Mr. Hamilton W. Mable thinks of Shakespeare what would Shakespeare think of Mr. Hamilton W. Mable?" But we hope that they will not push things that far! To say that the sentence about harmonizing "freedom, beauty and joy" etc., means about as much as the pulpit utterances of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, that is: exactly nothing at all, would be too

cruel? Perhaps Patience and Lady Jane would dispose of it better. To me, would say Patience "It all seems to be nonsense." "Nonsense? Yes!" would reply Lady Jane, "But O! what Precious Nonsense!" "Papa, potatoes, prunes and prism" said Mrs. General "are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prisms. You will find it serviceable in the formation of a demeanor if you sometimes say to yourself in company, on entering a room, for instance. "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism." To prunes and prism, we now learn was that interesting period the Youth of Shakespeare, devoted! With sunny morning face hopping like robin joyfully to school six days o' the week; on Saturdays with his small hand in that of his beloved preceptor Mr. Barlow, he took long walks on Avon's banks, quite another Sanford and Merton' with "Pray sir, why is," etc., etc. "Pray sir, do we not perceive in this," etc., etc. Eschewing such vulgar temptations as drinking bouts at Piping Peabworth, or poaching on Sir Lucy's deer, or the squire's rabbits, small wonder that we get a Blameless Prig such as specially attracts Mr. Mable to lavish upon him the entire resources of the English language! Only a Blameless Prig could have written those marvelous plays! The mystery of Shakespeare is now eternally solved without the aid of the Baconian Theorists! And Shakespeare was a Blameless Prig!

Still, we suppose for those that like this kind of a Shakespeare, this is the kind of a Shakespeare they like. But those who prefer exact statement, even if not particular as to the facts, Mr. Mable's habit of loose thinking will perhaps irritate. When, for example, we read that "Shakespeare's part in Henry VI brought him immediate recognition," and in proof of this, is quoted again as if it was a discovery of Mr. Mable's, Green's familiar diatribe against the Johannes-Factotum, and the Chetle commentary thereon, an occasional reader might remember that some very recent students, like Mr. Fleay, have found reason for suspicion that the individual aimed at was Marlowe instead of Shakespeare at all! If Mr. Mable had said that the work of Falstaff and "the Irregular Humorists" in Henry IV. made the plays so popular that they were pirated by the printer and printed in broadsides (the quartos) and so came to be preserved to us to-day, he would have stated the exact truth. No one has ever suspected two hands in the composition of the Henry Fourth. But Mr. Mable's rapid pen, by long space-writing exigency of the newspaper habit, has not leisure for the mass of modern explorations. What Mr. Mable wants to be sure of, is, whether the gown hangs in absolutely correct folds, regardless of the lines of the figure he is draping, and aided by a mouthful of pins he will gather in here and let out there, smoothing out wrinkles and adding diaphanous frills and Frou-frou, in the height of his ambition to be a complete lady's maid among the Biographers of Shakespeare! Possibly it may all work for good, possibly we have our compensation in that he has turned out a Life of Shakespeare which can be safely put into the hands of the Young Person without bringing a blush to its cheek by suggestion that Herder's 'immense figure of a man', was not always and altogether his grandsire incut alabaster! If so, why then so good. But we doubt it!

It does not in the least bother Mr. Mable that the study of Shakespeare is full of pitfalls other than moral ones; that there are textual man-holes everywhere; that a little learning is rarely anywhere so dangerous as in these paths. He foots it just as featly here and there. If, for example, Mr. Mable, does not know, surely it is not necessary that the ordinary reader should realize as he reads his Shakespeare, that he is perusing a selected and a complex text; that this passage is not in a first quarto or a third quarto, or is otherwise in one of the folios, or that another is not in any folio or quarto, or dates from the eighteenth or nineteenth century, and so on and so on. What matters it? This is all "Shakespeare," and Mr. Mable is no less a valuable sign-post to lead young ladies of both sexes to reading Shakespeare because he does not suspect these things and therefore does not mention them to others. But is perhaps a little disappointing, possibly a trifle irritating, to a student to run against these miry blunderings. Had Mr. Mable consulted any tolerable edition of the Plays and learned, for example, that it was "poor piddling Theobald" and not Dame Quickly who said that Falstaff on his death-bed "babbled o' green fields!" But consider the consequences had he happened to have discovered this! He would have been debarred the pleasure of telling us what his friend "Mr. Locke Richardson" thought about the aforesaid green fields. To reflect that if Mr. Mable had only had leisure, how, instead of such new names as "Locke Richardson," "Prof. C. H. Herford," and "Mr. George C. Wyndham," (doubtless all good friends of Mr. Mable's and so mentionable on the Furnivallian plan, but new names among the prophets to us, at any rate) we might have had hundreds of pages of Mr. Mable's choicest insight! But then, alas, that old lady who died so long ago as 1862, (cited as authority by Mr. Mable) might never have been heard from among the hundreds and thousands of Shakespearean students whose lifetime have been loaned to the very drudgery which Mr. Mable has so happily escaped.

Perhaps it is that, in this Age of Ink, the man who does not write a book is a Public Benefactor! If there remaineth any sanity in the dictum that no one shall write at all except in matters wherein he is Authority, and that tours de force are sins to be answered for at the Day of Judgment, then Mr. Hamilton W. Mable is a sinner before all that have gone before him. For he is not, and has not become in this book, Authority on matters Shakespearean. And he has not even had the excuse of a tour de force! He has no case to make, no theory to advocate, no plea to urge. A mere figment, of course of no consequence in comparison with the gain to Adolescence of a real Blameless Prig, not to mention Mr. Hamilton W. Mable himself as harmonizer of Freedom, Beauty and joy with moral sanity, Order and Power, and Grappler-in-general with the Problem of Modern Art! But grappling with the Problems of Modern Art is not exactly a "Life of Shakespeare." It will hardly suffice to allege as an excuse for Mr. Mable's twitter of soulful sunsets and throbbing sympathies to conceal slipshod unfamiliarity with what he is talking about, that Shakespeare has been written to death and that there is really nothing to be done but to embrace with idolatrous fancy what is already in print. Some things yet remain which

(not to interrupt the flow of soul into his typewriter too long of course,) it might be profitable to look up. Where, for example, did Shakespeare get his information as to the effect of tears upon white-hot metal; the Talmudic drop of poison in the corner of the moon; the tides in the Bosphorus which "ne'er know returning ebb;" the business methods of Mytelene brothels two or three thousand years before his birth; of a wolf having been hung for eating a live man, and so on? We really can afford to leave all these puzzles to the Baconians. Have we not a *Life of Shakespeare* by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie?

If it occurred to Mr. Mabie that if he must write about Shakespeare, it would have been judicious to himself to read up about him first, possible he might have earned a niche for himself, not in the school of Messrs Pecksniff, Podsnap and Waldengarver. (A little Shakespearean information is not a dangerous thing but in the entirely proper school of Miss Blanche Amory and those ladies' Tea-and-Shakespeare Societies, of which (at least if we count in with them the Ice Cream-and-Shakespeare Clubs,) there are some ten thousand or more in these great United States! As it is, we doubt if even to the Tea-and-Shakespeare people Mr. Mabie's soulful typewriter will not come, in time, to be a Bore.

The utmost that can be said of this book, is, we fear, that some things in it are not worse than some others! If Mr. Mabie had called his work "*Chats about Shakespeare*," or "*Evenings with Shakespeare*," or "*Ice Cream and Shakespeare for the Ice Cream and Shakespeare Clubs*," or even, borrowing a title from Goldsmith, "*Shakespearee and the Musical Glasses*," this review need not have been written. But Mr. Mabie must not sulk by being weighed by his own titular estimate of his own unctious, not to say saponaceous, book! Thoroughly bad as the book is; supremely lacking as it is in either competence, manliness, timeness or *raison d'être*; insufferable as is its utter lack of manly fibre and its substitution of pale and green-sickly sentimentalism for research, and lazy and slushy wordiness for facts and records,—these are not the worst of Mr. Mabie's sinnings! He had all the authorities at his elbow. He had a weekly newspaper to print his material in as fast as he gathered it, so that he should not be dismayed at the bulkiness of his own transcriptions. His worst sin is that he has thrown at the public another superfluous volume, and cumbered just to that extent our over-crowded bookseller's columns with five hundred more pages of silly and buttery padding.

The publishers have done their best to atone for the superfluousness of the book by beautiful letter-press and binding and by illustrations, (not always new, but still pictorial.) But neither they nor Mr. Mabie's friends and clacquers can give his volume even the average life-time of an unneeded "alms for oblivion."

TWO VOLUMES OF MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL ENRICHMENT AND EXCEPTIONAL POETICAL INSIGHT.

How to study Shakespeare, by William H. Fleming, &c., with an introduction by W. J. Rolfe, Litt. D. 2 vols. cloth, 16 mo pp. 444-334. New York, Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1 00 per vol. Net.

"389. What examples of balance and proportion are there in this play?"

"Ans. Duke Senior vs. Duke Frederick. Orlando vs. Oliver. Jacques vs. Touchstone. Hate, Eg. of Duke Frederick, of Oliver vs. Love. Eg. of the four pairs of lovers." Vol. 2, p. 135."

"[Could marry the wench for this device.] By this remark Shakespeare foreshadows the marriage of Sir Toby and Maria." Vol. 1, p. 89.

"167. In what other plays does Shakespeare make Dramatic use of Ghosts?"

"Ans. Cf. p. 134."

"178. What is, at this time, Macbeth's emotional and moral condition?"

"*I am in blood. Seq.*" Vol. 1, p. 247.

"What description of the outcome of the trick on Malvolio which is equally descriptive of the outcome of the drama, does the clown give?"

"Ans. *The whirligig of time brings in its revenge.*" Vol. 1, p. 94.

The duty of reviewing 778 pages of this sort of thing has been spared us by the thoughtful publishers, who affix to each of these volumes the following final opinions of Mr. Fleming's Masterpiece, viz:

"An addition to Shakespearean Literature which is of real and permanent value"—(Frederic G. Smedley, President N. Y. Shakespere Club)—in which nothing is more evident than the certainty and brevity of your (Mr. W. H. Fleming's.) touch throughout"—(Prof. Barrett Wendell, Assistant Professor of English, Harvard University.) "Which shows not only thorough study and knowledge of the subject in hand but exceptional poetic insight (Geo. Lansing Raymond, Professor of Esthetics, Princeton University.) And the Asst. Editor of the Standard Dictionary, (which Mr. Fleming, on p. IV of his Volume II, says that he considers "*facile princeps* among dictionaries") writes that "indeed he does not see why the ordinary reader or student needs any notes other than those Mr. Fleming has supplied for the eight plays selected."

But even such glowing words as these fail to adequately describe the entire opulence of this intellectual feast here lavished upon the purchaser of these volumes for the small sum of One Dollar per volume. For no less a personage than Dr. William J. Rolfe, of

Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, has prefixed to Mr. Fleming's *Exceptional Poetic Insight* the following *Gems of Thought*:

"An eminent editor of Shakespeare used to say that when he heard a person talk of being familiar with Shakespeare he would ask him if he had ever read *Cymbeline*, and in nine cases out of ten he would have to say he had not." Vol. I. page I.

Or this, in which the good Doctor succeeds in capturing the sweet careless rapture of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham herself!

"I once knew a gentleman, graduate of College (*sic*) and the author of several successful books, who had six or eight of the standard editions of Shakespeare in his library which cost him six hundred dollars. I was not a little surprised when he told me that he had never read a page of Shakespeare until he happened to take up my Edition of the *Merchant of Venice*, which I had given him * * * He read it through with keen enjoyment, and from that day to his death, Shakespeare was one of his favorite authors." Vol. I, page IV.

Mr. W. H. Fleming's *Emotional Enrichment* (which he secures mostly by use of such abbreviations as "cf," viz., "eq," "seq," &c., and the like, and Dr. W. J. Rolfe's *Thought*, all for a dollar a volume! Surely, as Artemus Ward would say "This is 2 mutch!" "Here's richness!" cried Mr. Squeers. "Only by using my book can one see into the heart of Shakespearean Dramas, and derive from them mental and emotional enrichments, which consummation devoutly to be wished can be fully attained by the method of study pursued in this book, and I believe by no other. See preface to Vol. I!!!" shouts Mr. Fleming! (Vol. II, page IV.

"We hope it will be read in other Towns!" said the Resolution of the Frogtown Social Science Congress *in re* Si Doolittle's learned paper. "Is Cats to be Trusted." "When I start my next set of Students in Shakespeare, I shall be so glad to point out your book to them," writes Dr. Thomas R. Price, Professor of English in Columbia University, to Mr. Fleming—Happy Students! And Prudent Dr. Price!

Incidentally we note that there is a neat little box $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, entitled, "A Study of Shakespeare, An Instructive Game, Compiled and Copyrighted by the Shakespeare Club, of Camden, Maine," which, although claiming none of Mr. Flemings's "Exceptional Poetic Insight," or private peep into the heart of Shakespeare, is really not in the least a Bore, but (those who have played it assure us) enables one to pass a really delightful evening. Perhaps even Mr. W. H. Fleming might derive Enrichment, mental, if not emotional, from a turn or two at it. If he will keep at his elbow, not only "*a facile princeps* Dictionary," but a copy of any good English grammar, anybody can see that he will yet achieve results that the world will not willingly let die. As it is, Dr. Rolfe tells us this is the only book of its kind on earth (Vol. I, page II,) for which, as Charles Lamb would say, "Let us thank God!"

A FOUR TEXT HAMLET.

In 1892, when the Bankside Shakespeare as had been completed by the issue of its twentieth volume, The New York Shakespeare Society issued proposals for "A Four Text Hamlet."

The four texts to be arranged in quadruplex were: First: A conjectural Title page and text of the first Hamlet, presumably made by Kyd. Second: The first quarto of the Shakespeare Hamlet of 1603. Third: The Second Quarto of 1604; and, Fourth, the First Folio text of that play.

The effort to construct the first of the above texts found plenty of perfectly authentic material at hand for suggestion; and, as to the rest of the project, of course it was only necessary to interset, into the Bankside parallelization of the first Quarto with the First Folio version,—the text of the Second Quarto. And the Society believes that the presentation of these Four Texts upon one set of pages, would and must, settle forever and in the nearest way, any doubt that the Hamlet narrative in its Dramatic versions (which certainly compared with either the Saga of Saxo, or the constructed version of Bellforest—are Eclectic,) was a thing of deliberate experimentation and of growth between the years 1593 and 1623.

Lack of means to print so costly a work as this FOUR TEXT HAMLET would be, and other interruptions, (but chiefly the lack of means,) prevented the appearance of this work, which the New York Shakespeare Society fairly regarded as its crowning possible achievement. It is now proposed, however, to soon begin in the pages of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, the publication of this careful and important project, and to carry it herein to completion.

By way of preface to A FOUR TEXT HAMLET therefore, it is proposed to very briefly recapitulate the state of affairs in the period regarded, as follows:

Thomas Nash in his "Epistles to the gentlemen students of Both Universities," prefixed to Greene's MENAPHON, printed in 1589, alludes to a play called Hamlet "full of tragical speeches." Lodge's Wits' Miserie speaks of a character who "walks for the most part in black under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost which cried out miserably at the theatre like Oister wife, Hamlet, 'Revenge.'" This cry of "Hamlet, Revenge" appears to have been a prominent feature of the play we are looking for, because in Satiromastix, by Dekkar—(1602)—a character quotes it again exactly as before, "Hamlet, Revengel" and appears to say that the play containing it can be seen, or was to have been, or had been, seen at Paris Gardens. Again, in Rowland's

NIGHT RAVEN, (apparently another illusion to Hamlet's customary garb of sullen black) a scrivener who has had his cloak and hat stolen, exclaims, "I will not cry 'Hamlet, Revenge my greeves.'" (This latter being in 1620, of course may be an allusion to the Shakespeare play, though, as there is no exact passage, "Hamlet Revenge" in the latter, it may refer to the old play.) In "Westward Hoe, (1607) we have the passage "I, but when light wives make heavy husbands, let these husbands play mad Hamlet and crie Revenge! (Here it is Hamlet and not the ghost who utters the cry!)

Again: In Sir Thomas Smithes VOYAGE AND ENTERTAINMENT IN RUSHIA, (1605) there is a comparison of a madman to a "Hamlet" thus: "A first but no second to any Hamlet, and that now Revenge, just Revenge was coming with his sword drawn against him, his royal master and dearest sister to fill up those murdering scenes."

Again: In Dekkar's DEAD TERM, 1608, "But furious Hamlet would presently eyther break loose like a beare from the stake, or else so set his pawes on this dog that thus bayted * * * they both looked like mad Tom of Bedlam."

Again: "If any mad Hamlet hearing this, smell villaine and rush in by violence to see what the tawney devils are doing, &c." is a passage in Dekkar's LANTHORNE AND CANDLELIGHT OR THE BELL AND MAN'S SECOND NIGHTES WAKE, (1608.) And yet again: "A trout, Hamlet with four legs," (which might suggest very like a whale,) from Clark's PAROEMIOLOGIA ANGELO LATINA, OR PROVERBS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN, 1639.

Since, therefore, it is hard to accept even those of the above which chronologically might have been so, as reference to Shakespeare's play, (for Shakespeare's Hamlet was certainly only a "madman" by inference or construction, he does not rant or tear persons to tatters, nor does either he or the ghost exactly couple the words "Hamlet, Revenge," (though the word "Revenge" is familiar on their lips,) every student has accepted an earlier play, and assigned it, for want of reason to assign it otherwise) to Kyd or Kidd. To argue the question visually, then, let us endeavor to resurrect a Kyd text.

The only available working basis is evidently, a retranslation back into English of the "DER BESTRAFTE BRUDERMORD ODER PRINZ HAMLET AUS DANNE-MARK," which turns up as having been acted in Germany by English actors who went by sea the Low counties and thence meandered into Germany, in or about the years 1585-1589 giving performances as they went. These actors, we may say, were not Shakespeare's actors. (There is no reason to believe that Lord Strange's company, of which Shakespeare was a member, or any of the other combinations in which he was at any turn a co-proprietor, ever were obliged to go in a body to Germany to earn a competency. Nor did actors-nor anybody else, travel for the love of it or for adventure in troupes in those days.) But the Lord Chamberlain's Company may have done so, and there was a Drama called Hamlet in the repertoire of that company as we learn from Henslowe's invaluable Diary, where it is recorded that this Hamlet was played at Newington Butts by "My Lord Admiral and My Lord Chamberlain men, June 1594." The assumption is not

uninteresting and the conceit may be followed not unprofitably.

If accepted, we will have to believe about this early play of Kyd's: First, that the old play was pretty much like the usual round of ante-Marlowean Dramas—a good deal of "horse play and noise," a seduction, a suicide or two, and of course several murders. For the seduction, the most popular form was the seduction of a lady-in-waiting to a sovereign, by the Prince, the sovereign's son. The heartlessness of the betrayed girl being told by the Prince on revealing her condition to go to a "unnery" (*i. e.* a house of prostitution) was, to be sure, not conventional. Why the old Saga was pitched upon we cannot of course conjecture, except that the Belleforest version of it had caught the public taste and like the old tale of Apollonius of Tyre was used probably at random to spare a playwright inventive labor.

It is to be remembered that whatever the result of our proposed argument no attenuation of conjecture will remove from Shakespeare the glory of his own masterpiece. From no source, Saga or Belleforest, Kyd or German version, did Shakespeare draw a morsel of what we receive in this Hamlet. An item here and there that Hamlet was or learned to be mad, that he stabbed an eavesdropper (under a pile of straw or behind an arras) is not considerable. The foremost drama of the heart of man remains Shakespeare's.

For uniformities sake we assume in our connectural work that Kyd's drama was printed in quarto in 1594, the year Henslowe records its presentation by the Lord Chamberlain's Company at Newington Butts, and we have constructed a title page with that date, from a title-page to another play also performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Company in that year. The two title pages following are of course those proper to the first and second quartos. We have taken the license to use for a fourth title page, to preface the 1623 version, that of the Fourth folio of 1611 (or 1615) as it would seem that the figures make it read.

The name AMLETH was of course pronounced AMLET—the final H being silent by asperation as Frenchmen as well as Englishmen asperated then, and so becoming, in Belleforest's edition—HAMLET. By using it in this form, Shakespeare's auditors, and doubtless he himself, called the noble title-role "Amlet."

It is to be remembered that with the play of Hamlet that we must account for English actors in Germany at all. The question has often been asked why Shakespeare removed Hamlet, who was born in Jutland, to the Castle of Kronborg, near Helsingor, in Seeland; and how he came to have such a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of the little seaport. These questions are answered amply by entries in the "Monnetz Besolding og Kostpendinge, etc. (monthly pay-roll and board account,) of the city of Elsinore, January 22, 1585, to January 22, 1587, eight month's pay-roll, page 10. (Original in the Royal Archives, Copenhagen.) In this is an entry in the year 1585 of a disbursement of 4 skillings to repair a board fence between the premises of Lauritz, the town clerk and the yard of the Town Hall "which the people broke down the time the English played in the yard." That is to say, that in that year, certain English actors gave a theatrical performance in the

yard of the town hall, and that in crowding to see them, the fence was broken. Later, in 1586, this same troupe of English actors, (or another one, and probably the same,) returned and entries are found which Mr. Jacob A. Riis translates thus: "XXXVI thaler, Wilhelm Kempe, instrumentalist, got two months' board for himself and a boy named Daniel Jonns (Jones.) He had earned pay from June 17, when he took service. In addition a months' pay was given him as a parting gift. In all, three months at twelve dollars per month.

THOMAS STEPHENS.

GDORGE BRYAN,

THOMAS KING,

THOMAS POPE,

ROBERT PERCY.

These five instrumentists and mummers entered the service on June 17, and from that time to the end of this, the eighth month, which is the 18th of September, making three months and three days at six daler each per month, the amount is $18\frac{1}{2}$ daler 3 skilling each; together 92 daler 15 skilling, for which Thomas Stephens has given his receipt.

Now William Kemp is widely recognized as one of Shakespear actors—or of his date—in London. George Bryan and Thomas Pope, afterward, if not then, up to the very year "Hamlet" was published (1603) were Shakespear's associates.

"The fact that their names are misspelled in the Elsinore ledger does not signify. They afterward went to Dresden, and there Thomas Stephens, who in Denmark had been Stiwen, became T. Stephan; George Bryan, from Jurgenn Brienn in Elsinor, got to be G. Beyzandt, while Pope became Papst. But there they signed their own names on the register besides the German contortions, and identification is made easy. There is no doubt about that part of it; about Koning being Thomas King, or Persj being Robert Percy, though the Germans spelled him Rupert Persten."

Mr. Riis's paper in *The Century*, is a valuable one. As to the "heavy-headed revel" which to Hamlet's mind, is more "honour'd in the breach than the observance." Mr. Riis remarks that a Master William Segar, who visited Kronborg in the year "Hamlet" was published, to help invest the King with the Order of the Garter, writes of the King's visit on board, that "every health reported sixe, eight or ten shot of great Ordinance, so that during the King's abode the ship discharged 160 shot." "It were superfluous," he exclaims in describing the "solemn feast" to the ambassador, "to tell you of all the superfluities that were vsed, and it would make a man sick to heare of the drunken healths, vse has brought it into a fashion, and fashion made it a habit, which ill be-seems our nation to imitate." (Note-book of William Segar, Garter King-at-Arms, July 14. 1603.)

So the body of Shakespearian history is growing constantly! and it will soon be impossible to claim that we know next to nothing of Shakespear, or that he made no personal impression on his contemporaries.

[To be Continued.]

THE CATALOGUING OF FIRST FOLIOS FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

The two letters subjoined, have lately appeared.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Mr. Sydney Lee, of London, who has quite recently taken all Shakespeare for his province, is writing letters to the literary newspapers inviting all owners of First Folios to send descriptions of them to him, presumably so that he, Mr. Lee, can get the personal eclat of preparing a descriptive directory of First Folios, &c., a work which The New York Shakespeare Society performed more than twelve years ago for the city of New York, (of which city Mr. Lee appears never to have heard,) and which I believe other Shakespeare societies have performed for their localities over and over again.

If there is to be any considerable response from the United States to Mr. Lee's invitation, I suggest that some stipulation be obtained from him that, in preparing his directory, he condescend to remember that there is such a territory as the United States on the map, or such a dot thereon as the city of New York, (in one library in which there are more copies of the First Folio than in the British Museum in Shakespeare's own capital itself.)

If it were not that, for more than seventy years "Americans," (that is, citizens of the United States) have been paying any price demanded for Shakespeare Quartos and Folios, or for any vestiges of Shakespeare, whereas Mr. Sydney Lee only appeared upon the scene about three years ago, this letter might sound invidious. But unless a Shakespeare Quarto or a Shakespeare Folio loses its verity as an original by crossing the ocean, it seems to me that Mr. Lee's performances justify me in writing it.

APPLETON MORGAN,

New York, April 19.

President of The New York Shakespeare Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The published results of my researches into Shakespeare's life and work have met with so generous a reception in the United States that I cannot bring myself to write in any but a friendly spirit of any critic of mine who is a citizen of the United States. In a letter which Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, addressed to you recently, he did not write of me with courtesy, but I have no wish to complain on that score. I merely trouble you with this communication because Dr. Morgan has, I hope, inadvertently misrepresented my special Shakespearean research in which I am at the moment engaged.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford resolved some time ago to publish a new photographic fac simile of the Shakespeare First Folio. I accepted their invitation to supply a preface. The situation thus created offered a fit opportunity for collecting information as to the precise number and whereabouts of extant copies of the valuable volume. Although Shakespearean students and collectors have long recognized the utility of carrying out such a project, and some important endeavors

have been made both in England and in America to treat the subject locally, a universal census on an exhaustive scale had not yet been attempted.

I am fully conscious of the value of the work done for New York for the Shakespeare Society of that city. I appreciate very highly the labors of the late Mr. Justin Winsor, of Harvard, in a like direction; I am well acquainted with the efforts of Mr. Ingleby in this country. But these gentlemen would be the first to admit that they only set themselves the task of dealing with portions of the field. Dr. Morgan is in error in stating that "other Shakespeare societies" than the New York society "have performed" this kind of work "for their localities over and over again." As far as I know, the New York society can claim the distinction of being the only Shakespeare society that has ventured upon it.

It is my ambition to do for the whole world what the New York society has done for its own district. From the correspondence that has reached me I feel that Shakespearean students and collectors both in England and in the United States are practically unanimous in regarding as of genuine public service the endeavor to render exhaustive that census of Shakespeare First Folios which it is intended to publish with the Clarendon Press facsimile.

The full success of the present experiment must largely depend on the good will and magnanimity of present owners of the volume, and it is a great pleasure to me to record that, as far as I have gone in my research, I have experienced every mark of good will and magnanimity at the hands of such owners of the First Folio as are citizens of the United States.

London, May 7.

SIDNEY LEE.

A gentleman who offers himself to perform a certain work cannot object if he is questioned as to his equipment or competency to perform it. Mr. Sydney Lee's response to the warning of the President of the New York Shakespeare Society is that he has already been selected by a firm of London Publishers to take a census of all the first folios in existence. It would seem then, that nothing remains except to examine into how he has performed other labors where "Americans" were concerned, and how much equity "Americans" have, or may expect to receive, at his hands. The market value of a first folio might be effected by an error in its description, and so, even from the lowest standpoint; the standpoint of dollars and cents; Mr. Lee's equipment for his appointed task is examinable.

We are afraid that Mr. Lee would have had reason for considering the President of The New York Shakespeare Society "discourteous," had he turned over to Mr. Lee certain of the letters received by the New York Shakespeare Society, complaining that in his "Life of Shakespeare," while profiting by the labors of his predecessors, English, German and American, he appeared careful either not to name them, or only to name them as his authority for comparatively immaterial matters, thus—unintentionally, of course—inviting an inference that to his, Mr. Lee's, researches only, the world was at last indebted for the real facts as to William Shakespeare. Here are a few extracts from our correspondence.

One gentleman writes:

"In his meagre twenty-one lines (page 341) on American Shakesperean scholarship,

(1,294 works and 214 editions, according to a catalogue before me, not counting works on Bacon-Shakespeare mare's nests,) Mr. Lee mentions Dr. James Russell Lowell. Surely he could have mentioned no higher or abler writer! But, as Mr. Lowell in all his life only lightly touched Shakespear twice—once in his "Shakespeare Once More," and once in his "Richard III," in which he held that play to be for certain reasons unauthentic, neither of which essays were intended to be either specific or scientific work, Dr. Lowell himself is probably smiling now from the empyrean (or will when he reads Mr. Lee's wonderful book) at being found among Shakespearean specialists!

An other member writes:

"In a list of only 75 works on Shakespeare (I have over 1,000 in my own incomplete collection,) Mr. Lee mentions (page 363) as "the chief monographs on special points in Shakespeare" such tiny little brochures of pure tour-de-force as Thom's "Was Shakespeare Ever a Soldier," G. F. Green's "Shakespeare's Crab-Tree," William Blades's "Shakespeare and Typography," C. H. Bracebridge's "Shakespeare no Deer-Stealer," D. H. Madden's "Diary of Master Silence," all of which, I classify as "Skits on Shakespeare," and not one of which did its author intend to be taken seriously." Mr. Lee, however, gives this list seriously in a chapter headed, "Sources of Biographical Information."

Callow as this is, it is not even a competent list of "Skits." Had it included the best Skit of all, Sir Edward Hamley's "Shakespeare's Funeral," published in London less than a dozen years ago, it would at least have given information of some importance to a student of Elizabethan manners!

Still another gentlemen complains that the above 23 lines of "American" mention, occur in a chapter of 25 pages, headed "Biography," and cites (page 341) but eight American names, seven of which names are: James Russell Lowell, Edwin Forrest, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Ada Rehan and E. A. Abbey. The eighth name is very properly, Horace Howard Furness, of whom Mr. Lee appears to have heard as "Mr. H. Howard Furness, of Philadelphia," (page 323.) But one correspondent thinks that he remembers at least three somewhat eminent citizens of the United States, Guillian C. Verplanck, Richard Grant White, and John Bartlett (author of the magnificent concordance of some 390,000 entries, who perhaps did as much for Shakespeare as some of these seven!)

If Mr. Lee, however, bases his claim to competency for cataloguing our United States First Folios, to the Life of Shakespeare he published in 1898, it might be added that the general tenor of complaint on both sides of the water, of Mr. Lee's work was not as flattering as it might have been. Certain of our correspondents complained that of Mr. Lee's 476 page "Life of Shakespeare," only 45 pages were occupied with the "Life," and these were drawn from the ninth edition of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines," (though Mr. Lee only cites the fourth, and says that this was the final edition.) while the remaining 431 pages were devoted to yet one more theory of the Sonnets, and to a biography of Southampton. Indeed, Mr. Lee, while freely using Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' material, is kind enough to approve of that scholar's fifty years of devotion to Shakespearean matters as follows:

"James Orchard Halliwell (afterward Phillipps,) in 1881 began the collection and publication of materials for a full biography." As the only record assigning the Sonnets to Shakespeare is Mere's statement made eleven years before their appearance, that Shakespeare had passed certain "Sugared Sonnets" in Mss. around among his private friends, and as the severest search among Southampton's family archives, muniments and papers, for two hundred years, had failed to unearth a scintilla of a trace that that nobleman had ever enjoyed the honor of Shakespeare's acquaintance—our correspondent seems to think this hardly an adequate "Life of Shakespeare" for nineteenth century demands. Still another correspondent, on the appearance of Mr. Lee's first edition, wrote "well, here are all the old yarns we have worked for fifty years to eliminate, all back again! Again, Queen Elizabeth crosses the stage and Shakespeare in the role of Richard III, and lifts her glove with an impromptu distich. Again, my Lord Southampton presents Shakespeare with about \$100,000; the King writes that autograph letter. etc., etc."

Such is the judgment and the savor of equity which "citizens of the United States," (or even an Englishman, if he happen to have been, as was Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, a member of The New York Shakespeare Society,) may expect from Mr. Sidney Lee if he be allowed to catalogue these First Folios! We notice, too, that Mr. Lee says that the President of the New York Shakespeare Society is in error in stating that "other Shakespearean Societies have performed this work, (i. e., cataloguing First Folios,) for their localities." It is not Mr. Lee's fault that, in the course of preparing a sketch of the Life of Shakespeare for a Biographical Dictionary, he has not been able to get the output of 250 years of Shakespeare study, and the contents of some 27,000 volumes at his finger's ends. But in his new work as census maker of First Folios, it certainly may be counted his misfortune!

If Mr. Lee is in the mind to make this census, we know of no law that will stop this or any other Shakespearean recreations he may attempt. Perhaps if he tries again and perseveres in trying, he will come in time to do very nice work. And it speaks volumes to his praise that Dr. Morgan's brief letter in The Tribune has brought him in just one month, to speak so sweetly of "Americans" and of their really very considerable collections of Shakespearean originals.

It is pleasant to know, over Mr. Lee's own signature, that his "researches into the Life and work of Shakespeare" have met "so generous a reception in the United States." As any little favors like that our people are quick to appreciate, we think we can understand our gratitude—probably our tearful gratitude—and what must have been the warmth of its expression. If we could only have had an occasional caravel from some British port, (say Bristol or Milford Haven,) or if some British publisher had only sent a printed book to these darkened shores in all those wasted years from 1616 to 1898—the year illuminated by the appearance of Mr. Lee's masterpiece—we might have missed the "Joy"—as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie would say—of hearing of Mr. Lee and of Shakespeare simultaneously.

Mr. Lee says that he has "experienced every mark of good will and magnanimity at the hands of such owners of First Folios as are citizens of the United States." The "owners of First Folios who are citizens of the United States" certainly found a considerable draft upon their "magnanimity" drawn in Mr. Lee's first edition of the "Life of Shakespeare!" and are proud to think that they honored it to Mr. Lee's satisfaction. What Dr. Morgan asked of Mr. Lee in his letter was to "condescend to remember that there was such a territory as the United States on the map," and lol he *has* condescended!

The burden of this notice of Mr. Lee and his chipper proposition to pass finally upon Shakespeare Folios, their value, condition, etc., is not that the New York Shakespeare Society covets the servile work involved therein for itself or its members. It is rather to suggest a new line of reflection, namely: Is it possible that what Dr. Lowell called "a certain condescension in foreigners" arose from our occasionally finding it convenient to employ foreigners to do for us what, by reason of more congenial or more lucrative employment, we did not care to do for ourselves? Does the Chinese laundryman for example, despise Americans because they are unable to wash their own soiled linen, but must send across the seas for him? Could it possibly have occurred to Mr. Lee that the New York Shakespeare Society does not grasp the situation which affords a fit "opportunity for collecting information as to the precise number and whereabouts of this valuable volume" because it had higher work to do?

A LIST OF ONCE USED WORDS IN THE PLAYS.

It is not by any means an easy matter to determine what is a once-used word in the Plays. Do often used words, become by hyphenation a once-used word? Does the prefix "un" to a common word make it a once-used word? Are we to count as such, contraction or mispronunciations, such as "'spital" for "hospital," "libbard" for "leopard," "worts" for "words," "fishonomy" for "physiognomy?" Or, is a once-used word, a word used but once in a certain sense; as "lodged," respectively, in the sentences, "Though bladed corn be lodged," and "there be two lodged together," (both of which occur in one play—Macbeth!) "Waging war" and "waging" (that is hiring) "men!" Should we be so punctillious as to say that the preposition "in" is a once-used word in Shakespeare, when used as a verb, "He will in?" And how about words used but once in a single play, though occurring several times in that play?" As "accost," which occurs twice in Twelfth Night, but in no other play? Should we say that "mobbled" is a once-used word, when, as a matter of fact, Hamlet uses it thus in the Players speech, which Polonius echoes, thus making it a twice used word in the play of Hamlet alone.

It is computed that an average uneducated person used in his dialect, or in his share of the venacular, some five hundred words, which entirely cover his desires, his pleasures and his necessities—while the average tradesman will find two thousand sufficient, and the educated man of common sense and affairs will employ at the most but four thousand. Milton's vocabulary was but between seven and eight thousand; Homer used but nine thousand. Five thousand two hundred and sixty words exhaust the vocabulary of Dante's *Divina Comedia*. In King James' Bible the different words were reckoned by Marsh at rather fewer than six thousand; Renan's estimate is five thousand six hundred and forty-two. (The number of titles in Cruden's Concordance has been found to be greater by more than a thousand, namely, 7,209, but this includes proper names.) Robinson's Lexicon of the Greek Testament counts about five thousand five hundred. According to a strict list of once-used words Shakespeare uses once only; and, with a prodigality which he alone could have afforded, forever afterwards discards, more words than Dante employed for his master-work.

In volume Five of The Papers of the New York Shakespeare Society, Professor J. D. Butler points out that in the following nine lines, which are almost consecutive,

the words in italics, numbering nine (ten, if we count *lash*, which is nowhere else employed in the sense of a thong or cord of a whip,) make their entrances and exits once for all.

"In shape no bigger than an *agate-stone*,
Her *wagon-spokes* made of long spinner's legs,
The cover of the wings of *grasshoppers*,
The *traces* of the smallest spider's web,
Her wagoner a small *gray-coated* gnat,
Her whip of cricket's bones, the lash a *film*,
Time out of mind the fairies' *coachmakers*,
And sometimes comes she with a *tithes-pigs* tail,
Then dreames he of another *benefice*."

And yet Romeo and Juliet, the play from which this passage is extracted, was among Shakespeare's earliest efforts. Though a prolific writer for twenty years afterward, he had no occasion for any of these words even once again—and repeated the phrase "time out of mind" only on one occasion.

While, again, in a single line in Hamlet, every word is a once-used word.

"Unhouseled, disappointed, unanneled."

Stimulated by the remarkable state of affairs as to Shakespeare's once-used words to which Professor Butler called attention, certain members of the New York Shakespeare Society have prepared, with great labor, a list of words absolutely used but once. Answering all the above questions in the negative, except that they have been unable to omit words formed by the prefix "un," or the suffix "ly," forming the adverb. And it is believed that the list so formed consists of actually 5,436 distinct vocables. Surely such a list is an identification of Shakespeare beside which no other identification is necessary. If an examination of this list reveals that scarcely any of these 5,436 words occur in the Poems, each student will be able to draw his own conclusion. But we may be sure that these conclusions, whatever they are, will not agree. Nobody, or almost nobody, ever agrees on a Shakespeare question.

It is supposed that the entire list known as Shakespeare's Plays and Poems alike was composed prior to the year 1611, and yet English was an unknown branch of English education in 1612 according to John Brinsley who in that year in his "The Grammar School" says "There seems unto me to be a very main want in all our grammar schools generally, or in most of them. Whereof I have heard some great learned men to complain that there is no care had in respect to train up scholars so as they may be able to express their minds purely and read them in their own tongue, and to increase in the practice of it as well as in the Latin and Greek, whereas our chief endeavor should be for it. And that for these reasons, First, because that language all sorts and conditions of men amongst us are to have most used both in speech and in writing in our own native tongue. Second, because the purity and elegance of our own tongue is to be esteemed a chief part of the honor of our nation, which we all ought to advance as much as in us lieth. Third, because of those which are for a time trained up in schools there are very few which pro-

ceed in learning in comparison with them that follow other callings."

If there was in 1612 an utter lack of training in the English language in English Grammar Schools, we may reasonably be assured that no such training existed in English Grammar schools in Shakespeare's day. But fortunately we do not need to draw any conclusions in the premises! We happen to have an exact statement of the facts. In 1561 Richard Mulcaster. Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, and of Christ Church, Oxford, on being made head master of the Merchant Taylor's School, of London, (a preparatory school for St. John's College, Oxford,) printed a work entitled "The First Book of Elementarie" in which he deplored this very neglect of English. With all its turgid tediousness of verbiage it is final of the subject we are considering.

In this work Master Mulcaster asks "secretaries of the pen and correctors for the print" to "direct such people as teach children to read and write English. For our natural tongue being as beneficial to us for our needful delivery as any other is to the people which use it; and having as pretty and as fair observations in it as any other hath, and being as ready to yield to any rule of art as any other is, why should I not take some pains to find out the right writing of ours as other countrymen have done to find out the like in their's? And so much the rather because it is pertended that the writing thereof is marvelous uncertain and scant to be recovered from extreme confusion without some changes or great extremity. "And then master Mulcaster proposes a method of studying the mother tongue in schools, at least as fully as dead languages are studied. "For the performance thereof and mine own fellow direction I will first examine those means whereby other tongues of most sacred antiquity have been brought to art and found disciplin for their sight writing, to the end that, by following their way, I may hit upon their right and at least by their precedent devise the like to their's, where the use of our tongue and the property your dialect will not yield flat to their's." He then proposes that English shall be hereafter studied as systematically as any other course of learning and makes the following divisions to be considered (1) general rule which concerneth the property and use each letter. (2) proposition, which reduceth all words of one sound to the same writing. (3) composition, which teacheth how to write one word made of more. (4) derivation, which examineth the offspring of every original. (5) distinction, which betrayeth the differenced sounds and sorce in letters by some within figure or accent. (6) enfranchisement, which directeth the right writing of all incorporated foreign words. (7) prerogative, which declareth a reservation wherein common use will continue her precedence in our English writing as she hath done everywhere else, both for the form of the letter in some places, which likes the pen better, and for the difference in writing, where some particular caveat will check a common rule. In all these seven I will so examine the particularities of our tongue as either nothing shall seem at all strange, or if anything do so seem, yet it shall not seem so strange but that either the self same or very like unto it, or the more strange than it is, shall appear to be those things which are more familiar unto us for the extraordinary learning. that required of us for ordinary use." But these proposals attracted no re-

response, and Mr. John Brinsley, above noted, still is urging, thirty years afterward in 1612, that pupils may be permitted to "obtain the same benefits increasing in our mother English tongue as in the Latin," and urges in the schools "continued practice of English grammatical translations" and "translating and writing English, as well as other school exercises."

To be continued.

MARGINALIA.

HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID FOR A FIRST FOLIO:—On July 16, 1901, Mr. MacGregor of Glasgow, who already possesses the finest copy known of the second folio of Shakespeare—the Earl of Oxford's which fetched, in 1895, the record price of £540—paid the sum of £1,720, that is, eight thousand six hundred dollars, for a copy of the First Folio, at the auction rooms of Messrs Christie, Manson & Woods in London. The catalogue described the copy so sold as the "property of a gentleman," measuring 12¼ by 8¼ inches (being smaller than the £1,700 copy) and in modern binding by Francis Bedford, red morocco extra, in the Harleian style. The bottom corner of the verses and lower margins of the last three leaves slightly repaired, but general condition very fine."

The auctioneers had previously, July 11, 1899, for the sum of £1,700 sold at Christie's another and most remarkable copy measuring 12¼ by 8½ inches, (the size of the Grenville copy in the British Museum.) It was in the original calf, and, save for a portion of the outer margin of the title page having been cut off, and fragments of the text from four pages found to be lacking the copy, was perfect, the portrait after Droeshout and Ben Jonson's verses being in good condition.

Prior to the last named sale the highest sum paid at English auctions for a copy was £716 2s.. for which the Baroness Burdett-Cotts secured George Daniel's fine example in 1864, (measuring 13½ by 8¼ inches.) Sir William Tite's copy, in crimson morocco, by Bedford, and measuring 12 3-16 by 7 15-16 inches, sold in 1874 for £440, and after passing through several hands was resold in 1891 at the Ives sale for \$4,200 to Dodd, Mead & Co. It is now in the possession of William A. White, of Brooklyn. The late Mr. Tooney's copy, which measured 13¾ by 8¼ inches, was privately purchased in 1899 by J. Pierpont Morgan for a little over £1,000.

In 1780 David Garrick paid Payne £1 16s for a First Folio Shakespeare; in 1790 the Duke of Roxburghe gave £35 14s for a copy; Isaac Reed's fetched £38 in 1807; five years later the Roxburghe copy was resold for £190, and in 1818 Saunder's copy was bought by Grenville for £121 16s, (the latter is now in the British Museum.) Dr. Dibdin thought this sum to be the "highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for the book," but the wise doctor was a sorry prophet. In 1822 John Phillip Kemble's copy sold for £122 7s. Hibbert's bringing £155 in 1847, (in 1854 it was re-sold by Lilly to Henry Huth for £250.) Then came, in 1864, the Daniel copy, £716 2s. the Charlemont following the next year, £155; George Smith's, in 1867, £410; Perkins's in 1873, £585, (the Dent copy,) and Tite's

in 1874, £440; (later the Robinson, Cook, Ives and White copy.) In 1879 Miss Hanscome (Mrs. Pope) paid £490 for a copy; in 1884, Thorold's fetched £590, (now owned by Robert Hoe,) and in 1891 Ives's copy 12 by 7, fetched \$4,200. The Augustin Daly copy went for \$5,400. on March 10, 1900. It measured 12½ by 8½ inches, and was sound throughout. The Droeshout portrait was a brilliant impression, but the Ben Jonson verses opposite were inlaid. In 1882 Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps said that he believed some four hundred copies of the book were in existence in Europe and the United States. There is no copy in Canada.

The Collotype fac simile of the First Folio of Shakespeare, which has already been announced as in preparation by the Clarendon Press, will be ready next October. The Chatsworth copy has been deposited on loan in the Bodleian Library, by permission of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it a reproduction is in progress at the Oxford University Press, which, when completed, will be as exact a copy as it is possible to produce.

THE GERMAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, on the anniversary of Shakespeare's Birthday, April 23, 1901, The German Shakespeare Society held in Weimar, its thirty-eighth annual meeting. Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, Professor of English in the University of Louisiana, a member of The Shakespeare Society of New York, being present to represent the New York Society. Prof. Smith reports the proceedings for the New York *Nation* as follows:

"The President, Dr. William Oechelhauser, an octogenarian who has given nearly half his life to the promotion of the Society's interests, called the meeting to order at 10:30 a. m., and his opening address paid a deserved tribute to the memory of the late Grand Duke.

"The leading address was made by Ernst Possart, manager of the Bavarian Court Theatre. His address, "What Kind of Stage Scenery Is Best Adapted for the Plays of Shakespeare?" will appear in full in the thirty-seventh volume of the *Jahrbuch*, which has been published annually by the Society for the past thirty-seven years. In answer to the question whether it is always best to stage a play in the form in which the poet wrote it, or whether the stage manager has not the right to omit and adapt, Prof. Possart, the speaker, contended for the liberty of curtailment and adaptation. The unfettered genius of a great poet, borne away by the very fullness of his thought, which he can never exhaust, finds outlet in an undue multiplicity of scenes." Schiller's, "Don Carlos" and Goethe's "Faust" were cited in illustration. It was urged that, in the case of Shakespeare, it was absurd to clamor for an unchanged stage-text, since no such thing was in existence. "Shakespeare's plays were constantly changed and additions made even in the earliest quarto and folio editions."

At the banquet in the afternoon, Professor Schick, of the chair of English in the University of Munich, offered a toast to the Shakespeare scholarship of America. He read a part of the recently issued prospectus of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and wel-

comed its forthcoming publication, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, into the realm of Shakespeare periodicals.

The play given at night in the Weimar Court Theatre in honor of the Shakespeare Society was the Schlegel-Tieck version of "Macbeth," with Fraulein Schippel as *Lady Macbeth* and Herr Weiser as *Macbeth*. The stage management was under the direction of Professor Possart. The actors were at their best, and the audience composed largely of Shakespeare specialists and critics, was generous in its applause.

Treasurer von Bajanowski's annual statement of the Society's growth and financial condition showed a large increase in the membership, which now numbers 375, and a surplus of \$500 in the treasury. The only new honorary member elected by the Society was the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the translator of "Hamlet" and the author of a Shakespeare Commentary. It is gratifying to note that the Society's select list of honorary members is headed by the name of an American, Dr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.

MR. HENRY G. LANGFORD of Philadelphia, writes to the Editor of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA: "The President of the New York Shakespeare Society in his solicitude to dispose of any but a Warwickshire source for the Plays, has collected more than five hundred occurrences in them of Warwickshire Dialect, and at good length demonstrates that the Puns in the Plays were only intelligible to Elizabethan audiences by conception of a Warwickshirean pronunciation of vowels. He then goes on to cite verbatim the Elizabethan statutes enforcing by fine and other penalties the attendance of minors at church services, in order to show Shakespeare not only in speech a Warwickshire man, but drilled in youth in the "sonorous and stately English of the church liturgy." All this to account for both dialectic vernacular and "sonorous stately English" in the plays.

But, while satisfying himself that the authorship of the plays cannot be wrested from Shakespeare, Dr. Morgan is forced to admit that the processes satisfying him of this proposition, force him to reluctantly doubt very much if Shakespeare wrote the poem "Venus and Adonis."

May I suggest to Dr. Morgan a consideration which points to the common authorship of that poem and at least of the First Part of King Henry the Sixth?

In that play (*i. e.*) are the lines:

"Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next."

Commenting on this passage, Schmidt in his "Lexicon" said: "Perhaps confounded with the garden of King Alcinous in the Odyssey." While Mr. Richard Grant White concludes that "No mention of any such garden in the classic writings of Greece and Rome is known to scholars." Mr. White was wrong as to this, however. In the *Phaedrus* of Plato, where, in (Jowett's translation,) we read: "Would a husbandman," said Socrates, "who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which he values and which he wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them during the heat of summer in some Garden

of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he sees them in eight days appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to please the spectators at a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he sows in fitting soil, and practises husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they come to perfection. "Now there was no English translation of *Phaedrus* till 1701, so that Shakespeare must have read the work in the original Greek, unless we can find it already in print prior to the required date for *I Henry VI*, which will also be a satisfactory date for this "Venus and Adonis."

So let us turn to Spencer's *Fairie Queen*. In book III of that Poem stanzas 34 *seq.* of Canto I, and stanzas 46 *seq.* of Canto VI, are a recital of the loves of Venus and Adonis, practically the same narration of them as is given in the Shakespeare Poem. The only variation is that we are told that Venus was often wont to enjoy Adonis's joyous company in Adonis's Garden. This garden is first mentioned in stanza 39 of Canto VI book III, and further on in stanza 42, we are told of these gardens, that

"There is continual spring and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time.
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear
* * * * *
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb
* * * * *
 seem to labor under their fruits' load."

Which five lines it is surely the Shakespearean method to condense into one line thus:

"That one day blomed and fruitful were the next."

I should be glad of further comment on this discovery:

[Edwin Reed, (*Bacon vs. Shakespeare*, Seventh Edition, page 214.) also notes the quotation from Plato's *Phaedrus*, but does not know of the above passages in *The Faerie Queen*.—EDS. NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

THERE LIES ON THIS TABLE an interesting souvenir of the episode of 1850-51 when Mr. P. T. Barnum woke up the English nation by offering to purchase the Birth-place House on Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, and set it up in his Museum in New York City. It is in the form of a programme of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Stratford-on-Avon, for Friday evening, April 25, 1851. After announcing "the celebrated play of *Rob Roy*, (in act 3 the dance of the Highland Fling by the characters,) and a comic song, a "Charity Children's Duet, and Dancing by Miss Thomasson," the Play Bill concludes:

"After which, (only time) a New and original Musical Extravaganza, in 1 Act, (by the Author of "How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress," called *This House to be Sold*, [the property of the late William Shakespeare,] enquire within; with appropriate scenery, dresses and appointments. Shakespearean and other melodies, by Mr. Ticehurst. Mr. Chatterton Chopkins, Proprietor of Shakespeare's House; Mr. C. Jackman, with the popular song, "I'm a Gent, I'm a Gent." Grimshaw, his Legal Adviser, Mr. Styles; Tiffin, his friend, Mr. H. Fenton; Mrs. Jarrett, the Lady of the Mansion. Mrs. Fenton;

William Shakespeare, Mr. Stanton; Othello, Mr. F. Morgan; with the popular Ethiopian melodies, "There's some one in the House with Dinah," and "Who is dat Knocking at the Door. Hamlet, Mr. W. Fenton; Shylock, Mr. Styles; Falstaff, Mr. Fenton; Macbeth, Mr. Holston; Polonius, Mr. Waye; Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Mr. Jackman; Francis, Mr. George; Romeo, Miss Thommissin; Desdemona, Mrs. F. Morgan; Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Fenton; Juliet, Miss Jackman; Arell, Miss Fenton.

Scene 1—The Birthplace of Shakespeare—Exterior of the Poet's House, Stratford-on-Avon. Scene 2—The Shakespeare Chamber—The Old Master and the New—The Bard and his Children—The Drama in Difficulties—New Calling for Old Characters—Grand Tableaux—Homage to the Bard of Avon.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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1. THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY; illustrated by John Leyland; cloth gilt; 4 to pp. 102; London, George Newnes.
2. SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY, by Bertram C. A. Windle; illustrated by Edmund H. New; 16 mo. cloth; pp. 218; London; Methuen & Co.
3. L'AIGLON; a Play in six acts, by Edmond Rostand; translated by Louies N. Parker; 12 mo. cloth; de luxe; pp. 262; New York; R. H. Russell; \$1.50. (Portrait of Maude Adams as the Duke de Reishstadt.)
4. HAMLET; a Tragedy; by William Shakespeare; The E. H. Southern acting version; 12 mo. illuminated cloth; pp. 125; illustrated with stage settings and 3 portraits of E. H. Southern as Hamlet; \$1.00; New York; McClure, Phillips & Co.
5. FALLSTAFF AND EQUITY; an Interpretation; by Charles E. Phelps; 12 mo. cloth; pp. 201; Boston and New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Co; \$1.50.
6. MARLOW'S FAUSTUS AND GREEN'S HONORABLE History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay; Edited by Adolphus William Ward, Litt D.; Fourth Edition revised and enlarged; cloth; 12 mo.; pp. 315; Oxford; The Clarendon Press; Henry Frowde.
7. THE FALSTAFF SHAKESPEARE; Comedies; Histories and Tragedies; cloth; Royal 8 vo.; pp. 590; London; Sands & Co.; \$1.00.
8. SHAKESPEARE IN MUSIC; a collection of the chief musical allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare with an attempt at their explanation and derivation, together with much of the original music; by Louis C. Elson; 12 mo; cloth gilt; illustrated; pp. 354; Boston; L. C. Page & Co.; \$2.00.
9. SHAKESPEARE IN ART; by Sadakichi Hartmann; illustrated; 12 mo.; cloth; pp. 370; Boston; L. C. Page & Co.; \$2.00.
10. FACTS ABOUT BOOKWORMS; Their history in literature and work in libraries; by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J.; illustrated; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 87; New York; Francis P. Harper.
11. IT WAS MARLOWE; A story of the secret of three centuries; by William Gleason Zeigler; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 310; Chicago; Donohue, Hamneling & Co.
12. A NEW STUDY OF THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE; by Parke Godwin; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 306; New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

13. THE BAB BALLADS; by W. S. Gilbert; the Wayside Series; illustrated; cloth; 32 mo. pp. 190; de luxe; New York; H. Russell.
14. BOOK TITLES FROM SHAKESPEARE; by Volney Sheamer, sq; 16 mo. pp. 30; paper; privately printed by the author.
15. SHAKSPER NOT SHAKESPEARE; by W. H. Edwards; cloth; 12 mo. pp. --- Cincinnati; Robert Clark & Co.
16. SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA; some remarks on Mr. W. H. Edwards' Shakesper not Shakespeare; by R. L. Athurst; paper; 8 vo. pp. 53; Philadelphia; The Shakespeare Society.
17. OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; by T. N. Toller, M. A., Professor of English in the Owen's College, Manchester; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 284; Cambridge; The University Press; New York; The Macmillan Co.
18. THE NEW ATLANTIS; by Francis Bacon; edited with notes and glossary and an excursus on Bacon's grammar, by G. C. Moore Smith, M. A., Professor of English in University College, Cambridge; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 70; Cambridge; The University Press; New York; The Macmillan Company.
19. THE LAW IN SHAKESPEARE; by Cushman K. Davis, second edition; 8 vo. pp. 304; St. Paul, West Publishing Company.
20. MARLOW'S EDWARD THE SECOND; and selections from Tamburlaine and The Poems; edited by E. T. McLaughlin; boards; 16 mo. pp. 170; New York; Henry Holt & Company.
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23. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; a study in Elizabethan Literature by Barrett Wendell; cloth; 12 mo. pp. 436; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.
24. SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES AND NEW READINGS; by John Phin; 12 mo.; paper; pp. 34; New York, Industrial Publication Company. 25 cents.
25. THE MESSIASHIP OF SHAKESPEARE; sung and expounded by Clelia, (Chas. Downing;) cloth, gold; sq. 8 vo. pp. 104; London, Greening & Co. \$1.25.
26. EXERCISES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF EDGAR ALLAN POE in the Library of the University of Virginia, October 7, 1899; compiled by Charles W. Kent; crown; 8 vo. cloth; pp. 100; Richmond, J. R. Bell Co. \$1.00.
27. SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY; being a record of the ancestors and descendents of William Shakespeare, with some account of the Ardens; by C. C. Stopes; crown; 8 vo. frontispiece; pp. 260; net, \$3.25; New York, James Pott & Co.
28. EDGAR ALLAN POE; by John A. Joyce; cloth; pp. 218; 12 mo. illustrated; New York, F. Tennyson Neely Co.

29. SOME PHASES OF SHAKESPEAREAN INTERPRETATION; by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D.; paper; 8 vo.; pp. 15; Washington, D. C.

30. THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE; by Henry Sabastian Bowden; 12 mo. cloth; pp. 428; London, Burns & Oates.

1. This is at once a sumptuous and convenient work, and the engravings are brilliantly finished with beautiful ink, upon clean creamy paper.

3. Mr. Parker's translation of M. Rostand's masterpiece, which we believe will never cease to be a classic Tragedy in an era of comedy and vaudeville, leaves nothing to be desired, and the publisher has given it a flavor of the first Empire, in its Royal purple binding, spangled with the Imperial bees.

4. Mr. Sothern's acting version presents no determined varlance from Mr. Booth's and hardly justifies the exquisite dress which the publishers have given it. If Mr. Sothern desires to be unique, why does he not have his scenery represent, not anything that will serve, but the castle at Elsinore, the ramparts, etc., etc., of which there are dozens of pictures available. (Or he can send and get them photographed anew for his purpose.) That would give his work a flavor it hardly possesses now.

5. Readers of *Shakespeareana* will recall the several contributions in which Judge Phelps argued that Falstaff's remark: "There's no equity stirring," was an interpolation by the actor who took that part, and was an allusion to the town talk that the Queen was intriguing to influence her judges in a case then pending in Chancery. (The Queen was quite equal to that sort of thing.) Judge Phelps has now extended this conclusion of his to make a stout volume, and it is a most fascinating book. What passes man's understanding is why he should have supposed that it needed an introducer—especially an introducer who introduces nobody but himself—and that awkwardly: a Boston newspaper writer, Henry A. Clapp. We all know Judge Phelps, but who is Henry A. Clapp? With this blemish the book is a fine one.

10. Casual or studious, the reader of this book will not stop till he reads it to the end. The biped variety of book-worm will regret that Father O'Connor has not dalled longer with his theme, and the variety whose portrait we have on page 41 just after he has banqueted on Hauy's Mineralogy would not disagree with him. Another book-worm—there ere several—appears happier, however, and perhaps had dined on Burton's Anatomy. Altogether we have several eaters of books—tailless—three-tailed, bigheaded—littleheaded—one-legged—six-legged. Could the big-headed one have just come from a diet off his earliest biographer—the Stagirite? "In old Wax, as in' wood," said Aristotle twenty-three centuries ago, "there is found an animal which seems to be the smallest of all creatures—called the acarus; and in books there are others, like those found in cloth, and they are like scorpions without a tail, the smallest of all." So wrote Aristotle twenty-three centuries ago

and Father O'Connor quotes the original Greek, but fortunately, translates it

13. Mr. Russell has republished the ever delicious "Bab Ballads," and given them this time a setting in paper, type and boards as delicious as the ballads themselves, and here are all the old pictures in petto too.

This generation knows Captain Reece, and private James and General Jobn, and poor Joe Go Lightly—who got the black hole and two hundred thousand lashes on his bare back per day for ten years for loving the daughter of the First Lord and playing "Willow" on shipboard, and all the rest, from his Pinafore. But it is lovely to see them all back again in their original ballad form, and Ferdinando and Elvira, and the Hasty Turk, and the Rival Curates and Lord Lorenzo de Lardy whose French consisted entirely of

Caroline, Celestine Eulalie,,
Hoop-la. Je vous aime, oui mossoo
Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui
Bon jour mademoiselle parlez voo

And mademoiselle de la sauce mayonnaise, who would reply:

Oh, my, pretty man, if you please
Bloom boodin, bifstek, currie lamb
Bouldongue two franc half, quite ze cheese
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh godam!

All are here with us once again!

25. On Touchstone's *secundum quid* principle in dealing with "a country life:"

"In respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. In respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect that it is not the Court, it is tedious." So of this, in respect that it is a riddle, it is a good riddle, for no one can find out what it means. But in respect that it is about Shakespeare, it is tedious.

OF LESS ACCOUNT.

EDITOR NEW SHAKESPEAREANA: Of course every one of your readers can answer all the following questions without a Bartlett Concordance, as the answers are all in the Plays.—B. W. H.

1. What was Bully Bottom's remedy for a cut finger?
2. What credentials were required of bar-tenders (tapsters) in Shakespeare's time?
3. What was Falstaff's waist measurement?
4. How many children had Mr. Justice Shallow? Give their names.
5. Who was Parson Evans' favorite poet, and favorite poem? What was Falstaff's favorite tune?
6. How did Orsino's nephew lose his leg?
7. What was Holofernes's opinion as to the value of silent letters?
8. Who made Desdemona's handkerchief? and who, according to the arrangement of the Plays in the First Folios, was the first married woman jealous of her husband?
9. Who had a statue of pure gold after her death?
10. How long did Leontes take to woo and win his queen?
11. What was the name of Falstaff's tailor?
12. What was the name of Mrs. Quickly's spiritual advisor?
13. What was the tale that Imogen read in bed.
14. What did old Capulet think of people who would not dance?
4. What was to have been the menu at Juliet's marriage with the County Paris?
5. What four characters in the plays had blue eyes?
6. What one of Queen Victoria's Prime-ministers is mentioned by his popular name in the plays?
7. What character in the plays, on being accosted by three acquaintances, expresses in his greeting to each, the different degree of his intimacy with them?
8. Differentiate between the finger rings of three gentlemen, two of whom were lovers of noble ladies and the third a reprobate?
9. The wedding gown of a certain noble lady is given in detail in the Plays. Who was the lady, and give the items detailed?
10. What lady in the Plays gave a critical opinion on her physical attractions? How many others are there of her name in the plays?

11. What Shakespearean characters played billiards?
12. What pair of lovers in the Plays played chess?
13. What was the maiden name of Petruchio's wife?
14. What Shakespearean characters mixed their metaphors?
15. What poetry did Falstaff propose to supply a theme for?
16. What character in the Plays gives a purely fanciful definition of a Latin noun to make a point in an argument?
17. Give three examples of Shakespeare's opinion of schoolmasters?
18. Two characters in the plays are said to have been born under the influence of certain planets; and one under a constellation. Name characters and influences?
19. What animal did Shakespeare hear of being hung for killing a human being?
20. How many years had Falstaff known Bardolph before he met Mrs. Quickly?
21. What was the name of Poins's sister? And who is alleged to have promised to have married her?
22. Where is breach of promise mentioned in the Play's?
23. What character was taken prisoner in joke by his friends disguised as enemies?
24. What character, who boasted of his knowledge of a certain language, was exposed by his companions who talked to him in gibberish which he mistook for that language?
25. What was Dull's riddle and what was the answer to it?
26. What are the names of the only four dogs in Shakespeare?
27. What noble lady refused to accept forgiveness from her leige if spoken in French and what Queen refused absolution if given in Latin?
28. Who was Casca's schoolmate?
29. Give all the instances of second marriages in the plays?
30. Give the pleadings and arguments in the action of William Visor of Wincot, against Clement Perkes of the Hill?
31. What was the color of Orlando's hair? Who punned on his own name on his death bed?
32. What dainties did Perdita provide for the sheep shearing feast?
33. What was Shakespeare's favorite ballad judging from the fact that it is the one oftenest alluded to in the plays.
34. What six characters in the plays are palpably thumb-nail sketches for six characters in the later ones?
35. What Scriptural story did Falstaff think fittest to have represented on tapestry?
36. What women in the plays had beards?
37. What character in the plays owed his life to his ability to write a clerky or engrossing hand?
38. What character in the plays was punished for his crimes by being buried breast deep in the earth and left to starve?
39. What character in the plays made a plume for his hat out of a pack of playing cards?
40. What character in the plays uses the name of a popular seventeenth century author as an ejaculation?
41. What lady had for her maid the daughter of a celebrated witch?
42. On what day of the week, and at what hour did Romeo kill himself?
43. What character in the plays feared to cross the English Channel for fear of seasickness.

44. Tell Cleopatra's fish story.
45. What character invited guests to a banquet and set up for them nothing but hot water?
46. What character in the plays was buried in the sand on a sea-beach?
47. What character was supposed to be possessed of a devil? What one talked Staffordshire dialect?
48. What character was hung for stealing a crucifix from a cathedral?
49. Who arranged a play to be performed before a noble lord and wanted to play all the parts himself?
50. What do we know from the Plays about the private means and residence of the aunt of a young lover who came near having his head cut off?
51. Give six examples from the plays of nineteenth-twentieth century slang.
52. What character in the plays lost his head because he wrote correct Latin?
53. What character said that two potentates must be equally valliant, because they were both born by rivers in which salmon abounded?
54. What character was accused by his sister of preaching better than he practiced?
55. What character knelt before his blind father backward so as to pretend that he had grown a beard?
59. What King thrust into prison by his foes, receives a secret visit from one of his grooms, who breaks into sobs to think that the horse of which he had had the care, is to be used in the triumph of former master's enemies, and what was the horse's name?

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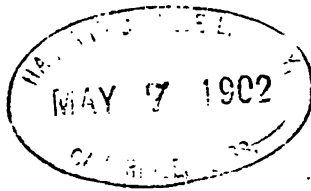
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SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA: *some remarks on Mr. W. H. Edwards' Shaksper not Shakespeare, by R. T. Ashhurst, paper, 8 vo. pp. 53, Philadelphia, The Shakespeare Society.*

IT WAS MARLOWE; *A story of the secret of three centuries; by William Gleason Zeigler, cloth, 12 mo. pp. 310, Chicago, Donohue, Hamneling & Co.*

NOTES ON THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE QUESTION, *by Charles Allen; cloth, 12 mo. pp. 306 Boston & New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.*

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SHAKESPEARE-BACON, AN ESSAY—*12 mo.; cloth pp. 147, London, Swann Sonnenschein & Co.*

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE—*Brief for Plaintiff, by Edwin Reed, member of the Shakespeare Society, of New York. Seventh edition, Revised and Enlarged; cloth, gilt top, 8 vo. pp. 300, Boston, Joseph Knight, Company.*

FRANCIS BACON AND HIS SECRET SOCIETY—*An attempt to collect and unite the lost links of a long and strong chain. By Mrs. Henry Pott,*

Chicago; Frances T. Achulte & Co., cloth, crown 12 mo. pp. 421.

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FRANCIS BACON AND HIS SHAKESPEARE. By Thereon S. E. Dixon; 12 mo. cloth, pp. 461; Chicago; The Sargent Publishing Co.

THE METHOD OF SHAKESPEARE AS AN ARTIST; *reduced from an Analysis of his Leading Tragedies and Comedies,* by Henry J. Ruggles. Royal 12 mo. pp. 536, Boston, Houghton Mifflin & Co.; \$3.00.

Said Dr. Johnson: "He who will determine against that which he knows, because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings."

Shakespearean students everywhere are simply deluged with Baconian literature. The Sunday school tract is less in evidence. The proselyting zeal of your true Baconian knows no bounds, and has scarcely been equaled since the days of the early Christian martyrs. We have no hope of converting the confirmed inhaler of Baconian drugs. We have no physic to administer to him. Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe" shows that the belief in ghosts and witches, after withstanding argument and reason for generation after generation, simply faded out of existence before the growth and spirit of general knowledge. As Topsy was not born but simply grew; so mental aberrations and delusions are not killed, they simply die. Such we apprehend will be the fate of the Baconian theory. But not for some years yet!

Though Mr. Edwards' "Shaksper not Shakespeare" has been before the reading public nearly, if not quite, two years, the reviewers are still busy with it. Perhaps it has received its most elaborate consideration at the hands of Mr. R. L. Ashhurst, in a paper read before the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, and recently published by the Society. Mr. Ashhurst's criticism while displaying learned and critical ability, is prolix, and of very unequal merit, a large part of it being devoted to a refutation of propositions, which, though vigorously maintained by Edwards, have little or no tendency to prove his main Q. E. D. In April 1884, Mr. W. H. Wyman published his "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," and classified 225 books, pamphlets and minor articles that had been written in that debate. Since that time, it is safe to say, the list has been more than sextupled and the end is not yet. Indeed the literature on

the subject is on the increase, though, with the public at large, comparatively little interest appears to have been enlisted. Probably this is because the Baconians have, with all the undoubted labor expended, produced so little real evidence in support of their theory. Of positive evidence they offer none, unless the parallelisms be considered such; it is all of a negative character—that Shakespeare was born in a “bookless neighborhood,” of an illiterate family, that he had no opportunity to acquire the information shown in the plays, nor the social advantages necessary to enable him to portray the habits and customs of the court and the nobility, etc., etc. Surely if any light can be thrown upon the private life of the world’s greatest author it must be of interest to the world, but it must first be known with certainty who the author was. The question we often hear, “What difference can it make who was the author so long as we have the work?” can be asked only by shallow and thoughtless persons.

Dr. Nisbet, in his “Insanity of Genius,” finds that the known facts in regard to the family of Shakespeare support his theory, and correspond with the history of other families which have given the world men of genius. But, alas, we know so little of the author of the plays: and I repeat, the Baconians have not increased our store of knowledge.

The burden of Edwards’ bulky volume may be summed up in the sentence where he states (p. 70,) “I agree with Mr. Reed, who says: ‘It is evident that Shakespeare was a favorite *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of the age!’” Page after page, aye scores upon scores of pages are devoted to labored effort to prove this proposition. This the reader of the plays cannot accept: it is absolutely beyond the pale of credibility. Of course no student of the Elizabethan age and literature now believes that Shakespeare wrote every line or stage direction, or even every scene or act, of the plays published as his. The diary kept by Philip Henslowe shows that he (Henslowe) purchased outright the plays represented at his theatres, and from time to time paid poets, who were not the original authors, for “new additions” to them. Doubtless, if the similar accounts for the Globe and Blackfriars kept by John Heminge (and he distinctly states in his Will that he kept such accounts) shall ever be found, they will show the sums received by Shakespeare for rewriting and making “new additions” to the plays which now bear his name. As to who or how many wrote the original ground-work of these plays, whether the im-

mortal bard retained only a few lines or whole scenes or acts, only the literary faddists can stop to inquire. As well ask who made the canvas upon which Rembrandt painted, or whence came the marble in which Michelangelo worked. Such inquiries can be of no interest to mankind in general. It is the genius who breathed into the work the breath of life that we would know about. Barring Titus Andronicus, and perhaps Pericles, though the hands of many may be observed, about one voice there is no uncertainty; the stamp of one genius is impressed upon all the plays. If Hume's definition of a miracle be correct, that it is something contrary to human experience, then Christ himself is almost as great a miracle as his raising the dead. The world has not seen, and in all human probability will never see, another character such as His. It stands unique in human experience. In this sense the author of the Shakespearean dramas is also a miracle. There is but one Christ, there has been but one Shakespeare. Ruskin, on being asked by a young artist whose work he praised, whether he could ever hope to equal Turner, replied, "You can more reasonably hope to be Czar of all the Russians; for a new Czar is created about every forty years, but a Turner is born about every 500 years." To imagine that within the same period of twenty years there lived in the same country two or more men capable of producing the Shakespearean dramas is to imagine a miracle. Old Father Time in the three thousand years he has marked men's literary productions on earth has noted but one Shakespeare. It is incredible that,

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"

and it is almost equally incredible that there were or could have been a half dozen or more Shakespeares walking the streets of London at the same time. As we accept the axioms of Euclid as self-evident and ask no proof, we must accept the fact that there was but one Shakespeare. This is axiomatic.

In discussing the authorship of "Shakespeare" the following propositions are accordingly assumed as truths which no man can doubt or deny.

First. That in the Elizabethan age certain plays and poems were written and published, the authorship of which was ascribed to one William Shakespeare.

Second. That a man bearing that name who had been born in

Stratford-upon-Avon, was, at the time that these plays appeared, an actor in London, and that history has no knowledge of any other person then living who bore that name.

Third. That either this actor was himself the author, or some other person used his name as a *nom de plume*. Now, if the latter hypothesis be assumed, either the real author took the name William Shakespeare simply as a fanciful pseudonym, or he took the name of the actor with the purpose and design of hiding his own identity and having the world believe that the actor was also the author. But the *accidental* assumption by anyone of the name of a well-known actor and theatrical proprietor as a pseudonym under which to publish plays would be a coincidence so remarkable and so highly improbable that we need not discuss it.

We may conclude then, that either the actor was the real author, or that some other person used his name as a *nom de plume* with his knowledge and consent, and we must conclude further, that if the real author desired to keep his identity concealed and palm these works off on the public as the works of William Shakespeare, the actor, then this actor, in the opinion of the real author, had sufficient education, knowledge and ability to render his authorship not an impossible or improbable event. If, as the Baconians assert, the actor was an illiterate booby who could scarcely write his own name, no sensible man would select him as a suitable person in whose name the immortal Shakespearean works could be foisted on an unsuspecting public. In such case the imposture would be manifest. And we will be safe also in the further conclusion that the actors, the dramatists, and all persons conversant with theatrical matters—in short, all people who were acquainted with the rich actor from Stratford, agreed with the assumed real author that the natural ability and literary attainments of the said actor were not inconsistent with his authorship. If this reasoning be sound, then we are necessarily drawn to the final conclusion that the literary attainments of William Shakespeare of Stratford, actor, and in part proprietor of theatres in London, were, in fact and truth, not inconsistent with his authorship of the immortal works which bear his name. If they were a literary imposture, the cheat was carried out with complete success. His contemporaries were a credulous lot; they certainly believed that the actor was also the dramatist.

The Baconians lay great stress upon the fact that comparatively

few references to the personality of Shakespeare are found in the literature of the period notwithstanding the fact that both the plays and the poems were very popular. Truly, viewing Shakespeare as the colossal genius the world now regards him to have been, we must consider this remarkable; but how far more remarkable would it be had the people of that age regarded "William Shakespeare" as a mere literary pseudonym and yet had not commented on this fact—had made no reference to it, had made no effort to discover the author!

The most prominent facts upon which the Baconians base their argument against the *prima facie* case in favor of Shakespeare may be briefly stated:

First. They say there is no proof (and special emphasis is laid on the word "proof") that Shakespeare had any education whatever, or that he ever attended school for a single day. They admit there was a free Grammar School in Stratford, and that, during his childhood and early youth, his father was one of the most prominent men in town. Now, pray, if John Shakespeare's son did not attend that school, what class of boys did attend it?

We are next told that Shakespeare was a usurer, a money gatherer, and that these things are inconsistent with literary genius in general, and especially with the lofty spirit manifested in the plays. But assuming that he was a usurer, the argument from "inconsistency," is certainly entitled to very little weight. Men do not always practice what they preach; they may counsel liberality and practice parsimony! An author's writing may inculcate the highest morality, and his private life exhibit the lowest. But that Shakespeare was in private life a usurer is by no means established. The conclusion is drawn from a few (at most three) cases where he brought suits to recover small sums of money. Everyone knows the unreliability of general deductions in regard to human character based upon isolated specific acts. Special circumstances fully justifying these acts may have been present in each case. We believe he made money and became rich because deeds and records recite that he paid large sums of money for certain pieces of property. Every lawyer knows that recitals of this kind are only presumptive, and not conclusive, evidence of their truth. This rule of law is reasonable and is based on the experience of man's business dealings. But in the same way the statement of title-pages as to the authorship of books must be accepted as *prima facie* true. Doubtless from the well-known fact that man is more careful about

money matters than about anything else; and, as grantor, is unlikely to acknowledge the receipt of purchase money which he has not in fact received, or as grantee, to allow another name than his own to be inserted in a deed, such statements in deeds are entitled to rather more weight than statements upon title-pages; still, a *prima facie* character pertains to both; the presumptive truth of such statements must, in either case, be overcome by proof. The Baconians accept the statements of deeds and of court records as conclusive, and make no question as to the identity of the William Shakespeare there mentioned with the actor from Stratford, but they attach absolutely no weight to the title pages. We are then gravely informed that, though nearly every writer of the age who refers to contemporary poets includes William Shakespeare in the list, he does not state that he means the son of John Shakespeare of Stratford. But why should this be stated? Was there any doubt about the matter? When they refer to Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher and the others, do they think it necessary to explain more certainly whom they mean by stating when and where these authors were born, and whose sons they were?

The Baconians make a great to-do about the knowledge of law and medicine manifested in the plays; but they ignore the fact that Shakespeare had for a son-in-law Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of the times. His knowledge of these sciences, however, is a mere assumption of the critics, based on his frequent use of medical and legal terminology, which, in fact, indicate no real knowledge. The author of the plays attended a feast of science and stole the scraps. That his acquaintance with law was limited to legal terms and phrases, and that he was in reality totally ignorant of law has been recently and (to the writer of this review) conclusively shown by Judge Allen in the work now under cognate review; also, "In Re Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements." The Shakespeare Press, 1899.

But they say Shakespeare had no library, and made no mention of his writings or manuscripts in his will. This signifies nothing. So far as known to posterity the other dramatists of the period had no libraries, and they certainly did not bequeath their manuscripts as precious relics. The truth is, that the Elizabethan dramatists did not own their own writings, they were written to be represented on the stage and were sold to the theatrical managers. A play that was not accepted was not published; it was a complete failure.

Doubtless there were exceptions; but this was the rule. Moreover, neither these dramatists themselves nor any class of the public, regarded dramatic writings as serious literary productions. Ben Jonson was ridiculed for affixing to an edition of his dramas the pompous title of "works." They were regarded as "plays" written and acted for the amusement of the public, having only an ephemeral interest and value. Spencer's *Faerie Queen* would live through the ages; but as the public then soon tired of old plays and continually demanded new ones, so the public of the future would do the same. Such was the opinion of the Elizabethan age.

Finally we are told that Shakespeare's social position and his status as a professional actor, made him "a vagabond by statute," rendered it impossible for him to associate or become acquainted with the higher grades of society, and that, therefore, the actor could not have portrayed the habits and customs of kings and nobles as the author did. These statements are as misleading as the others. Statutes do not always reflect public opinion or indicate actual conditions. If they did, we would believe that intoxicating liquors can not be had in the prohibition States of Maine and Kansas. But, as Dr. Doran says, "The celebrated statute of 1572 does not declare players to be 'rogues and vagabonds.' It simply threatens to treat as such, all acting companies who presume to set up their stage without the license of 'two justices of the peace' at least. This was rather to protect the art than to insult the artists; and a few years subsequent to the publication of this statute, Elizabeth granted the first royal patent conceded in England to actors—that of 1576. By this authority Lord Leicester's servants were empowered to produce such plays as seemed good to them, 'as well' says the Queen, 'for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them! Sovereign could scarcely pay a more graceful compliment to poet or to actor.'" (*Annals of the State*, Vol. 1, p. 22.) The Queen indeed was a great patron of the stage. In the language of Chambers, "What Augustus said of Rome, may be remarked of Elizabeth and the Stage, that she found it brick and left it marble." (*An apology for Believers*, etc., p. 353, London, 1797.) On one occasion she was so pleased with an actor that she ordered an annual pension of £20 to be paid to him. The office of the "Master of the Revels" was established in 1546, and was retained during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The amounts that these two monarchs spent upon theatrical representations are simply

apalling to the modern mind. Indeed if Elizabeth herself did not actually take part in theatrical representations, her successor, Queen Anne, wife of James the First, certainly did. "She was both actress and manager," says Dr. Doran (Vol. 1, page 23) "in the masques performed at court, the expenses of which exceeded, indeed were ordered not to be limited to, £1000." Warton, in his *History of English Poetry* (Vol. 3, page 227, n. a.) gives an extended account of her performances. "Who hath not heard of Sir Francis Walsingham, an eminent Councillour in Queen Elizabeth's time, famous for his wisdom in matters of State, and more for his piety in advancing the Gospel? Yet this was the man who procured the Queen to entertain players for her Servants; and to give them wages as in a just vocation. And would he ever have done this, being so religious a man, if he had thought the plays profane; being so great a statesman, if inconvenient to the State? And now, methinks, I have said enough in defence of plays." (*Theatrum Redivivum* by Sir Richard Baker, 1662.) The Court set the fashion; all classes of society followed it. Theatrical representations were continually given at the universities, at the smaller schools, at the Inns of Court, and at the private houses of great families. Schlegel in his *History of Dramatic Literature*, p. 449 (Bohn's Library) says, "The predilection for the theatre was so great, that in a period of sixty years during this, Elizabeth's, and the following reign, seventeen play houses were built or fitted up in London." Chambers, in the work above cited, enumerates, p. 392, fifteen licensed companies of actors. It has been estimated that not one in fifty of the plays of the Elizabethan period has come down to us. If so, thousands must have been written, for some hundreds have survived. Drake in his monumental work "Shakespeare and His Times," p. 328, gives a list of one hundred and sixty-six "minor poets," nearly all of whom wrote plays, who flourished during the age of Shakespeare. The theatre was the "rage;" and while, undoubtedly, the dramatic author was not then held in the esteem he is to-day, nevertheless it is certain that it was not a disgrace to be known as the author of plays. Doctors of divinity and of medicine, the bar and the bench, the peer and the artizan were all represented among the dramatic poets. Neither was the actor such an inferior personage. Most of the professional dramatists were also actors. The fact that Ben Jonson, the son of a brick-layer, was an actor, certainly did not prevent him from being on terms of social intimacy with persons in high position. These actors frequent -

ly appeared before the court, and in the houses of the nobility, and this necessarily brought about some sort of personal acquaintance, especially in cases where these actors were also the authors of the plays produced. This fact also explains how Shakespeare acquired his knowledge of the customs of the court and the nobility. It is said that the French prestidigitator Houdin could pass through a room containing a large library, and after one glance around could repeat the titles of all the books and tell their relative positions on the shelves. Could the greatest portrayer of human nature that has ever lived have appeared many times as an actor at the court and at private houses, without learning something about the habits and customs of his audiences? It may be added, that, if it is regarded as strange how Shakespeare acquired his knowledge of the customs of the higher grades of society, the same puzzle is presented in regard to most of the other professional dramatists of the period, a majority of whom were from very humble walks of life.

Besides following the "syndicate theory" of authorship, Mr. Edwards differs from the Baconians in another particular. He thinks the plays were written for "posterity" and for "private reading." The internal evidence of the plays themselves affords a complete answer to these propositions. Besides, the First Folio contains a list of actors (embracing a large number of the chief performers of the time,) who assisted in their production, and many of the plays as therein published were manifestly printed from the actor's copy, the names of the actors, through carelessness on the part of the printers, being sometimes given instead of the *dramatis personae*.

A word as to Bacon. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Bacon's chief fame to-day rests upon the theory of his having had some connection with Shakespearerian dramas. Perhaps there are not a dozen persons living, outside of professed Baconians searching for "parallelisms," who can boast of having read his philosophical works. Dr. Jno. W. Draper voices the opinion that has always been entertained by scientists and philosophers when he states (*Conflict Between Religion and Science*, p. 233,) "In Christian Europe there had not been a cultivator of mechanical philosophy until Leonardo da Vinci, who was born A. D. 1452. To him, and not to Lord Bacon, must be attributed the renaissance of science. Bacon was not only ignorant of mathematics but deprecated its application to physical inquiries. He contemptuously rejected the Copernican system, alleging absurd objections to it.

While Galileo was on the brink of his telescopic discoveries, Bacon was publishing doubts as to the utility of instruments of scientific investigations. To inscribe the inductive method to him is to ignore history. His fanciful philosophical suggestions have never been of the slightest practical use. No one has ever thought of employing them. Except among English readers his name is almost unknown." See also *passim* "The Intellectual Development of Europe" by the same author. Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," vol. 1, p. 292, n., says, "The age of Bacon was certainly not as benighted and ignorant on scientific matters as he always represented it. On the contrary, when we remember that it was the age of Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Kepler and Gilbert, it would be difficult to name one that was more distinguished. A large portion of the scientific revival in Europe may be justly ascribed to these great men; and the only apology that can be offered for the representation of Bacon, is, that, notwithstanding his great genius, he was totally unable to grasp their discoveries. The Copernican system—the greatest discovery of the age—he rejected to the last. The important discoveries of Gilbert about the magnet, he treated not only with incredulity, but with the most arrogant contempt." "Lord Bacon, who flounders like a stranded leviathan when he seeks to explore the coasts of physical science, suggests that toads comes from the corruption of water mixed with mud; to 'old snow' he attributes the generation of those red larvae or 'worms' which are yet believed by the unlearned to have 'snowed down.'" He believed a lady had 'relieved him of warts by rubbing them with a rind of pork, which was then hung up, fat side to the sun, to waste vicariously away, carrying his warts into non-existence with it." ("The Transit of Civilization," Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co., 1901.)

Lord Bacon, while undoubtedly a great man, was not a genius; his was not the mind to intuitively perceive truth as soon as it is presented; he could not "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not." He who asserts that Bacon could have been the author of Shakespearian dramas is *prima facie* under almost as great a burden to prove it, as he who ascribes their authorship to William Shakespeare of whose education we have no positive knowledge, and who we know was the son of illiterate parents and was born in a bookless neighborhood.

The positive evidence that Shakespeare was the author of the plays and poems which bear his name is ample.

First. We have the testimony of the editors of the First Folio; of all those who prefixed thereto commendatory verses; and, of all the "Principal Actors in all these Plays" whose names are there given, and who therefore acquiescent witnesses of the facts stated by the editors.

Heminge and Condell, the editors, were jointly interested with Shakespeare in the Globe theatre, and were his closest personal friends, to whom he left legacies in his will. They announce that they collected the plays for publication, "without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," that the plays are published "absolute in their numbers as he (Shakespeare) conceived them, who, as he was a happy imitator of nature was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received a blot in his papers." Our friend, Mr. Edwards, disposes of this testimony of Heminge and Condell in a very summary manner. They are "self-convicted liars," and unworthy of belief, because, forsooth, they state that they received the manuscripts with scarcely a blot, and published them "absolute in their numbers!" It may well be admitted that their language is exaggerated; that they don't state the literal truth. But if the extravagant language of eulogy over a departed friend stamps every man who uses it as a liar, then we must agree with the prophet that "all men are liars." According to Edwards, Jonson was also a liar, and moreover, he says, Jonson was paid to write his noble tribute to the "Sweet Swan of Avon." This same discovery of Edwards about the purchase or bribery of these witnesses is regarded as also sufficient to dispose of Leonard Digges, Hugh Holland, and "I. M." (the lines signed with these initials are supposed to have been written by John Marston or Jasper Mayne) whose testimony as to Shakespeare's title to the authorship is equally conclusive with that of Heminge and Condell and Jonson. Jonson's remarks to Drummond in 1619, and his memorandum in his Common-place book, though equally strong as testimony that Shakespeare was the author, are adverse criticisms; and not formal eulogies, and Edwards has not the hardihood to say that Jonson was paid in these instances also. Neither does he take the trouble to tell us whether the same bribe which induced the learned and accomplished Leonard Digges to give false testimony in 1623, still held good in 1640, when he again wrote commendatory verses which were prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's poems published in that year. Or must we

believe that Digges was bribed a second time? Mr. Edward's tells us nothing about the writers of the ecomiums prefixed to the second Folio of 1632; but he doubtless considers them also bribed and purjured witnesses.

In 1622 William Basse wrote the following;

"On Mr. William Shakespeare, he died in April, 1616.

Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nye

To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye

A little nearer Spencer, to make roome

For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe

To lodge all fowor in one bed make a shift

Vutil Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fift

Betwixt this day and that by Fate be flayne

For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.

If your precedency in death doth barre

A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre

Under this carved marble of thine owne,

Sleepe, rare Tragoedian Shakespeare, sleep alone,

Thy unmolested peace, unshared Cave

Possesse as Lord, not Tenant, of thy grave.

That to us and to others it may be

Honor hereafter to be layde by thee.

It is here distinctly affirmed that the William Shakespeare who died in 1616 was the dramatic poet. And yet Mr. Edwards quotes the last five lines beginning "Sleep, rare Tragoedian," and, omitting to quote the preceding lines, comments as follows: "Certainly there is no light here on the authorship of the plays. 'Tragedian' is the appellation of a tragic actor, (as *l. g.* the tragedian Booth.) There is no reason to suppose that Basse meant anything more than a compliment to the departed player." Mr. Edwards can hardly claim that his garbling here was unintentional. It is manifest that he deliberately intended to deceive his readers, for he refers to the very page of Ingleby's "Centurie of Prayse" where the full quotation as above given, is contained. Mr. Edwards also fails to perceive that his own comment belies the title of his book, since the name of the "player" from Stratford is spelled "Shakespeare" and not "Shaksper."

Third. We have the overwhelming testimony of Ben Jonson, not only given in the First Folio, but in his "Discoveries." He there says,

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify my own candor; for I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side of idolitry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions." Now who were these players who talked thus with Jonson? They were Shakespeare's as well as Jonson's daily companions. And of whom were they talking? Why, of the author of the plays, their fellow actor, who wrote with such extraordinary facility! Could testimony be more conclusive? And can we imagine any persons then living who would be more conversant with the facts?

Suppose the question as to the authorship of these plays were to be answered after the manner of the Spiritualists by summoning witnesses from the dead, whose spirits would we wish called? Beyond all question we would say "call up Ben Jonson and the Players." Well, here we have their testimony written out by Ben Jonson in his Common-place book wherein he jotted down memoranda upon all sorts of subjects, and which was first published to the world after his death. Could they say it better if they came back from the shades?

Fourth. Robert Greene's often quoted complaint, "for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapped in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totem, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a countrie * *

* * Seeke you better Maisters; for it is a pittie men of such rare witts, should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes." In effect, Greene says, "fellow dramatists, seek other masters, don't sell your works to the theatrical proprietor Shakespeare who re-writes them and issues them as his own, thus beautifying himself with our feathers." We noted above the fact that Henslowe's account books for his theatres (usually called his Diary) show his custom of continually having plays re-written by poets who were not the authors of the originals, and the probability that the same custom prevailed at the Globe and Blackfriars of which Heminge and Shakespeare were the chief proprietors,

and that for the plays owned by these theatres Shakespeare did the revising and re-writing. We think the Bankside parallilization of the Quartos and First Folios if scrutinized from this point of view will establish this. This subject is too broad a one to be investigated here. But Greene's statement must be accepted as a practical confirmation of our suggestion. As before observed, it makes little practical difference who were the authors of the original compositions which were purchased by the Globe or the Blockfriars management. This matter would be of interest only to those who look up "sources of the plots" and, were we possessed of the originals, they would have the same value for the student of Shakespeare as North's Plutarch or Holinshed's Chronicle and no other. It is of some interest, of course, to see the crude material upon which Shakespeare worked; but, after all, our interest is really in him and in the work as finished by him. It is well enough to know about the marble quarry and the laborer working in it; but our admiration is reserved for the sculptor who impresses his genius upon the crude material, and erects out of it pillars and monuments of majesty or beauty.

Fifth. "The return from Parnassus," printed in 1606, enumerates (act 1. scene 2) a dozen or more of the principal contemporary poets, including William Shakespeare, as the author of "Adonis' Love" and "Lucre's rape" and in act 4, scene 2, Burbage and Kempe, the two most famous actors of the age, are introduced as instructors of the University students in the art of acting, and the following conversation takes place:

Bur. Now, Will Kemp, if we can entertain these scholars at a low rate, it will be well, they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.

Kempe. It's true indeede, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the University pen plaies well; they smell to much of that writer Ovid and that writer Metamorphasis and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, I, and Ben Jonson, too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit.

Bur. It's a shrewd fellow indeed—

Our "fellow Shakespeare," our fellow actor, is a shrewd fellow; he can pen a part, and put all the University men down! Could testimony be more positive in its character, more conclusive in its effect?

The above are facts which we know. But the Baconians reject them because we do not know how Shakespeare acquired the knowledge necessary to enable him to be the author of such works! What we know is to them of no consequence! What we do not know is of supreme importance! In what other path of human investigation would such a dictum be tolerated for an instant?

Besides the facts tending directly to demonstrate Shakespeare's right to the authorship, (indeed may we not say, positively demonstrating it,) there is a great mass of evidence of a negative character almost equally strong in its probative effect. The dramatists of the Elizabethan period, while doubtless having some animosities and jealousies, were, as a rule, sincere admirers of one another. Frequently plays were produced which were the joint productions of three or more working together. Their complimentary allusions and addresses to one another are numerous. Among them all none is more often mentioned than Shakespeare. Can we imagine that all their compliments were addressed to a mere *nom de plume*? Or, if these grand plays which they admired so much, were the production of a stranger to this brotherly band of literary workers, would they not have made some reference to this "great unknown" whose name was in every one's mouth, and who yet was unknown to them? But the mighty temple of fame which they erected is dedicated to "William Shakespeare" and to no unknown god. Can any one read the hundred and twenty pages of contemporary eulogy collected in "The Centurie of Prayse" and believe it was all addressed to a literary pseudonym? Where all the dedi-

cations and addresses "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare" to Master W. Shakespeare, and, above all, the frequent allusion to "Will" Shakespeare, references to a mere pen name and nothing more? In 1612, John Webster published his "White Devil" with an address "To the reader" in which occurs the following sentence, "Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance; for mine own part, I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened stile of Maister Chapman, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister Johnson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont and Maister Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named,) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, and M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy that though I rest silent in my own worke, yet to most of theirs," etc. Upon strict analysis Webster states here only that he knows the works or labors of these authors are "so worthy;" but we know from other sources of information that he was personally acquainted with Decker and Heywood, having written plays in conjunction with them; and the probability therefore is that he was also personally acquainted with Shakespeare, since he describes the three of them as having the same literary habits.

In 1615 Edmond Howes published Stowe's Annals, "Continued and augmented with matters forreyne and domestique, aincient and moderne, unto the end of this present year 1614," in which he says. "Our modern and present excellent poets, which worthily flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge, lived together in this Queene's reigne; according to their priorities, as near as I could I have orderly set downe viz:—"George Gascoigne, esquire—Sir Francis Bacon, knight—M. Willi Shakespeare, gentlemen," etc., etc., giving altogether twenty-seven authors. Certainly, in the opinion of this writer, Mr. Willi Shakespeare was a person, and not a literary *nom de plume*, and was a different person from Francis Bacon. Whether Howes means to say that of his "own knowledge" he was acquainted with these authors or merely with their works it is of course impossible to tell with certainty. But what difference does it make?

Shakespeare died in 1616. He was survived, say during a period of thirty-five years, by many contemporaries, fellow actors and dramatists who knew him well and who must certainly have known the truth in regard to the authorship of both plays and poems. During

this period two folio editions of his complete dramatic works and several quartos of his single plays were issued from London printing houses, and their authorship assigned to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and no whisper is detected to the contrary.

In 1620 John Taylor the "Water Poet," published his "Praise of Hemp-seed" in which occurs the following lines:

In paper, many a Poet now survives
Or else their lines had perished with their lives,
Old Chaucer, Gower and Sir Thomas More,
Sir Philip Sidney, who the Lawrell wore,
Spencer and Shakespeare did in art excell.

.....
.....

Forgetfulness their workes would over run
But that in paper they immortally
Doe live in spite of death, and cannot die.

Taylor here distinctly affirms that Shakespeare "the poet" was dead in 1620. Is it possible that he had in mind any other person than "the man of Stratford?"

The inscription on the tablet under Shakespeare's bust at Stratford affirms that he was an author. The bust was certainly there prior to 1623, and, though there is no positive evidence as to when the inscription was cut, in the absence of proof to the contrary, it is to be presumed that the usual course obtained in this case, and that the inscription was cut at the time the monument was erected. The rule of law that events will be presumed to have happened according to the usual course that obtains in reference to such events, is a sound one.

In 1643, Sir Richard Baker in his "Chronicle of the Kings" gave a list of the men of note of Elizabeth's time, saying "For writers of plays, and such as have been players themselves, William Shakespeare and Benjamin Jonson have especially left their names remembered to posterity."

About the same year or perhaps a little earlier, Thomas Fuller began collecting materials for his "Worthies of England." He probably met, certainly could have met and known, many who were well acquainted with Shakespeare. Had there at that time been any question as to the pseudonymous authorship for the plays he would undoubtedly have heard of it. But he evidently never did. Whether we accept literally his statement that he "beheld many wit-combits" be-

tween Shakespeare and Ben Jonson or not, makes little difference. Though he himself was probably never present on such occasions, he at least believed from what he learned from others that such combats had taken place. Likewise all the other anecdotes that have come down to us connecting Shakespeare with literature, whether they are true in their details or not, tend to prove that he was the author that the world believed him to be. Unless, indeed, we assume that these anecdotes were manufactured out of whole cloth in subsequent ages—but they antedate by a century at least the period of the literary forger, and, by nearly two centuries, this precious Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

While there is room for doubt as to whether the motto *Non Sans Droict* ought justly to have been placed on John Shakespeare's coat of arms, there can be no doubt as to the justice of placing it upon the dramatic productions of William Shakespeare.

It remains that we should speak more particularly in regard to our author Mr. Edwards. We have already mentioned one instance (in his extract from Basse) of a garbled quotation. We are constrained to add that we have noticed one other case in which it seems clear that Mr. Edwards attempts to deceive, or at least give a false impression to his readers by a suppression of facts. He says "We read of Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Seldon, Donne, Carew and others (frequenting the Mermaid Club,) but not of Shakespeare or Shaksper; nor is there any evidence of, or probability of, William Shaksper having had entrance to the Mermaid. His despised profession would cut him off from that companionship. As well might a tumbler, or Savoyard bear-ward, seek admittance to the Manhattan Club." Now Mr. Edwards certainly must have known, when he wrote this, that Jonson and Shakespeare were of the same profession, and that if this profession was of itself a bar in the one case it would be in the other.

Mr. Edwards devotes many pages to prove that the works of "William Shakespeare" were not highly esteemed by his contemporaries, delightfully unconscious that he is thus giving an explanation for the meagerness of the details concerning the poet's life which have come down to posterity. For surely it cannot be expected that people who care little about the author's works would trouble themselves greatly about his personality.

Our author makes much of Ben Jonson's statement to Drummond, in 1619, that Shakespeare "lacked art" and was ignorant of geography

in giving Bohemia a seacoast. But apparently he fails to perceive that Jonson was referring to Shakespeare as a poet and not as an actor; and not that this conversation tends to establish the fact that the poet and the actor were one and the same person. Likewise in reference to Jonson's remarks in his "Discoveries" (which we have above quoted at length) Edwards says that they refer to the player and not the author and that they are in effect a declaration that "Shaksper talked too much, and by his blundering and chattering made himself a laughing stock." But Jonson is not speaking of "too much talking" but of too heavy writing: he gives his opinion that Shakespeare ought to have polished up his compositions, and 'blotted out a thousand lines.' Again, Edwards thinks that Jonson refers to "Shaksper" as a "Poet-Ape," apparently being utterly oblivious of the necessary conclusion that "Shaksper" even if a "poet-ape," who ought to have blotted out so many of his lines, was nevertheless, by Mr. Edwards' own deductions, an author, even one of no great merit. Yet later on his book—he devotes a whole chapter to proving that "Shaksper" could not write—even his own name! This remarkable inability to comprehend the necessary effect of his own argument is apparent throughout Mr. Edwards' whole book. On page 316 he states, "It is conceivable that survivors of the band of authors who had written between 1593 and 1698 under the common soubriquet of "William Shakespeare," who were living in 1623, were not unwilling to assist in the publication, though still concealing their authorship, *for the odium attached to play-writing was as great in 1623 as it had been a score of years before.*" (The italics are Edwards's,) and he is of the opinion that in order to more effectually conceal their identity this "band" or some other person or persons, paid Johnson, Digges, and the others to bear false witness as to the authorship! He feels confident, (p. 314) that in 1623 there was at hand some one "to point out unerringly what were the true Shakespearean plays." Afterwards, on page 357, he gives his adherence to the opinion of commentators who assert that the Folio of 1623 was published without any editorial supervision whatever! Consistency is not one of Mr. Edwards' strong points. One of his favorite methods of argument is to state that Richard Grant White or Halliwell-Phillipps "admits" or "concedes" so-and-so; and he then accepts this "admission" or "concession," as establishing the fact; but elsewhere he ridicules and abuses these same authors for making statements unsupported by evidence. In other words, wherever these "eminent Shakespearians" (to use Ed-

wards' own language,) "concede" or "admit" anything to suit Mr. Edwards' purposes, such concessions or admissions are entitled to the effect of judicial decisions; but in all other cases, the opinions of these authors are absolutely worthless!

In conclusion we may say that "Shaksper not Shakespeare" while clearly indicating the expenditure of much time, labor and money in its composition and preparation for the press, will not bear the test of a careful reading.

W. C. DEVECMON.

OPENING A NEW PARALLEL BEFORE SHAKESPEAREAN RAMPARTS.

The Biliteral Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon: Discovered in His Works and Deciphered by Mrs. Elizabeth Welles Gallup. Third Edition, Detroit, Howard Publishing Company; London, Gay & Bird.

It is written, that once upon a time when the great Caliph Mustapha sat squatting on the sacred carpet, a messenger prostrated himself before the carpet and said, "Great and illustrious Caliph. Thy vile dog of a servant brings tidings that thy enemy Mesrour with his vast army, thunders at thy city's outer gates," "Let him instantly be boiled in oil: let his captains be bastinadoed continuously for thirty moons, day and night, and their heads thereafter be cut off and thrown to the dogs, and let every mother's son of the soldiery be put to the sword, before the rising of the moon," said the great Caliph. "It is done, O Brother of the Sun and Moon," said the messenger, crawling backward on his belly from the presence. A moment more, and another messenger lay on his face before the great Caliph Mustapha. "Most mighty and puissant Caliph, Commander of the Faithful and Sustainer of the Universe, thy contemptible cur of a slave brings tidings that that low born son of a bastard thy enemy Mesrour with his vast army has entered the main portals of thy city and his army is rushing toward thy sacred palace," "Let him be torn asunder by four black horses, one going East, and another West, another North, and another South, and let his wives be put into sacks and thrown to the fishes; let his sons be run through with pikes and his daughters sold as slaves to the sons of the Gaiours," said Mustapha the Great. "It is done, thou sublime Cousin of the Stars, whose word compells the world and whose lightest breath moves Heavens," said the messenger, crawling backward on his belly from the presence. Scarcely had he backwarded to the portals, when a third messenger lay on his face before the great Caliph Mustapha, "O, majestic Sovereign and Son of the Prophet, Compeller of the Clouds, whose least whisper commands the four winds of Heaven to blow back-

ward, thy dastardly and ill-begotten slave announces that the vast army of thy filthy enemy Mesrour has broken down thy palace gates and, even now storms the innermost passages of thy sacred apartments," "Let him be disembowled and his entrails thrown to the dogs before our palace gate and let his body be cut into ten thousand pieces, and" But the sentence pronounced by the great Caliph Mustapha was never finished, for just here a vast mob of soldiery filled the sacred apartment and somebody's flashing cimeter lopped off the great Caliph Mustapha's head!

It is a long cry from the great Caliph Mustapha to the orthodox Shakespeareans, but all the same it is not always well to content oneself with defending oneself against one's enemies only by irades only. The only simile would be much too far-fetched! But we have been so steadily and furiously bombarded for half-a-century or so without deigning to more than command our bombardiers to be summarily dealt with, that possibly it might be well to send the engineers to ascertain if the bombardment has reduced any of our outer works, even at the risk of an apparent recognition of a possible approach of danger.

Within the last three revolutions of this planet around the central solar flame, the Baconian janizaries have opened a new parallel before the Shakespeare parapets. Before all earlier parallels the orthodox bastions held their volleys. We overlooked Delia Bacon: smiled at Judge Holmes; sneered at Donnelly; scolded at Edwin Reed; sniffed at Mrs. Potts' offer to parley; laughed Owen, with his machine guns to scorn, and contented ourselves with turning our search lights upon W. H. Edwards; but now approacheth Mrs. Rebecca Wells Gallup, who leaves all her predecessors *functus officio*, and lays it down that Lord Bacon was of Royal birth, privately recognized, and so at liberty not only to write plays, but to say what he liked in them.

Dr. Appleton Morgan has long since marvelled why, although one of Queen Elizabeth's first proclamation on ascending the throne was that "matters of religion or State, or of the government of the Commonwealth, should not be handled or treated" in stage plays,—the Shakespeare plays concerned themselves habitually and directly with matters of State, dilated on the disposition of consecrated Kings, declaring that within a monarch's crown Death kept its court, that a pinprick would destroy Royalty itself; that it was the heretic who lighted the fire, not he who burned therein; portrayed an Heir-apparent consorting with thieves and pursetakers and knights of the road, and, in

short, spared nothing either of affairs of Religion or State! Dr. Morgan, indeed, could only explain these things by suggesting that Shakespeare had what coarse Tammany people call a "pull;" but now comes Mrs. Gallup and explains that this "pull" was the strongest that ever could have been devised,—the "pull" of Royal birth! (Though even then, this writer cannot see why the Queen should have permitted her edict to be flouted under her very nose.)

Let us remember the great Caliph Mustapha and be discreet! Let us recapitulate the items of the cold claim that Francis, Lord Bacon, was the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth, legitimately born and in the direct line of the Kings of England; that he should rightly have succeeded his mother, the Queen, as King of England; but that he deliberately chose or was forced to waive, or sleep upon his rights, and to content himself with burying his secret in the form of cyphers in the literatures we were wont to foolishly and fondly nominate respectively "Shakespeare," "Marlowe," "Spencer," "Burton's Anatomy on Melancholy," "Jonson," "Peele," "Green," "DeFoe," et al!

To refuse to announce to our masters and caliphs this Royal approach, would be to omit an item in the history of Shakespearean controversy. It is part of the narrative; a condition, even if it be a theory! Therefore, just as we have chronicled Ireland, Cunningham, "the old Corrector." Dr. Furnival, and all the other Shakespearean vicissitudes and calamities, we would be derelict in our duties did we refuse to chronicle this present threat; that we ourselves believe it an *Ignis Fatuus*, would be no warrant for such a dereliction as historians and keepers of the record.

For this latest parallel, a courageous and (we are sure,) conscientious, lady, Mrs. Rebecca Wells Gallup, stands sponser.

With Mrs. Gallup's initial propositions no fault can be found. We do not laugh to scorn, she says, the statement of astronomers that they have discovered a new planet in Perseus, because we are not ourselves astronomers, or possess no access to the highest power telescopes. Nor do we refuse to accept translations of Egyptian hieroglyphics because we ourselves are not Egyptologists and cannot translate them for ourselves. Good faith is always presumed unless there is a reason why it ought not to be. Your opinion, my opinion, anybody's opinion, is the measure of your, my, his, knowledge and opportunities. If a man's knowledge is extensive and accurate; if his opportunities are ample and his industry undoubted, his, opinions are entitled to consideration.

I have spent seven years in investigation of the Biblical Cipher; have those who refuse to accept my discoveries spent seven days or seven hours or seven minutes in their examination? I have to confess to mature years and to no little experience in educational work, preliminary and preparatory to which was quite a thorough course of educational training in our own country, supplemented by a considerable period of study in France and Germany."

"Long before I had more than a passing and superficial knowledge of Bacon's biliteral cipher, I had observed what all careful students of Elizabethan literature have noted and remarked upon in the original editions, that the Italic letters in some of the books, were in two or more forms. Later, when an original *De Augmentis* came into my hands, I saw there was a clear explanation and elaborate illustration of a cipher that required simply a biformed alphabet. Bacon there speaks of the time of its invention as in his youthful days while in Paris. It is first mentioned in his "Advancement of Learning" published in 1605, with a hint of its importance. This was twenty-five years after its invention. Eighteen years later still, in 1623, we find it fully elaborated, at no small cost and pains, thus still further emphasizing its value after forty-three years of time. These facts, in themselves would suggest that the originator had tested its possibilities.

"Spurred on by the fascination of an important discovery, and by its development, as the concealed story was unfolded, letter by letter, word by word, revealing the hidden life, the secret thoughts and emotions of that great mind and personality, concerning which but the half has been known, I have examined over seven thousand pages of rare and priceless old original editions, placed at my disposal by the courtesy of private collectors in this country and in England, or found in our public libraries, and in that greatest of all literary treasuries, the British Museum. Every Italic letter on those seven thousand pages has been set down in its proper group, classified according to rules of the cipher, and the peculiar characteristics of each letter studied, until they became as familiar as the face of a friend. The results of the deciphering so far published fill three hundred and sixty-eight pages of the book under discussion. It would be a vivid imagination, indeed, that could create an historical narrative such as the cipher reveals."

"I appreciate what it means to ask strong minds to change long-standing literary convictions, and of such I venture to ask the withholding of judgment until study shall have made the new matter fa-

miliar, with the assurance meanwhile, upon my part, of the absolute veracity of the work," etc., etc.

This is unquestionably the right spirit for a watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken, or a terrestrial proposition appears to unfold itself, so unique as to take away the breath of the decypherer himself! Whatever may be the outcome, it would be unjust and cruel to Mrs. Gallup not to credit her with an admirable and ample *point de zele*.

So far, so good! We submit, however, that, unless indeed pronounced too strange not to be true, (which, perhaps, may be the loophole which Mrs. Gallup's critics are providing for themselves in case surrender at discretion becomes necessary,) one has yet a logical right to reject even conscientious discoveries, ("Mare's nests," as they have come to be, not unlightly called,) until, beyond peradventure, proved aliunde.

But let us listen to Mrs. Gallup, "The Shepheard's Calendar, which appeared anonymously in 1579, contains the first, and discloses the signification of the mysterious initials "E. K." and the identity of this person with the author of the work. The Cipher narrative begins thus: "E. K. will be found to be nothing less than the letters signifying the future Sovereign, or *England's King*. . . . In event of death of Her Ma., who bore in honorable wedlock, Robert now known as sonne to Walter Devereaux, as well as him who now speaketh to the unknown aidant decypherer . . . we, the eldest borne should by Divine right of law of God, and made binding on man, inherit scepter and throne .

. . . We devised two Cyphers, now used for the first time, for this said history, as safe, clear and undecipherable, whilst containing the keys in each which open the most important. . . . Till a decypherer find a prepared or readily discovered alphabet, it seemeth to us almost impossible, save by Divine gift and Heavenly instinct, that he should be able to read what is thus revealed!"

"Following Shepheard's Calendar, the works between 1579 and 1500, so far decyphered (but as yet unpublished) are: Arraignment of Paris, 1584, Mirrour of Modestie, 1581, Planetomachia 1585."

"Treatise of Melancholy, 1586. Two editions of this were issued the same year with different Italics. The first ends with an incomplete cipher word which is completed in the second for the continued narration, thus making evident which was first published, unless they were published at the same time."

"Euphues, 1587; Morando, 1587. These two also join together with an incomplete word at the end of the first finding its incompleteness in the commencement of the Cipher in the second."

"Perimedes the Blacksmith, 1588; Pandosto, 1588. These two also join together.

"Spanish Masquerado, 1589. Two editions of this work bear date the same year, but have different Italicising. In one edition the Cipher Story is complete, closing with the signature, 'Fr. Prince. In the other the story is not complete, the book ending with an incomplete cipher word; the remainder of which will be found in some work of near that date which has not yet been indicated.

"These, while not all the works in which Cipher will be found between the years 1579 and 1590, unmistakably connect the earlier writings with those of later date than 1590 which have been deciphered—so that we know that the Cipher writings were being continuously unfolded in Bacon's works, from the first to the last of his literary productions." (We may note here that a reason for doubting if Richard Burton was really the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, exists in the fact that an edition of that work, published when Burton was but ten years old, is said to have been found in the British Museum, in which the author's name is given as 'T. Bright.') Bacon's reason for writing his cipher under so many names we understand to have been that as explained in his cipher itself, "he could not tell what book might be lost, or in which of those that survived his decipherer would first light on the discovery."

"'Tis the labour of years," says the Cipher, "to provide th' widely varied prose in which the lines of verse have a faire haven and lye anchor'd until a day when th' coming pow'r may say: 'Hoist sayle, away! For the windes of heav'n kisse your fairy streamers, and th' tide is aflood. On to thy destiny!'" * * * *

"O Source infinite of light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. A night of Stygian darkness encloseth us. My hope banish'd to realms above, taketh its flight through th' clear aire of the Scyences unto bright daye with Thyselfe. As thou didst conceale Thy laws in thick clouds, enfolde them in shades of mysterious gloom, Thou didst infuse from Thy spirit a desire to put the day's glad work, th' evening's thought, and midnight's meditation to finde out their secret workings. * * * *

"Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's

untimely cutting off and my wrongfull part in his tryale. O, had I then one thought of the' great change his death would cause—how life's worth would shrink, and this world's little golden sunshine be but as collied night's swifte lightning—this had never come as a hound of th' hunt to my idle thoughts."

"As to the above allusion to the part the Queen had forced Bacon to bear in the trial of his own brother, Bacon further exclaims, "O, God! forgiveness cometh from Thee; shut not this truest book, my God! Shut out my past—love's little sunny hour—if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work; yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth; then posterity shall know him truly." He then proceeds to state that the Queen commanded him to write for publication an account of the Earl of Essex's treasons, and he did so. But the report was too lenient, too tender for the reputation of the Earl to satisfy his vindictive mother. She destroyed the documents and, with her own hand wrote another, which was published under his name, and for which he has been held responsible. Such matters as these were State secrets, and the cipher tells us all papers were destroyed which were likely to bring dark things to light."

"According to the claims now submitted, Bacon was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth, who was married twice over, indeed, by reason of some doubt as to the validity of the first ceremony—to Robert Dudley, afterward Earl of Leicester. Bacon was therefore the real heir to the throne, but to have acknowledged him would have been to acknowledge Dudley as the Queen's husband, which might in those ticklish times brought on her own political ruin. Hitherto Bacon's motive for secrecy has been supposed to be that his ambition as a lawyer forbid his openly avowing participation in persuits regarded at the time as inconsistent with State, political and parliamentary promotion. But if his claims were to the throne itself, then, indeed, there were reasons enough to justify him in concealing any connection with so humble a calling as that of a playwright."

This "bi-literal cipher," invented and, above described by Bacon in his "Advancement," has become in our day, the Morse telegraphic code, upon which no improvement, (except the reading thereof by the sounds made by its transmission, and a reduplication of telegraphic power by ticking off these sounds in many musical keys) has ever been made. (The substitution of dots and dashes for the letters A and B, which Lord Bacon, by using them in groups of five, found more than

adequate to expressing the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, did not disturb the essential adoption by Dr. Morse of Bacon's bi-literal cipher.)

"In the cipher it is constantly recurred to and repeated," says Mrs. Gallup, "that our name is Fr. Bacon by adoption, yet it shall be different, being of roial blood, for the Queen, our sovraigne, who married by a private rite the Earl of Leicester, and at a subsequent time also as to make surer thereby, without pompe, but i' the presence o' a suitable number of witnesses, bound herself bv those hymeneal bands again, is our mother, and wee were not base-born or base-begot, we be Tudor, and our style shall be Francis First in all proper course of time, th' king of our realm." The Earl of Essex it appears was also the Queen's son, younger brother to Francis, "trained up by Devereaux," while "he who doth speak to you th' foster sonne to two well famed frie'ds o' th' Que . . ., Sir Nichola' Bacon, who wo'thie advisor and counselor, and that partne' of loving labor or dutie, my most loved Lady Anne Bacon." Especially is the cryptographic writer very bitter against "a fox seen oft at our court in th' form and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecill the hunchback," who poisoned the Queen's mind against him by threatening that he would, if recognized, aspire to the throne in the Queen's own lifetime. "The terrors he conjured up could by no art be exercis'd, and many trialls came therefrom not alone in youth but in early manhoode." The fact that Essex was the Queen's second son is offered as explaining her toleration of his vagaries and insolence. Essex knew the secret of his birth, which explains his audacity and his final treasons when he attempted to seize the Queen's person doubtless with a view to ultimately declaring his own sovereignty. Though the younger son, and thus destitute of any proper right to the throne, even had the Queen died, he was always so distinctly her favorite that he built his aspirations on that encouragement. And the cryptogram says, "This it was, although so well disguised that kept me from my crowne, and as th' days and moneths wore toward th' close o' life her desires master'd her wisdoms soe farre that shee did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to snatch this prize did thwart alike her hope and his at forfeit of his life."

"On learning the secret of his birth, Bacon, then about his sixteenth year; immediately confronted the Queen in her closet. They had a turbulent meeting "her wrath driving her to admissions quite unthought, wholly unpremeditated, but when thus spoken to our hearing, not to be retracted or denied." He says that in her "gracious moodes"

her Majesty showed a certain pride in him, but allowed him to indulge in no doubts that she would hold him strictly to silence at the forfeit of his head, if he went too far or acted without consulting her wishes in advance."

"You are my own borne sonne, but you, though truly royall, of a fresh masterlie spirit, shall rule nor England nor your mother nor o'er subjects yet t'be * * * * It would well beseem you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suteth not t'your brave kin'ly spirit * * * what will this brave boy do? Tell a, b, c? Ending her tirade thus she bade me rise. Tremblingly I obeyed her charge." Then he went "weeping and sobbing sore" to Mistress Bacon. So far he supposed that though son of the Queen he was "base-born," but his distress led Lady Bacon to tell him all. "I besought her to speak my father's name. She said he is the Earl of Leicester. . . . I took a most solemn oath not to reveale your storie to you. . . . Nevertheless Queene Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of baldfaced deniall of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her mother-hood. Her oath so broken robs me of a sonne. O Francis, Francis, break not your mother's heart. I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have been the sonne o' my heart."

And here is a bit of personal biography. Bacon was ordered to visit France—

"in the company and care of Sir Amyas Paulet. I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amys to that sunny land o' the south I learned soe supremely to love that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement and remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' deligyts o' the country by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, the beautiful young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King of Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keepe her like the angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to the other half she was devlish and I myself was plunged into hell. This lasted dur'g many years and not until four decades or eight lustres o' life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart."

"Bacon too, as the cipher discloses, felt deeply and sincerely mourned over the part assigned him by his imperious Queen-mother in the Essex arraignment. "It was unthinkable," he cries, "to disobey her.

She holds all our lives in the hollow of her small palm." And to have disobeyed, if not a matter of life and death, certainly the hope of recognition as the heir to the English throne."

"* * * I am persuaded we had wonne out if her anger against the Earl, our father, who ventured on matrimony with dowager Countess of Essex, (assur'd no doubt, it would be declared illegal by our warie mother) had not outlived softer feelings. For in the presence of several that well knew to whom she referr'd, when she was ill in mind as in body and the council askt her to name th' king, she replied, 'It shall be noe rascall's son,' and when they press'd her to know who, she said, "Send to Scotland."

And in another place, "Think not in your inmost heart that you or any other whom you would put in the same case as ours would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who do not stand as I stood on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the fair beauty of that land I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd is th' dream or beauteous vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe."

But how about the composition of the Shakespeare Plays themselves? Did this son of a Queen write for the contemporary stage? Mrs. Gallup tells us that, in that part of the cipher which is involved in the first folio, it is "formerly and distinctly set forth that "Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore publist in the names of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare and of the twenty-two now put out for the first time. Some are altered to continue this historie." Other passages therein referring to Bacon's literary claims, taken somewhat at random, are as follows:

"When the Masques in my friend Ben Jonson's name have been entirely deciphered, take Greene's and Peele's works in th' order giv'n in th' Faerie Queen. My plaies are not yet finished but I intend to put forth several soone. . . . The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now been produced have borne upon the title page his name though all are my owne work, I have allowed it to stand on manie others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assumed men's names th' next step is to create for each a stile natural to th' man that yet should (let) my owne be seene as third o' warpe in my entire fabric soe that it may be all mine. My next work is not begun here; much of it shall be found in th' plays o' Shakespeare which have not yet come out."

My best plays, at present as William Shakespeare's work fostered,

will as soon as one more plaie bee completed weare a fine but yet a quiet dress. . . . and be put forth in folio enlarged and multiplyed. . . . As half the number I shall assemble have alreadie appeared in William Shakespeare's name I think it will be well to bring out the folio also by some means in th' same name although he be gone to that undiscovered cou'try from whose bourne no traveler returns."

And finally, after the accession of King James, Mrs. Gallup finds in the cipher this recantation: "Several comedies . . . will as soone as may be found toward the propitious, be publish't by Shakespeare, *i. e.*, in his name, having masqued thus manie of the best plaies that wee have been able to produce. To these wee are steadily making additions writing from two to six stage plays every year."

Is all this the figment of a mind diseased—a limbeck only? Is Mrs. Gallup deceiving herself? If she is, it is ingenious that she herself should confuse her own transcripts by such a statement as this:

"The different editions of the same work form each a separate study and tell a different Cipher Story. Of *De Augmentis* the first or "London" edition, was issued, according to Spedding, in Oct. 1623. The next or "Paris" edition, was issued in 1624. They differ in the Italic printing, and some errors in the second do not occur in the first. The 1624 edition has been deciphered; and the hidden story appears in the "Bi-literal Cypher" (page 310.) The 1623 edition has not, as yet, been deciphered. I found a copy in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian library at Oxford, two in Cambridge, and one in the choice collection of old books in the library of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. In the course of my work, Marlowe's *Edward Second* had been deciphered before *De Augmentis* was taken up. At the end of *Edward Second* occurs this statement, referring to *De Augmentis* (page 152 *Bi-literal Bipher*) ". . . the story it contains (our twelfth king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way) shall now know the day . . ." Had Francis succeeded to the throne he would have been the twelfth king (omitting the queens) after *Edward Second* hence the inference that *De Augmentis* would contain much of his personal history. My disappointment was great when instead of this the hidden matter was found to be the Argument of the *Odyssey*, something not anticipated, or wanted and which would never have been the result of my own choice or imagination. At the close of the deciphered work in *Burton's Anatomy*, in which the Argument of the *Iliad* was most unexpectedly found—another great disappointment—is this "veiled"

statement (page 309) " . . . while a Latin work—De Augmentis—will give aid upon the other (meaning the Odessy.) As in this work (meaning the Iliad) favorite parts are enlarged (in blank verse) yet as it lendth ayde . . .," etc.,—*i. e.*, sets a pattern for the writing out of the Odyssey in the Word Cipher. This explained the 1654 edition, and the inference is that the 1623 edition will disclose the personal history referred to on page 152.

What is to be said as to such a succinct claim as this? We leave it to those who may care to meet it with contempt or with listless curiosity or with counter investigation. It is our duty as chronicler simply to record it. Mr. A. P. Sinnet, writing in *The National Review*, suggests that—"the time has come when the champions of the corresponding facts in the history of literature will be in a position to claim an authoritative judgment from some competent tribunal which may finally put the laurel crown of Shakespearean authorship on the brow really qualified to wear it. If we had in this country any high court of literature corresponding to the French Academy, it would be the duty of such a body to appoint a committee of investigation. * * * * Till now no authoritative result could have been reached by mere consideration of the general evidence. * * * * The value to be attached to probabilities would always have been variously estimated according to fundamental prepossessions, but we now have to deal with allegations which leave nothing to opinion. If the cipher can be verified there is an end of all rational dispute. * * * * In the absence of any organization corresponding to the Academy of France, a self-constituted committee of well-known literary men might be embodied to undertake the work."

The difficulty would be, that "well-known literary men" have so far refused to consider the Baconian theory seriously. We do not suggest that it might be as well worth while as some of the things they do concern themselves with! If some conservative body, like the New York Shakespeare Society should request certain eminent professors of literature in our Universities to undertake a consensus, would they accept the task? We doubt very much if they would.

The writer of this paper cannot believe that Mrs. Gallup has found that Bacon was either the son of Queen Elizabeth and Dudley or the author of Shakespeare's works. Possibly Mrs. Gallup herself may live to discover that what she now produces is neither a proof of one nor the other; that it can be read even otherwise by other ciphers. But at

the same time, this writer believes that, in view of the fact that it is connected with the mighty name of Shakespeare it would not be *infra dignitatem* for scholarship to examine and dispose of it. It was not considered a condescension on the part of scholars to explode Ireland's or Cunningham's or Collier's forgeries. Nor does this writer believe that, as the Baconian theory is practically an exploitation of the nineteenth century, it would not be in some slight kind a decoration of the twentieth century to bury it with all its ciphers thick upon it.

But, our duty as chronicler discharged, will we lose our heads as did Mustapha? If, while still alert to the possible forthcoming, we still retain subscillary conviction that a certain William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, had somewhat to do with those mighty dramas?

It is not to be omitted from the account that, since Mrs. Gallup's announcement, as hereinbefore explicitly chronicled, some heavy blows at her outfit have been delivered by her English critics. In *The Nineteenth Century* (the periodical, by the way, that first introduced to English readers the great, and now safety hoist with its own petard, Donnelly cipher,) for January 1902, two writers have applied not to Mrs. Gallup, but to her proceeds, the test which finally exploded the clever Rowley poems, produced by poor Chatterton, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, *i. e.* the test of errors in unconsciously followed models, to-wit: that the cipher translations of the Iliad follow Pope's metrical version, rather than the Greek, omitting the same words, substantive and adjective; substituting for literal the same figurative and allowable equivalents, (such as "hoary headed" or "silver" for the literal "white." of Homer, and even including a paraphrase of whole lines which Pope himself, for exigence of rhyme or prosody, inserted—for which the Greek gave no excuse, adding (what seems more conclusive still,) a paralleled list of thirty-five proper names given in one sequence by Homer, in another by Chapman's, and another by Pope's translations, of which the Gallupian cipher abjectly, exactly and servilly follows not Homer or Chapman, but Pope.

Still another writer in *The London Times*, (weekly edition of Jan. 10th 1902,) absorbs two entire pages in demonstrating, by large photographic elevations of the italics depended upon by Mrs. Gallup that there are *not* two styles of italic letters in the signed texts upon which to conform a bi-literal cipher at all. And, what is more, not italics enough of any sort, to produce—at five to one—the matter of which Mrs. Gallup makes profert! The apparent difference

arising from imperfect press work, overinking, condition of surface, and so on! In other words, that Mrs. Gallup has not only originated the "cipher," but the mordant with which it is claimed to be incised! In *The Monthly Review* (February 1902,) Mr. Andrew Long finds Bacon's ignorance of history in such trifling facts as that when Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner in the tower Lady Dudley (*nee* Amy Robsart) was living—that the Lord Burleigh revealed by the cipher was *William* and not *Robert*, that it was Lady *Strafford*, and not (as misprinted in Sir James Melville's record) *Stafford*, who proposed to Elizabeth the clandestine visit to Mary Queen of Scots. In *The Fortnightly Review* (February 1602,) Mr. R. S. Rait notes that Davidson—the Queen's scape goat for Mary's execution, was not beheaded, but was alive in the reign of James I. Mr. Rait also notes several prophetic errors, to-wit: "our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter west?" (Where were these "colonies" in Elizabethian or Jacoban days?) "Our wilfully blind mother, (Queen Elizabeth,) hath for many long years been wedded to the Earle of Leicester." (This in the Folio of 1623—Elizabeth having died in 1603.) "Our law giveth to the first born the title of Prince of Wales." (Had Mrs. Gallup revised this since the accession of Edward the VII, it would doubtless have read differently.)

These be yoeman blows for Mrs. Gallup's Bacon cipher. So, perhaps, we may even yet issue oriental proclamations without, like the great Caliph Mustapha, jeopardizing our capitals!

But the end is apparantly not yet, in Edward the Seventh's England—though it has not yet been proclaimed that Mrs. Gallup's revelations, as to Bacon and Princes of Wales—and Queen Elizabeth's amours, are *lese majeste*!

MARGINALIA.

SOME TWENTIETH CENTURY HENSLOWS—A THEATRE TRUST. Mrs. Fiske gracefully and temperately, but (while reticent as to her own stout and solitary fight against it,) with no uncertain note, illustrated before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York City lately, that our ubiquitous Theatre Trust (so called) was really and irreparably injuring, not only the American stage but the American drama. Mrs. Fiske went further even than this, and quoted instances where this syndicate or Trust, (which, by controlling seventy theatres in the United States, was able to withhold from the public any play in which it did not have an interest, and any actor from whom it did not exact a tribute)—was actually dictating to the newspaper press what dramatic critics should say about the plays it condescended to suffer to be produced! To dictate to this people what they shall go to see or not go to see, or what they shall or shall not think about what they do see, is on the whole, rather considerably too medieval to be patiently tolerated for any very extended period into the twentieth century. But the old question recurs, "What are we going to do about it?" Syndicates, whether composed of one Henslowe, or many Henslowes in combination, may lawfully purchase, lease or otherwise acquire theatres, and having acquired, can lawfully control them, so long as they do not maintain a public nuisance, or otherwise interfere with the public convenience or the rights of their neighbors. And so controlling them, can lawfully exert the negative privilege of preventing any particular play or any particular player from appearing in those theatres. To be sure, there is the *jus tertii*, the right of the public, which depends, *in umbra*, over every private contract, and which in case of interference with or disregard of public convenience, can always be made dominative of that private contract. That the public convenience is the supreme law is a horn-book proposition of all jurisprudence, and a suggested return to the procedure of the Middle Ages would seem a capital case in which appeal to horn-book propositions and first princi-

ples, was rather peremptorily called for. But how are we exactly to go about it and make the appeal, not academically, but practically?

The case is a hard one. We are not sure but that an amelioration of, if not a remedy for, the conditions presented might not be the State or endowed theatre, of which we have lately heard so much. The late Augustin Daly, at the dinner given in his honor by the New York Shakespeare Society at Delmonico's April 22, 1896, argued strongly as to both the impossibility, and the non-advisability, if it were possible, of such an institution. But the gist of Mr. Daly's objections were that managers and directors were human beings; that favorite playwrights, actors or actresses, might get more out of the endowed theatre than the public which endowed it! "An endowed theatre," said Mr. Daly on that occasion, "would always be here subject to the same influence that affects State or Court theatres in other countries, and the most potent are always the personal wishes and preferences of the powers that be. No! I am for the theatre that is independent of all powers except the public approbation."

But Mrs. Fiske now draws our attention to the fact that the very objection which Mr. Daly found to an endowed theatre, has actually, by the operation of the Theatre Trust, been forced upon the American people just five years after Mr. Daly foresaw it from the opposite direction! The American theatre is at present actually subject "to the personal wishes and preferences of powers that be," and the sum of that control is not for edification!

The matter is too big and too far reaching to treat in paragraphs, but we cannot forbear another quotation from Mr. Daly's speech which sounds like a prophetic pre-echo of Mrs. Fiske's doleful picture. "It is the struggle to win and keep alive the public favor which has given us heretofore the best plays, the best actors and the best managers. Without that necessity, I fear the theatre would sink out of sight." The very gravamen of Mrs. Fiske's charge is that "the best plays, the best actors and the best managers," are, under the operations of the Theatre Trust, not given us; that the plays given us are not those which appeal "to keep alive the public favor," but those that yield the largest income to the handful of "commercial gents," who have been pleased to pool their interest in the Theatre Trust!

At least one conclusion, therefore, seems secure, namely that the Theatre Trust, by suggesting that the public be —, has removed the one great objection which the most eminent manager that America has

ever produced could bring against an endowed theatre. Certainly if there had been an endowed theatre in every American city, an eminent artist like Mrs. Fiske, with a costly company and a noble play that everybody flocked to see, would not be obliged, (as we learn that she is, outside of New York City) to secure public halls and audience rooms unsuited for stage purposes, because she declines to pour tribute into the pockets of this handful of enterprising persons in New York City who have tricked up an incubus, that, like Alphonse Daudet's *absolution*, should squat automatically, "for their pockets all the time," wherever and wherever in the United States a play was written or presented or a theatre opened its doors!

The idea is not a new one with the Theatre Trust. In Shakespeare's day one Philip Henslowe devised the same sort of thing. We have records of his bribing a printer in 1599 not to publish a play on the story of Patient Gressel by Decker, Chettle and Haughton; of employing a hack named Wentworth Smith to rewrite and re-arrange so as to disguise other people's plays; as a year or so later, hiring these same men, Decker and Chettle, to make up a rival *Troilus and Cressida* for the Earl of Nottingham's Company to compete with Shakespeare's play of that name, which the Lord Chamberlin's company (to which Shakespeare belonged at that date) were about to produce! A whole Theatre Trust in himself, he attended to such minor details as to purchase, April 11, 1592, a play called "*Titus and Vespasian*," (supposed to be Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* or its model,) and changed its name to "*A Tragedy about Agamemnon*," and then, as his pocket seemed to impel him, he changed the name back again. In 1601, he managed by loans and advances to get poor Ben Jonson into his power, and thereafter as long as Shakespeare lived, kept Ben at Shakespeare's heels, endeavoring to duplicate Shakespeare's attractions, to cut his profits on every venture by similar performances, etc., etc. By the same tactics, Henslowe drew Shakespeare's best low comedian, William Kemp, away from him and kept him away for eight years, from 1594 to 1602. And so, in one way or another, worked "for his pocket all the time" and, it seems, very satisfactorily to himself! Philip Henslowe was the thorn in Shakespeare's flesh for more than twenty years! But Philip Henslowe is dead, which Shakespeare is not, and the present Theatre Trust may hasten its obsequies by too close a constriction of the American drama. The proposition to dictate to dramatic critics what they shall say in their articles will doubtless give no artist a

sleepless night! Current newspaper stage criticism, like newspaper book-reviewing, has next to never its effect upon either house or sales. Possibly one goes to a theatre now and then from curiosity as to whether a play can possibly be as bad as somebody writes that it is. But, since nobody can be written or acted down—save by himself, let us, by all means give the Theatre Trust literary fellow all the “rope” that he wants.

ALTHOUGH SUCCESSFUL, PROMINENT, AND NOT infrequently monopolistic, in industrial and commercial fields, the Jew has not, heretofore cared to select for his industry the wide preserves of Shakespeareana. But it seems that he has lately turned his attention to these, entered in and occupied. Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregard, Librarian of the Astor Branch of the New York Public Library, a contemporary at the University of Copenhagen, writes us that the real name of the gentleman signing himself “George Brandes” is **GEORGE MORRIS COHEN BRANDES**. And a subscriber in London also informs us that the “Sidney Lee” who, as was noted lately in these pages, has “recently taken all Shakespeare for his province” (ante page 18,) is a Hebrew whose real name is **SOLOMON LAZARUS LEVY**! Our subscriber continues, “He wrote his life of Shakespeare, as a mere trade venture at Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.’s request, and wrote it as they thought it would sell best. I had this from a personal friend of his.” If true, these are only further illustrations of the power of the Jew to make all paths lead to prosperity. Both Dr. Brandes and Sidney Lee’s books were very far from being failures. And our comments upon the latter gentlemen were very far from being actuated by enmity. There is no field wherein the cadet is more generously welcomed and so quickly made to feel at home, as the field of Shakespeare study. Our comment upon Mr. Lee, (or Mr. Levy, quite as he prefers,) was that his “life of Shakespeare” was the fruit of no original research, and contained nothing which any respectable library could not have furnished him with, and omitted a good deal which it could; and that, to omit credit to the great Shakespearean authorities of whose labors he availed himself, or to mention them so as to imply that their researches had only been very slovenly, or very limited, or developed only comparatively immaterial details while he (Mr. Levy or Mr. Lee,) had really developed everything of importance

deceived nobody familiar with the field, and would in the long run, become apparent to everybody. Here, as everywhere else, the test of final success and of public approbation is—sincerity. The true student, in any path, works, for the love of his work, and the labor he delights in physics pain. It is no reproach to a book that it sells. But such is the calamity and the disability of authorship, we are afraid, that it is sometimes suspicious. (Some of our current novels, for example, according to the advertising columns of the literary journals, never sell less than half-a-million copies before publication, and we ourself know of a firm of publishers, not ten thousand miles from New York City, whose announcements predicate sales of a bulk of one work of fiction which, by actual geometry, would be many times the cubical contents of their place of business if a solid block of marble, and yet no extraordinary or unusual bustle or industry had been observed on their premises, nor has their complement of employees been increased!) The Jewish race is eminently a successful one! But honesty, good faith and scrupulous keeping of engagements are what has made it so.

MESSRS. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY ANNOUNCE a "literary enterprise of unusual importance in a new edition of 'Shakspeare,' which is to embody the best results of recent English scholarships as they bear upon our understanding and interpretation of Shakspeare's Plays." The editor is to be Professor Mark H. Liddell. The special feature distinguishing this edition will be "a set of marginal references, such as are used in the Oxford Bible, pointing the student to other passages in Shakspeare that throw light on the one he is reading. Such cross-references have been found in the teaching to be the best practical means of elucidating Elizabethan English. The large Shakspeare dictionaries are not accessible, and the 'New English Dictionary' is an expensive book not available for use in Shakspeare classes." The prospectus further states that "the effort will be made to print as nearly as possible what Shakespeare wrote and let that speak for itself. The work of the editors of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' was for its time thoroughly and judiciously done; but the advance which English studies have made since Clark and Wright completed their great task, renders it possible now to produce a better text than that which they gave us in 1863. The publication of the 'New English Dictionary' alone has widened our knowledge of Shakespeare's English enormously." The

explanatory note, as well as we can judge from the specimen pages, will be partly marginal and partly at the end of each volume. There will be about forty volumes. "It would thus appear that this proposed edition is designed neither for the general reader nor for the student of Shakespeare; but for the student of the English language. The spelling will be that of the First Folio: but the punctuation and capitalization will be modernized. Thus the editor seems to think the text will be "presented in the language of Shakespeare's time." "It may be objected," the prospectus goes on to say, "that the Folio text (1623) is from ten to twenty years later than the period of Shakespeare's best work, and that therefore the form of the earliest Quartos should be the one chosen to represent faithfully the English of Shakespeare. And the objection would have point were it not for the fact that in their printing the Quartos are not uniform even when judged by Elizabethan standards; and besides, many of the plays made their first appearance as literature in the Folio. If this strict process were followed, therefore, there would be an apparent lack of uniformity in Shakespeare's works. The Folio, being, as it is, a complete book of Shakespeare's plays, possesses the advantage of presenting a uniform appearance, and is not late enough to differ very materially from the form Shakespeare would have given his work had he himself edited his plays and published them as literature."

We are at a loss to understand exactly what this means. Is it meant to be stated that the English language had undergone a change between the time of the publication of the Quartos and the publication of the First Folio? The Elizabethan writers spell generally as they pronounced, and this led to the elision or omission of certain syllables in the written language which were slurred or not pronounced in speaking. This custom has been examined and the instances of its use classified by Dr. Abbott in his "Shakespeare Grammar." Excepting instances of this kind, and a few others growing out of the inflection, then rapidly disappearing, (and here, it is not the spelling of the word itself which differs from modern usage) we do not believe the fantastic spelling of the Folio will in any degree contribute to our understanding of Shakespeare's language. Says Halliwell-Phillipps, "As for orthography in language either in books or manuscripts of the Shakespearean period, all who are familiar with such matters know that the same word is frequently spelt in half-a-dozen various forms in a single page." In another place the same distinguished scholar ob-

serves. "Every one in the poet's time spelt according to his fancy, usually with a tendency to literal redundancy, so that there was scarcely a word that did not appear in a variety of fashions, every section of the language being exposed to the universal irregularity." True, as Professor Liddell says, there is no uniformity in the spelling of the Quartos, but this lack of uniformity did not grow up during the ten or twenty years from "the period of Shakespeare's best work" to the publication of the Folio. The spelling of the Quarto *Othello* (1622) is markedly different from that of the same play in the Folio; and, speaking generally, we may say conforms more closely to modern usage. For instance, Quarto 1, 26 (Bankside Notation) has prattle, Folio, prattle; Q. 1, 28, eyes; F. eies; Q. 1. 41, assign'd, F. assin'd, (in line 633 of the F. the same word is spelt assigne;) Q. 1. 79 climate, F. clymate; Q. 1. 95 family, F. familie; Q. 1. 391 drugs, F. druggs; Q. 1. 502 tyranny, F. tirranie; Q. 1. 509 mischiefe, F. mischeefe.

But perhaps no book of the period is uniform with itself in its orthography, certainly the First Folio is not. In the specimen pages of Professor Liddell's edition sent out by the publishers, containing about sixty lines from *Macbeth*, we find, l. 1, 8. sc. 1. "As two spent swimmers that do cling together," two lines below, we have, "The multiplying villanies of Nature do swarme upon him." On line 20 he is spelt "hee," and on line 22 "he." We also see "eyes," but in *Othello*, as above noted, the Folio spells it "eies." In the Folio edition of this play we have "answere" in line 302 and "answer" l. 305; counsell, l. 314, counsaile l. 382; handkerchiefe, l. 2235, handkerchikfe l. 2240. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have arithmeticke; in *Cymbeline*, arthmaticke; in *Othello*, arithmatician. The list of words spelt in different ways in the Folio might be multiplied indefinitely. Dr. Furness, in the introduction to one of his variorum volumes, accounts for the multiplicity of letters in the words of one of the Quartos by saying it was due to the "idiosyncracies of the compositor," and adds, the editor of Elizabethan literature must always take into account the "personal equation of the printer's devil." In fact, every writer and every compositor was a law unto himself, and spelt, capitalized and punctuated to suit his own fancy. In giving us the spelling of the different compositors who worked on the Folio, with his own capitalization and punctuation, we cannot believe Professor Liddell will have made much progress in supplying us with the lines "as Shakespeare wrote them." We believe the Bankside, paralleling in exact facsimile the Folio with the

first Quarto edition of the same play, is destined for a long time to remain the best edition for the Shakesperean student, and the Cambridge, or Globe, the best edition for the general reader. How Professor Liddell's edition will compare for class room use with Dyce's, or Gollanz's, or the many excellent editions of separate plays designed for this purpose, we are not now prepared to say.

Speaking of spelling, we notice that the poets name is spelt "Shakspeare" in Professor Liddell's edition. Whether the editor or the publishers selected this form is not stated. In an excellent class-book edition of Macbeth, the editor, Dr. James H. Garnett, takes occasion in a pre-fatory note to state that he is not responsible for the spelling "Shakspeare" used in that edition, his own preference being that adopted by the New "Shakspeare" Society of London. We remember reading a review in the Evening Post some years ago in which it was stated that the spelling "Shakespeare" was of itself evidence of a lack of scholarship. For our part we prefer this form, but it is entirely a matter of taste, and we have no fault to find with those who prefer a different form. The great poet seems to have spelt his name in two different ways; but that nearly all his contemporaries were equally careless in their autographs is beyond dispute. Long lists of variations in the signatures of distinguished persons of that era have been made by Karl Elze in his "Life of Shakespeare" and by Halliwell-Phillipps in his "New Lamps or Old." In our opinion, where the name of an Elizabethan author has acquired a definite and fixed form in literature it is not a sufficient reason to change that form because the author himself sometimes or even usually spelt it differently. Sir Walter Raleigh signed his name Rauley and Raleigh; Sir Philip Sidney sometimes wrote it Sydney; Ben Jonson sometimes used an h in his name; and Bacon on at least one occasion wrote his with a k.

Shakespeare's name was pronounced by his contemporaries in Stratford as if spelt Shacksper. In our opinion there exists as little sound reason for a change in the spelling of the name as there is for a change in its pronunciation.

Who would now recognize the great Elizabethan courtier if we spelt his name Rauley: who would think we referred to the rare Ben if we spelt it Johnson? The form of the written word becomes as familiar to our eye as the sound to our ear. The eye is surely as sensitive as the ear. The spelling of the name in Elizabethan literature is uniformly Shakespeare, (except that it was sometimes Shaxper) and

this form continued uniform also down to the time of the formation of the New Shakespeare Society. Let us hope that a return will be made to the familiar landmark, and that the name familiar to the eye of our childhood will not be changed. The title pages of the Quartos spell it "Shakespeare," so do writers like Fuller. The last time that Shakespeare wrote his name for posterity—in the last final signature to his last will and testament, he signed it—if magnifying glasses do not deceive us—S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E. A preference for a concept theory as to how a name should be spelled in order to show the spellers "scholarship" over its owners own choice as to how to spell his own name—strikes one as finnick and faddish. To our mind the controversy is surplusage, as beside the mark as the Baconian claim that "Shaxper" was the man of Stratford; and "Shakespeare" Mr. Bacon's nom de plume. It reminds of the rapture with which our esteemed contemporary "Poet Lore" once discovered that it could spell its "Tolstoi"—"Tolstoy."

DR. APPLETON MORGAN, who on April 23, 1902, will celebrate the conclusion of his seventeen years consecutive presidency of The New York Shakespeare Society, has promised to begin in the next issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA a series of his reminiscences, under the title "Thirty Years of Shakespearean Controversy."

Dr. Morgan's Shakespearean career commenced about the date of the Perkins and "Old Corrector" controversy, and embraces the founding and decadence of the New Shakespeare Society, the Halliwell-Phillips-Browning-Furnivall difficulty, the Donnelly, Owen, Potts and Mrs. Gallup ciphers, the gravestone "restoration" business, etc., etc. We can promise our readers a considerable pleasure in the perusal of these reminiscences. Of Dr. Morgan himself it does not become the present writer, his life-long friend and beneficiary, to speak. But he may fittingly quote from the address of Hon. Walter S. Logan at the dinner given by the New York Shakespeare Society to Augustin Daly at Delmonico's New York City, April 22, 1896. Said Mr. Logan: "Perhaps no man, except it be Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, has been as much criticised as Dr. Appleton Morgan. But to those who know him he is a warm and tried friend, a genial companion, a deep and generous student of Shakespeare, an earnest, loyal, great-hearted gentleman

* * * * Mr. Logan continued, "There is in New York City a Shakespeare Society. It is not as great and strong as it might be, but its arms are open to welcome every lover of Shakespeare, and it is growing every day greater and stronger. It has already done a great work since the evening, just eleven years ago, when Dr. Morgan and two other earnest gentlemen met in an upper room, not far from where we are sitting to-night, and founded it with Lucentio's motto: "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en. In brief, sir, study what you most effect." in the belief that nowhere else can each one better study what he himself most effects, than in the pages of great Shakespeare, who let nothing escape him!" The "criticism" to which Mr. Logan alluded was that which had arisen because Dr. Morgan, though at the head of an orthodox Shakespeare Society, had maintained a mind singularly open to every phase of research into Shakespeare's career, work and environment, asking and telling the truth regardless of sentimental or traditional prejudice, not even yielding to an attack of nervous prostration at the approach of the Baconian authorship theory, but, while himself thoroughly distrusting it, met it at least half way, and proposed to learn and to present, in his writings and addresses, all he could learn about it in its behalf as well as in its rebuttal. He did not neglect, as any one interested may see by referring to page 187 of volume VI of our predecessor SHAKESPEAREANA, to apply to that theory the "style curves" test invented by Dr. Mendenhall (described elsewhere in these pages) with the demonstration, (as far as that ingenious test can demonstrate anything,) that the prose style of Bacon and Shakespeare were by no means identical!

Perhaps we may anticipate that, in the course of Dr. Morgan's experiences, some funny things have occurred. For example, he occasionally exhibits to his friends some autograph letters from cranks threatening his life for his position in the Baconian controversy, and some others stating that he, (Dr. Morgan) had written letters threatening other people's lives for revealing, or not revealing the secret that Bacon wrote Shakespeare (it is not easy from their perusal to exactly make out which,) and other comically curious things explainable probably only upon Dr. Lambrosio's theory of "mattoids." Not only has Dr. Morgan distinguished himself for ripe learning and (what is still rarer in Shakespearean matters) for a sterling common sense in his Shakespearean career, but he possesses that life-saving quality, as it has been called, a sense of humor, of which his friends

treasure so many examples. His cleverness in good natured repartee is proverbial. On one occasion at a meeting of a Shakespeare Club in New York City, a distinguished lawyer (himself a Shakespeare scholar of no mean acquirements) said in discussing Shakespeare's early relations with Anne Hathway, "I would like to ask Dr. Morgan if 'troth-plight' and marriage in those days were not identical." Dr. Morgan instantly replied, "If the gentleman will accept William Shakespeare as authority, I will remind him that the record shows that William Shakespeare at least regarded them as identical." His reply to a certain learned Theban, who in the course of a debate, said with his usual descent to banality, "Dr. Morgan, I am not a born fool," was, "I am not an alienist or a pathologist, and so cannot tell whether Dr. F——s folly is congenial or not," was probably less good natured, but he does not often say bitter things, even when bitter things are called for.

Of Dr. Morgan's record as President of the Shakespeare Society, nothing need be said here. During his administration the Society has achieved a reputation not only for the character of its publications, thirty-three octavo volumes (including the "Bankside" sets of which have found lodgment in every Public, Royal and Ducal library in Christendom) but for their beauty of typography which no other American learned society has ever approached. That this output has not been achieved without personal sacrifice on Dr. Morgan's part, no one familiar with the seventeen years life of the New York Shakespeare Society, leaves unrecognized.

W. C. D. CUMBERLAND, Maryland, writes: I find prefixed to the "Pearson Reprint" of Richard Brome's Dramatic Works an engraving under which the following lines are printed in script of an archaic nature.

Reader lo heere thou will two faces finde
 One of the body, t'other of the minde;
 This by the Graver, so that with much strife
 Wee think Brome dead, hee's drawne so to the life,
 That by's owne pen's done so ingeniously
 That who reads it must think he ne'er shall dy.

A. A.

You will at once recognize the similarity of this language to that of Jonson's verses under Shakespeare's portrait in the First Folio. No

explanation is given by Pearson as to whence this picture and these verses are obtained. I presume they were prefixed to some original contemporary publication. Brome's picture is just as "wooden" and expressionless as Shakespeare's in the Folio.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues. All books entered below can be supplied by New Shakespearians at prices named.)

27 *Shakespeare's Family*; being a record of the ancestors and descendents of William Shakespeare, with some account of the Ardens; by C. C. Stopes; crown; 8 vo, frontispiece; pp. 260; net \$3.25; New York James Pott & Co.

31. *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*; edited by Horace Howard Furness; Vol. XIII; Twelfth Night, or What You Will; IV cloth; royal 8 vo; pp. 434; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; \$4.00 net.

32. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*; edited by Augustus Birrell, and illustrated with portraits selected by Ernest Radford; 6 v; 12 mo; pp. 250; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; \$12.00 net.

33. *The Works of William Shakespeare*; New Century edition; 20 v; cloth; gilt top; colored plates; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; \$25.00 net.

34. *Tales from Shakespeare*; by Margaret and Charles Lamb; with introductions, notes additions by F. J. Furnivall; 22 full page photogravures and 42 black and white illustrations; 2 v; cloth; 8 vo; pp. pp. 310-310; New York, Raphael Tuck & Company; \$7.50 net.

35. *Tales from Shakespeare*; by Mary and Charles Lamb; with 6 color plates and 70 half tone illustrations by W. Paget; 1 v; illuminated cloth; IV. 12 mo; pp. 319; New York, E. P. Dutton & Company; \$2.50 net.

36. *Shakespeare's Heroines*; by Mrs. Jamison, with decorative designs by R. Anning Bell; 1 v; illuminated; cloth; pp. 380; New York, E. P. Dutton & Company; \$3.00.

37. *English History in Shakespeare's Plays*; by Beverley E. Warner, M.A. D. D.; 1 v; 12 mo; pp. 321; New York, Longman, Green & Company; \$1.75.

38. *Shakespeare Wars; Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*; with an account of his reputation at various periods, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., L.L. D.; IV cloth; crown; 12 mo; pp. 450; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

39. *What is Shakespeare?* An introduction to the Great Plays, by L. A. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Nebraska; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 410; New York, the Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

40. *A History of American Verse, (1610-1697)* by James L. Onderdonk; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 391; Chicago, A. G. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

41. *John Selden and His Table Talk*, by Robert Waters; portrait; IV; cloth; pp. 351; New York, Eaton & Mains, \$1.00.

42. *New Glimpses of Poe*, by James A. Harrison, Professor in the University of Virginia; IV; cloth de lux; 8 vo; pp. 60; portrait; New York, M. F. Mansfield & Co., \$1.25.

43. *The Mulligans*, by Edward Harrigan; illustrated by F. A. Forenz; IV; cloth; pp. 751; New York, The G. W. Dillingham Co., \$1.00

44. *Chaucer's Prologue; The Knight's Tale and the Nun's Priest's Tale*, (Riverside Literature Series) edited with notes and glossary, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Ph. D.; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 143-27; New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; 40c.

45. *Chaucer's Franklin's Tale and Wife of Bath's Tale*, (Publications of the Modern Language Association of America;) Baltimore, paper; 8 vo; John Murphy Co.; \$1.00.

46. *Shakespeare's Tragedy of Macbeth*, edited with an introduction, notes and analytic questions by L. A. Sherman, Professor in the University of Nebraska; IV; cloth; 16 mo; pp. 200; New York, Harvey Holt & Co.; \$1.00 net.

47. *Shakespeare Sonnet Kalendar*, de luxe: New York, M. F. Mansfield Co.; 50c.

48-49. *Trelawny of the Wells*, a comedy by Arthur W. Pinero. *The Fantastics*, a comedy by Edouard Roscard; 2v; 5½x8 and 4½x6½ \$1.50, \$1.00, New York, R. H. Russell.

27. We pronounce this the most important and valuable single contribution to our libraries of SHAKESPEAREANA that has been presented within the last twenty-five years: certainly since Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines." There have been more showy, and yet invaluable books, such, for example, Mr. Boswell-Stone's "Shakespeare's Hollinshed." But that could have been produced at the compiler's desk with a copy of Shakespeare and a copy of Hollinshed's Chronicles, comfortably before him. But Mrs. Stopes could never have compiled this volume "Shakespeare's Family" at a desk. It is a literal ransacking of England and it is hard to believe that it is not a researching of Scottish, Continental or even American precincts as well.

Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes set herself to a deep and more laborious task than Mr. George Russell French performed so many years ago in his *Shakespeareana Genealogica*. Mr. French traced—aimed to trace—only the Warwickshire families from which the Dramatist might have sprung. Mrs. Stopes has added a determination to exhaust the record of any family, and all families, whose patronymic was "Shakespeare" by grace of any orthography or with whatever number of vowels. The range of her labors impresses—almost depresses—us. It is a most notable example of perseverance and of modest and fruitful toil. The old stereotype about a book which "no library can afford to be without" finds new significance before such laborious pages as these.

That the result of Mrs. Stopes's investigations leaves us as does most, nay all, Shakespearean investigations, just where it started—in the little mediaeval village of Stratford-on-Avon—with its much, heaps and middens, is nothing to Mrs. Stopes's discredit. Not all the volumes exploited since 1616, orthodox, speculative, tentative, or coldly militant as to the very existence of a William Shakespeare—have budged to the fraction of an inch, the facts that the sponsor of the world's supremest Literature was born at Stratford-on-Avon; that he sojourned in London, and returned to purchase the stateliest mansion in his native town—and then died, and that, during the sojourn in London he produced the literature we call, and always will call Shakespeare. If Mrs. Stopes's scrupulous industry and painful care had produced any evidence destructive of these facts she would have been obliged to set them down—and it is cumulative to the value of her book that she has not been called upon to set down aught of the kind. The only point she cannot solve is, was Richard the Grandfather of the Dramatist?

31. We congratulate Dr. Furness on reaching the thirteenth volume of his *New Variorum*, that most sumptuous and most glorious tribute ever laid upon Shakespeare's aim of immortality, where everything is, and nothing is oversighted and simple truth is highest of praise. Not to be omitted from the pleasure of eulogizing this magnificent edition is the temptation to note how the blessed editorial sense of humor is not to be repressed, (as par example Dr. Furness gravely recites the struggles of several generations of learned college professors and dusty commentators with such an awful crux as "come and kiss me, sweet and twenty"—and then adds on his own account, a hint that a school-boy and a pretty girl might arrive at its significance without recourse to some score of libraries!) If this *Variorum* can be completed—as Heaven knows we pray—it is the ultima Thule of editions! All hail and all gratitude to Dr. Furness who, while rearing his own monumentum aere perennis is giving to posterity the noblest of legacies for future memorial of the Great Dramatist!

32. Mr. Birrell has presented us with a noble edition of the greatest biography, written by the meanest biographer the world has ever seen. Nothing like Mr. Boswell's work, if we except perhaps Mr. Howell's delightful "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances" has ever been turned out of our presses. We will permit the psychologist to guess for us what was the charm of this tough old literarian, who would clothe the smallest item he chanced upon in his seven-by-nine existence with a hyperbole whose very audacity cancelled its absurdity, (when he announced that the death of his pupil, Garrick, a local actor who never played a part outside of England—"eclipsed the gaiety of nations")—or who was so unlady-like as to say that "Hell is paved with good intentions" (Mr. H. W. Mabie would have suppressed that speech!) Really there is nothing in Heaven above, or the earth beneath like the fidelity with which this great man's lightest breath is set down by the vigilant Boswell! Nothing, except perhaps, the bated breath with which Mr. Howells chronicles that Mr. James Russell Lowell once told him that he would need a stove in Venice! It is good to have at last so convenient an edition. Birkbeck Hill's was too cumbersome for the cabinet.

33. This New Century Edition is far and away the best we have lately seen for library use. Its broad pages, allowing the original justification of the lines, its beautifully clear ink and exquisitely toned

paper, would alone make it the best. But it gives besides to every play such a brief as this: "*The First Part of King Henry IV—First printed in Quarto 1598, The Play Contains 5 Acts, 19 Scenes; 1668 lines of verse and 1331 lines of prose*—just what a reader wants to know, and just what it would require a good deal of time to find out in most cases.

34. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare never had so splendid a setting as this now given them by Messrs Raphael Tuck & Sons. Dr. Furnivall has added the stories of two comedies and four tragedies not told by the classic text of Charles and Mary, and the work ought now to be, in this shape, on everybody's table. Certainly it would be hard to suggest an item of elegance the Messrs. Tuck have not lavished upon this work.

35. Scarcely less can be said of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.'s one volume edition, with its exquisite Rafael cover in gold and scarlet and fawn color; its beautiful colored plates and mortised vignettes, which make it an ideal and a dream. If anybody can resist the temptation of absorbing the letter-press which holds such luxury of design as the Messrs. Tuck and the Messrs. Dutton have given to Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, he or she must be Philistine indeed!

36. Nor can we bate a jot of the above in enthusiastic commendation of what the Messrs. Dutton have done for another Shakespeare classic, Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of the Women of the Plays. The cover is here of gold and green; the letterpress of beautiful typographical finish, and the margins ample and restful. This is what is known as a decorated as well as an illustrated, book. The artist has taken every excuse not only of head piece and tail piece but of full-page illustrations to work in his coloring and is to be congratulated upon the appropriateness of it all! Like pansies—this book is "for thought."

37. The rich, pure idiomatic English of Dr. Warner's "History in Shakespeare's Plays," makes it delightful even if not taken for what it purports to be, a higher text book for Shakespearean history. It is addressed especially, says the all too brief preface, "to those readers and students of English history who may not have discovered what an aid to the understanding of certain important phases of England's national development lies in the Historical Plays of Shakespeare which cover a period of three hundred years, from King John and Mag-

na Charta to Henry the Eighth and the Reformation. After an able introduction to these Historical Plays as a whole, Dr. Warner divides his book into ten periods such as reveal the crucial, of the Shakespeare treatment beyond their biographical, importance. There is a fine essay on the date of the Henry the Eighth, in which Dr. Warner takes the view which we have always believed must be, when all the arguments are in-finally conceded, viz: That Shakespeare himself, and none other, wrote this play! "otherwise there would have been no such tender handling of Henry and Anne Boleyn, and we should have missed the clever workmanship which places the divorced Katharine in such a tender and touching relief, without reflecting upon the legitimacy of England's virgin Queen." Who else but Shakespeare could have so steered around incongruities and made them all illustrious?

Dr. Warner is courteous enough to the people who deny to Shakespeare, who could turn into dramatic version English History from Magna Charta to the Reformation—this fine work upon the ticklish and uneven reign of Henry VIII. Some others would have called them "cranks" or worse. Allowing Mr. Spedding and the New Shakespeare persons all their profundity, we agree with Dr. Warner. As to th' fata Morgana "verse tests" Dr. Warner is also sound to the core. It was a sad day for Shakespearean scholarship when Mr. Bathursts little essay on Shakespeare's verse fell into Mr. Furnivall's hands. For the to-do which that somewhat peppery gentleman kept up ever afterwards about his plan of settling all Shakespeare questions by counting syllables will be long in the laying..

There is no other such able work as this of Dr. Warner's on the Historical Plays, though there are a many not nearly so good. And we are glad to know that it has met the appreciation it deserves. Of the many fine works produced by members of the New York Shakespeare Society, such as Mr. Devecmons and Senator Davis's, there is nothing finer than Dr. Warner's handling of the Historical Plays.

38. "Time," says Washington Irving, "is not such an invariable destroyer as he is represented. Its very delapidation furnishes matter for new controversy, and his rust is more precious than the most costly gilding; under his plastic hand trifles rise into importance; the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another; the levity of the wit, gravitates into the learning of the pedant, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more value than a modern guinea." In days

when our rich men pay tens of thousands for the hacked and ragged broadsides which went begging for a testern in Shakespeare's own days. Professor Loundsbury (and no abler man could have undertaken it) has essayed to trace the course of appreciation and criticism which has raised this truculent testern to an eager investment—and the maker of Plays for the Rose and Swan and Curtain as the greatest of Dramatists, the Prince of Poets—in applause, delight and wonder of the stage. New Shakespeareana proposes at another time competent notes of this noble and most absorbingly attractive volume. The first of its kind, and the longest desired in our Shakespearean fields!

40. In this work, published posthumously, (its author, Mr. Onderdonk, having died while seeking in Alaska, material for a work descriptive of that territory,) is offered a History of American Verse. A History of Verse, American or otherwise, is necessary a volume of criticism, and biographical notices of the poets writing the verses, do not detract from that essential of its character. We are impressed with the great justice and very clear discernment of this work. There is rarely dissent from Mr. Onderdonk's conclusions, and the brevity forced upon them by compression into three hundred pages notices of the work of almost that number of poets, has added its value in treasures, and made the book available as a Manual of its field.

A few slips in biographical matter do not detract from the timely pungency of the whole. Mr. Onderdonk speaks of Miss Emma Lazarus as the "daughter of wealth and position." As a matter of fact it heightened the background of Miss Lazarus's achievements that she was the "daughter" of neither, but of a notorious character, "Izzy Lazarus" who kept a disreputable resort in a purlieu of New York City in the early seventies, which however, the noble career of his daughter (who was and did all that Mr. Onderdonk says) caused him to abandon.

Again, on page 143, Mr. Onderdonk says of McDonald Clark, "He was scouted, despised and dreaded." Clark was the author of the lines,

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with with a single star.

once admired for their supposed beauty."

Mr. Onderdonk is wrong both in his quotation and in his comment. To pin twilight with a single star is *banal* indeed! What Mr. Clark,

(who was neither scouted despised and dreaded"—but, on the contrary admired and pitied, and spoken of affectionately as the "mad poet") wrote, was this,

"Night calls her sable mantle down
And buttons it with stars,"

which is even yet admired! But small slips like these do not detract from the merits of this book. It shows, as we have said, a thorough reading and great discriminating power, and is a valuable and trustworthy guide. Mr. Onderdonk's pages upon Walt Whitman are criticism in the truest sense.

41. Mr. Robert Waters has not added to the mass of not-so-very-valuable books, but to the small tablefull of books that were really wanted—that there is a place for—that are new, fresh and (like everything that Mr. Waters writes) delightful. "The Table Talks of John Selden is worth all the Ana of the Continent," said Hallam. But Hallam did not present us with an edition of "Selden." There is more weighty bullion sense in Selden's table talk than in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer," said Coleridge. But Coleridge did not present us with an edition of Selden. Mr. Waters is more generous and lets us share in this wonderful Selden, which wonderfully resembles Montague in pretty quaintness and unique common sense. Mr. Waters runs in comments here and there which are quite as pithy and quite as commonsense! We notice that he says on page 215, that Shakespeare was a close student of the Bible. In this he quite disagrees with Appleton Morgan who remarks, (preface to 4th edition Warwickshire Dialect, page 446,) that Shakespeare practically ignored the English Bible getting his scriptural allusions mostly out of the Miracle Plays, (Dr. Morgan's demonstration of this is rather curious reading!) and yet, while saying this, Mr. Waters remarks that Selden also ignored the Bible—never mentions it anywhere! Mr. Waters is to be congratulated on having found an unoccupied niche in the which non dii non homines non columnae have preceeded him!

43. The pages of Shakespeareana, our predecessor, bear witness to how often we have said that Mr. Edward Harrigan and Mr. Tony Hart, were, however unconsciously, following Great Shakespeare himself in holding the mirror up to nature, when they produced in a series of dramas held even yet in loving memory, called The Mulligan Plays. "Hang up the Title, our scene is Rhodes," cries *Prologue* in "The Span-

ish Tragedy. "Run in a chair and throw a rug over it." That is a throne room: Trundle in a bedstead and set a traveling box (called then as now a "trunk") that is Imogen's chamber. Steps to the other end of the stage. You are in Athens now. And yet with this clumsy *mise en scene* the literature we reverently worship was spouted by men in blouses and statute caps and boys in fustian pretending to be girls or fine ladies, or even in *As You Like It*, (as you like it indeed!) a boy who was pretending to be a girl pretending to be a boy!

But, seriously, how do we happen to possess the text of Shakespeare's plays? Seriously. It was because they drew! Because they drew they were printed in stolen and surreptitious broadsides, (we call them Quartos and pay \$5,000 a piece for them now) and hawked about London streets. That is where the first folio came from—from these quartos—and the first folio is where we get whatever we have to-day. But why think you gentle reader, did these plays draw! There was no million in London who pined to hear Ulysses's, pessimistic philosophy or Hamlet's madness, or Romeo's woes, or Lear's ravings! But there were enough play-goers in London to pay a testern to roar at the irregular humorists—at Pistol, Nym and Bardolph; to enjoy Falstaff, and Elbow, and Barnadine and Dogberry and poor old Verges and the two grave diggers (who then as lately and often yet removed a long succession of blouses and jerkins before they began to dig Ophelia's grave straight.)

It was in photographing men and women as he saw them that Shakespeare was really practically perpetuating himself to us, and to our worship in the Twentieth Century, and who can doubt but that the manifold phases of life and character which Mr. Harrigan and Mr. Hart photographed for us in the eighteen hundred and eighties, will yet come back, perhaps in three centuries, to make the names of the photographers *aere perennis*! We who looked at these old Harrigan and Hart plays are disappointed in the book which makes a novel of them. We would rather have the plays themselves. We hope, too, that another New Yorker, the late Mr. Hoyt, who gave us such absolutely perfect types of a disappearing civilization in "The Midnight Bell," "A Temperance Town," and "A Black Sheep," will be embalmed in library as well as in stage literature before our generation passes away, and if the book before us "The Ulligans," had chapter headings of those absolutely unique melodies which added so para-

mount a feature to the Harrigan & Hart melodrama—disappointment therein would have been much assuaged.

48-49. It is hard to decide which to admire most, the equally crisp dialogue of Mr. Rostand or of Mr. Pinero. The one being the story of Romeo and Juliet into modern France, and carrying out the ennui of the reconciled Montagues and Capulets with no vendetta on their hands, or the other, making actors and actresses libel themselves, with a certain sad sincerity! Mr. Russell has won the thanks of everybody by giving us these classics of the modern stage, which some day will be studied as literature as we study Shakespeare now. His publications will always be most welcome at this Table.

IN LESSER VEIN.

READERS OF DICKENS WILL REMEMBER that Nicholas Nickleby, while a member of Mr. Vincent Crummle's Company (then playing the provinces) accompanied Miss Snevillici, leading lady, to solicit the patronage of the best people of Portsmouth, for that artist's benefit. Among these was a certain Mr. Cundle who had written a pamphlet in sixty-four pages post octavo on the character of Juliet's Nurse's deceased husband. By the researches of the late Mr. Irving Browne, a distinguished member of the New York Shakespeare Society this valuable work was discovered—and, some years before his lamented death, Mr. Browne published it in his volume "ICONOCLASTS AND WHITEWASH" from which we are permitted to extract it as follows: "The passage from Romeo and Juliet in relation to the nurse's deceased husband, is too broad, as well as too long, for quotation here. The reader will not find it in the judicious Mr. Bowdler's Family Shakespeare. The gist of it is that Nurse has been gabbling away about Juliet and her charge and tells how when she was an infant she fell down and bumped her forehead:

"And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man—took up the child,"

with a rather indelicate jest, to which the precocious Juliet responded "Ay."

The first query that naturally arises in an examination of these passages is, whether the nurse's deceased husband really was a merry man in his lifetime, or whether it was his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. All will agree that there is nothing in his language as reported that evinces any wit or a merry disposition. Consequently, the widow must have referred to some general trait which really, or in her imagination, characterized him. I am not aware that the husbands of nurses, as a class, are more merry than other men. Nor am I aware that widowed nurses are more apt than

other widows to attribute merriment to their deceased spouses. We must look then for idiosyncracies really existing in the husband's character, or supplied by the wife's imagination. Now can anything be found in the context to indicate that the deceased had any especial cause for merriment? I think so. The context shows that during his life his wife was engaged in the occupation of a nurse. It also depicts the husband as sitting and watching the infant Juliet in her gambols. I infer for reasons hereafter adduced, that this married pair had no children at the time in question. These things being so, the husband was not an active contributor to the support of himself and his wife, but the latter supported both. Surely this was a situation well calculated to afford merriment to the husband. It would certainly be so regarded by most of modern husbands; for although there is in the masculine a theoretical abhorrence of the wife's earning the family subsistence, yet it seldom assumes a practical form.

Starting with this foundation, we next infer that the husband's merry disposition was actual rather than ideal, for the reason that wives who support their husbands are not apt to invest them with any merely imaginary virtues.

It has been conjectured by some that nurses intended by the words "a merry man" to indicate his occupation, and to say that he was a professional buffoon or Zany. This is a conjecture not to be despised. The profession of a merry-andrew was a common and popular one in the time of the drama, as well as in the dramatist's own day, and it is quite consistent that one whose wife was a professional nurse should himself be a clown or pantaloon. This hypothesis is fortified by the fact that at Verona, where the scene is laid, are the celebrated remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and it is fair to presume that opportunity, as well as tradition, would inspire in the inhabitants a foundness for theatrical amusements, and that actors and pantomimists should be in demand there. The only thing that contravenes this idea is, in fact, already apparent, that Mr. Nurse was supported by his wife, and thus was in no need of making merry professionally. And yet the personage in question may have been a jester, attached to the family of Capulet, whose wealth and standing were such as to justify this inference.

The conjecture that Nurse intended by the parenthetical remark in question, to announce her husband's family—"a was a Merriman"—is not to be tolerated, and is only cited here to show how much difficulty commentators have found in this passage.

So, too, the conjectural reader 'a was an American,' is insupportable. The reading was devised by some of my countrymen, who, in venting their spite against our transatlantic cousin, would make Shakespeare guilty of gross anchorism. That God's mercy should be invoked for one because he is an American is an exhibition of British spite with which I have no sympathy. But the short answer is, that America had not been discovered at the time this scene was laid, and but little was known of it even in the dramatist's day.

The conjectural emendation. 'a was a married man,' has more extrinsic evidence to support it, but still I cannot give it my adhesion. It is claimed by those who suggest it, that Nurse made the observation as explanatory of the husband's conduct toward Juliet; that because he was a married man, he 'took up the child,' an action undoubtedly more natural to the married than to the single. Some satirist of the married state has suggested that with this reading Nurse's exclamation, 'God be with his soul!' is more pertinent. This is a sneer at marriage which Shakespeare was not apt to make, and which I cannot approve.

Another conjecture suggested to explain this obscure passage is that the phrase was 'mariner' or 'marryner,' as it would have been spelled in the dramatist's day. In this view, it is claimed, the prayer 'God be with his soul!' is explicable on the hypothesis that the husband had been lost at sea. Again, say the proponents of this theory, the 'jest' seems in Nurse's estimation, not to be in anything uttered by the husband, but in Juliet's response 'Ay.'

"I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying and say—'Ay,'

Now, say they, 'Ay,' or 'ay, ay, sir,' is peculiarly a sea phrase, and when uttered by an unknowing child to a mariner, would of course have been laughable, but not so on any other hypothesis. This is not absurd, but it seems necessary; for as I have before indicated, the ordinary reading is defensible, and there is therefore no need of refining upon it.

Assuming, then, that the Nurse's husband was really 'a merry man,' let us inquire as to some of his other characteristics. We infer that the organ of philoprogenitiveness was largely developed on his cranium. The act of rescuing the little child was a most kindly one. Who but Shakespeare could have drawn such a picture? I infer from

this and other passages that our dramatist himself was fond of children. The play does not disclose whether the nurse's husband was also a father at the time of the events dramatized. I suspect he was not. Although not conclusive, yet the fact that his wife was a nurse in the family of another is presumptive evidence that they themselves had no family. It appears that they had lost a child, and I judge it to have been their only one. If they had had any children of their own at this time, the garrulous mother would have been pretty certain to refer to them, as well as to the lost one. This, I admit, is not conclusive, for women nowadays are much more apt to talk of dress and other vanities than of their children, and speak as little of their dead children as of last year's fashions. But there is one thing that leads me to be almost certain that this gentlemen then had no children. If he had then been a father, he would not have been so moved by Juliet's misfortune, and so swift to rescue her, because such accidents are common among children, and their frequency hardens parents to their effects. They let children pick themselves up, and then scold them for spoiling their clothes. But when the children and clothes belong to others, and thus the accident causes the custodians no expense or trouble, they give their sympathies play. If this had been his own child, with all his love of children, Mr. Nurse would not have been so merry. He would have regarded the stumble as a fault to be tolerated in other people's imperfect children, but not in his own immaculate offspring. In short by a little analysis, we are able always to construct reliable biographies for all or any of Shakespeare's characters, even the most minor of them quite as satisfactory and edifying as the essay by Mrs. Clark on the Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines or the Rev. Cream Cheese's sermon on the Maidenhood of Lot's wife.

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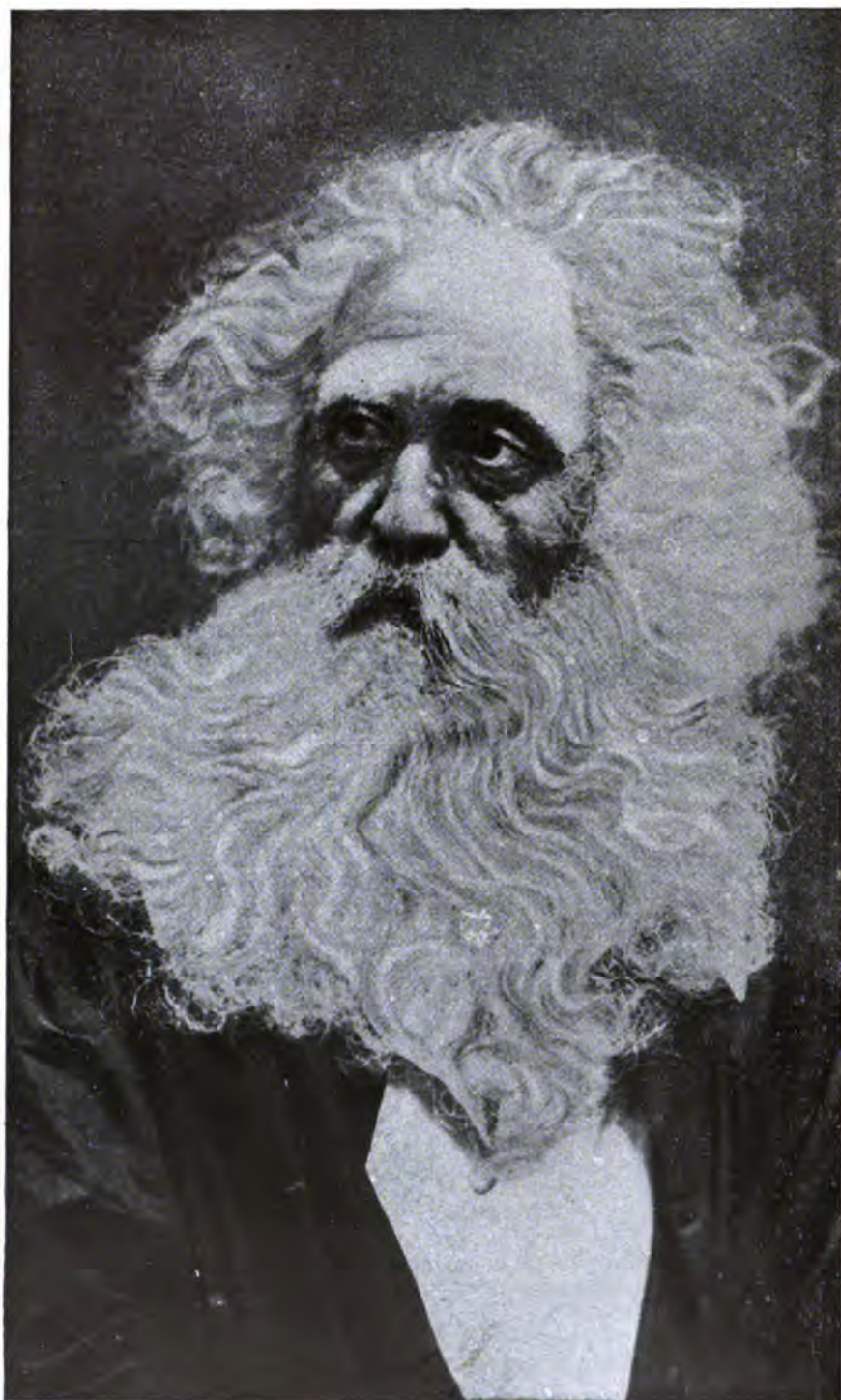
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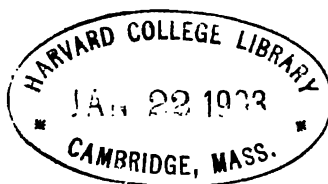
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"THE TREASONABLE PLAY OF RICHARD THE SECOND."

In the year 1607, January 26th, complaint was made to His Majesty King Henry IV of France that his officers and process were lampooned in a certain farce publicly performed in his city of Paris, in that devils were represented as preventing a distress for rent by seizing the bailiffs levying the same and bearing them to the bottomless pit. The King commanded the farce to be performed before himself at the Hotel de Bourgogne, whereupon he discharged the prisoners, saying: "If any one has the right to take offense, it is I, who have received more abuse than any of you. But I pardon the comedians from my heart, for the rogues have made me laugh until I cried again." (*L'Etuille: Historie d'Henry Quatre.*)

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth took herself more seriously than this. On March 5th, 1600, her court at Westminster sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered, five noblemen, Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Charles Davers, Sir John Davis, Sir Gilly Merrick and Henry Cuffe, for high treason, on an indictment of which the only overt act alleged was the performance of a play which she herself and nobody else had pronounced treasonable! Judge Holmes believes the report of this trial (43 *Eliz.: Howell's State Trials*, Corbett I, 1410) an important piece of evidence on the Baconian side of the authorship question. Mr. Alfred Waites, however, in his brilliant preface to the Bankside edition of the *Richard II.*, scouted the idea that it could have any bearing whatever on that question, in that the play of *Richard the Second* therein referred to could not have been Shakespeare's play of that name at all, if only for the reason that, at that date, *Richard II* (Shakespeare's play of that name) was not

"an old play," but had been presented to packed houses less than a year before. And, if it was, why did not William Shakespeare, instead of Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Gilly Merrick, and the others, lose his head?

Passing these questions, the report herewith presented is a vital piece of Shakespeareana. For unless William Shakespeare was the most stolidly indifferent of human beings, more insensible than the French peasant who is said to have kept on ploughing his field in full sight of the battle of Sedan, he must have been a spectator at this trial. His alleged claimant, Lord Bacon, attended, and has left us his commentary upon the trial. Perhaps these two stood beside each other with straight faces, like two Roman augurs inspecting the entrails of a bullock to find out the outcome of a battle.

There were two other plays on the exceedingly ticklish subject of the Deposition of Richard II. Forman says he saw one at the Globe in April, 1611, and there is another in the Egerton MSS., numbered 1994. But Shakespeare, who had already placed on his boards a play similarly named, could not possibly have been ignorant of this trial, whether his own play or not was involved.

A ticklish subject indeed it was! Dr. Hayward's pamphlet, although entitled "The First Part of the Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth," dedicated by its author to Essex in 1599, had so displeased Elizabeth that she had Hayward reprimanded by the Court of Star Chamber and thrown into prison, and she continued to be so excited on the subject that, in August, 1601, long after the trial here reported, she told Lambard, who was exhibiting his *Pandecta Rotulorum* (a proposed work on the public records): "I am Richard the Second; know ye not that?" and Lambard replied, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman: the most adorned gentleman that your Majesty ever made." A remark which the Queen doubtless understood, for she instantly replied, "He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors—this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses."

But, according to the Bankside editor, this Deposition scene was not printed in any edition of Shakespeare's *Richard II* extant during Elizabeth's reign. To be sure the title page held the words "As it hath been publickly acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants," in the edition brought out by Law in 1608 in King James's reign. But later in the same year, the words "New additions of the Parliament scene and the Deposition of King Richard" were substituted.

The report of the trial, in Howell's, is as follows:

The Commissioners were, The earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, the lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Secretary Cecil, L. C. J. Popham, sir John Fortescue, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Secretary Herbert, and divers of the Judges. The Commission being read, the Court proceeded to the reading of the Indictment. After which the Clerk asked them if they were Guilty of the Indictment, or Not Guilty. SIR CHRIST. BLUNT. My lords, we desire to know whether we may not confess part of the Indictment, and plead Guilty as to the rest. L. C. J. Your pleading must be general as to the whole, either Guilty or Not Guilty. Whereupon they all pleaded Not Guilty, and a substantial Jury was impanelled, which consisted of Aldermen of London, and other gentlemen of good credit.

Sir C. Blunt, sir Charles Davers, and sir John Davis, confessed, That it was their design to come to the queen with so strong a force, that they might not be resisted, and to require of her divers Conditions and Alterations of Government; nevertheless they intended no personal harm to the queen herself, and that was the reason why they could not confess to the whole Indictment, because the Indictment charges 'that they intended and compassed the Death and Destruction of the Queen.' L. C. J. Wherever the subject rebelleth, or riseth in a forcible manner to over-rule the royal will and power of the king, the wisdom and foresight of the laws of this land maketh this construction of his actions, that he intended to deprive the king both of crown and life; for the law judgeth not of the fact by the intent but of the intent by the fact. QUEEN'S COUNSEL. This construction is no mystery or quiddity of law, but an infallible conclusion warranted by reason and experience: for the crown is not a garland, or mere outward ornament, but consists of pre-eminence and power; and therefore when the subject will take upon him to give law to the king, and to make the sovereign and commanding power become subject and commanded, such subject layeth hold of the crown, and taketh the sword out of the king's hand. The crown is so fastened upon the king's head, that it cannot be pulled off, but head and life will follow, as all examples both at home and abroad do manifest; and therefore when their words testify one thing, and their deeds another, they are but like the protestations used by Manlius, lieutenant of Catiline, who conspired against the state of Rome, and yet began his letter, *Deos hominesque testamur, nos nihil aliud, &c.* denying they intended against their country, but only to provide for their own safety.—

But admitting that the Protestation of the prisoners was so far true, that they had not at that time in their minds a formed and distinct cogitation to have destroyed the queen's person, yet nothing is more variable and mutable than the mind of man; and especially Honores mutant mores; when they were once aloft and had the queen in their hands, and were peers in my lord of Essex's parliament, who could promise of what mind they would then be? especially when it is considered that my lord of Essex at his arraignment defended his first action of imprisoning the privy counsellors, by pretence that he was forced to it by his unruly company: so that if themselves would not have had, or would not seem to have had, that extreme and devilish wickedness of mind, as to lay violent hands on the queen's sacred person; yet what must be done to satisfy the multitude and secure their party, must then be the question. the example of Richard the third may be remembered, who (though he were king in possession, and the rightful inheritors but infants) could never sleep quiet in his bed till they were made away; much less is it to be expected, that a Catilinary knot and combination of rebels (who have made an insurrection without so much as the fume of a title) would ever endure, that a queen, who had been their sovereign, and had reigned so many years in such renown and policy, should continue longer alive, than should make for their own turn. [It was always quite as desirable to say derogatory things about King Richard the Third in Elizabeth's reign as to suppress any morsels of history she was thought not to relish.—EDITOR NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.] After this the aforesaid sir Christ. Blunt, sir Charles Davers, and sir John Davis said, That now they were better informed, and had entered into a deeper consideration of the matter, they were sorry they had given the Court so much trouble, and had not confessed the Indictment at first. However, the Queen's Counsel produced their Evidence to the Jury, which consisted principally of their several confessions, and the rest of the Evidence used at the trial of the earls of Sussex and Southampton, as mentioned before in the said Trial.

Against Henry Cuffe was given in Evidence sir Charles Davers' Confession, who charged him, when there was a debating of the several enterprizes which they should undertake, that he did ever bind firmly and resolutely for attempting the court. Also the earl of Sussex's Accusation under his hand avouched by him to his face, that he was a principal instigator of him in his Treasons. But the chief evidence was a declaration of sir Henry Nevil, which described and set out the whole

manner of his practising with him. CUFFE. If my being within Essex-House the day of the Rebellion be a foundation to charge me with High-Treason, you may as well charge a lion that is within a grate with treason: and for the consultation of Drury-House, it is no more treason than the child in the mother's belly is a child. SOLICITOR GENERAL, (Fleming.) As to his being in Essex-House, he was not there by force and compulsion, but freely and voluntarily: there was a distribution in the action, some were to make good the house, and others to enter the city; and the one part held correspondence with the other; and in treasons there can be no accessories, all are principals. As to the Consultations at Drury-House, it was a perfect Treason in itself, because the compassing the queen's Destruction, which by Judgment of law was concluded and implied in that consultation, was Treason in the very thought and consultation, so as that thought be proved by an overt act: that same consultation was an overt act, though it had not been upon a list of names and articles in writing, much more being upon matter in writing: and again, the going into the city was a pursuance and carrying on of the enterprize against the court, and not a desisting or departing from it.

L. C. J. If many do conspire to execute Treason against the Prince in one manner, and some of them do execute it in another manner, yet their act, though different in the manner, is the act of them who conspire, by reason of the general malice of the intent.

Against sir Gilly Merrick the Evidence produced proved him guilty of open Rebellion; for that he was a captain or commander over the house, and took it upon him the charge to keep it and make it good as a place of retreat, for those who issued out into the city; and fortified and barricadoed the same house, making provision of muskets, powder, pellets, and other ammunition and weapons for the holding and defending it; and was a busy forward and noted actor in that defence and resistance, made against the queen's forces brought against it by her majesty's lieutenant. It was further proved, that some few days before the rebellion, he had with great heat and violence displaced certain gentlemen who were lodged in an house close by Essex-House, and there posted divers of my lord Essex's Followers and accomplices.—It was also proved that the afternoon before the Rebellion, Merrick with a great company of others, who were all afterwards in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king Richard the second; neither was it casual, but a play bespoke by Merrick, and when it was told

him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it; there were forty shillings extraordinary given for it, and so it was played.

Upon this Evidence the Jury went from the bar, and after some time returned and brought them in all Guilty: and accordingly they received sentence of Death; and were all executed at Tyburn, except sir Christopher Blunt, and sir Charles Danvers, who being nobly descended, were beheaded upon Tower-Hill.

On the 13th of March, Merrick and Cuffe were drawn to Tyburn: when they were come to the gallows, Cuffe spake as follows:

'I am brought hither to pay my last debt to nature, and to suffer for crimes committed against God, my prince and my country; and as I cannot but discern the infinite justice of God, when I reflect on the multitude of my offences, so can I little doubt but the severity of my punishment will make way for my admission into the embraces of his mercy. We are exposed here as sad spectacles and instances of human frailty; the death we are to undergo carries a frightful aspect, (for even the best of men desire life) besides, that it is as full of ignominy as terror; however, it is the portion of the best of saints, with whom I assuredly hope to rise again in Christ: not that I would be thought by anyone to depend upon my own merits, which I absolutely discard, but I place my entire trust and dependence in the atonement of my Savior's blood. I am fully persuaded, that whoever feels a secret consolation within himself, whilst he groans under the infliction of any earthly punishment, is chastised by God with a paternal tenderness, and not in an angry and judicial way. But to come to the cause of my death; there is nobody here can possibly be ignorant what a wild commotion was raised on the 8th of February, by a particular great, but unadvised earl. I do here call God, his angels, and my own conscience to witness, that I was not in the least concerned therein, but was shut up that whole day within the house, where I spent the time in very melancholy reflections.'

Here he was interrupted, and advised not to disguise the truth by distinctions, nor palliate his crime by specious pretences. Then he proceeded, 'I confess it is a crime as black as treason for a subject who has lost his prince's favor, to force his way to the royal presence: for my own part I never persuaded any man to take up arms against the queen, but am most heartily concerned for being an instrument in bringing that worthy gentleman, sir Henry Nevil, into danger, and do most earnestly entreat his pardon. And whereas I said that one-and-

'twenty aldermen out of the twenty-four were devoted to the earl's interest, I only meant that they were his friends, and ready to serve him, but not in the way of open rebellion.' Here he was again interrupted, and so began to apply himself to his devotions, which he managed with a great deal of fervour: and then making a solemn profession of his Creed, and asking pardon of God and the queen, he was dispatched by the executioner.

After him sir Gilly Merrick suffered in the same way, and with a most undaunted resolution: for, as if he were weary of living longer he once or twice interrupted Cuffe, and advised him to spare a discourse, which however rational was not very reasonable, when he was taking leave of the world. He cleared the lord Mountjoy from having any acquaintance with the design; and intreated those noblemen who stood by to intercede with the queen, that there might not be any further proceedings against such as had unwarily espoused this unhappy cause. Five days after, March 13, sir Christ. Blunt and sir. Cha. Davers were executed on Tower Hill. Davers bore his death with a most Christian calmness and composure, having first craved God's pardon and the queen's, to whom he wished all prosperity; as also the Lord Grey's, who was there present, to whom he acknowledged he had been ill affected, not from any injury he had suffered from him, but purely on the earl of Southampton's account, to whom the lord Grey profest an absolute enmity. When sir Christopher Blunt came upon the scaffold, he expressed himself in the following manner:

'My lords, and you that be present, although I must confess that it were better fitting the little time I have to breathe, to bestow the same in asking God's forgiveness for my manifold and abominable sins, than to use any other discourse, especially having both an imperfection of speech, and God knows, a weak memory, by reason of my late grievous wound; yet to satisfy all those that are present what course hath been held by me in this late enterprize, because I was said to be an instigator and setter on of the late earl, I will truly, and upon the peril of my soul, speak the truth.—It is true that the first time that ever I understood of any dangerous discontentment in my lord of Essex, was about three years ago at Wansted, upon his coming one day from Greenwich. At that time he spake many things unto me, but descended into no particulars, but in general terms. After which time he never brake with me in any matter tending to the alteration of the state, (I protest before God) until he came into Ireland, other than I might

'conceive, that he was of an ambitious and discontented mind. But 'when I lay at the castle of Tho. Lee, called Reban, in Ireland, grievously 'hurt, and doubted of my life; he came to visit me, and then began to 'acquaint me with his intent.'

As he thus spake, the Sheriff began to interrupt him, and told him the hour was past. But my lord Grey, and sir Walter Raleigh, captain of the guard, called to the Sheriff, and required him not to interrupt him, but to suffer him quietly to finish his Prayers and Confessions. Sir Christ. Blunt said, Is sir Walter Raleigh there? Those on the scaffold answered, Yea; to whom sir Christopher spake on this manner: 'Sir 'Walter Raleigh I thank God that you are present; I had an infinite 'desire to speak with you, to ask your forgiveness ere I died, both for 'wrong done you, and for my particular ill intent toward you: I beseech 'you forgive me.' Sir Walter Raleigh answered: 'That he most 'willingly forgave him, and besought God to forgive him, and to give 'him his divine comfort:' protesting before the Lord, that whatsoever sir Christopher meant towards him, for his part he never had any ill intent towards him: And further said to sir Christopher, 'I pray you 'without offence let me put you in mind that you have been esteemed, 'not only a principal provoker and persuader of the earl of Essex in all 'his undutiful courses, but especially an adviser in that which hath been 'confessed of his purpose to transport a great part of her majesty's army 'out of Ireland into England, to land at Milford, and thence to turn it 'against her sacred person. You shall do well to tell the truth and satisfy 'the world.' To which he answered thus: 'Sir, if you will give me 'patience, I will deliver a truth, speaking now my last, in the presence 'of God, in whose mercy I trust.' And then he directed himself to my Lord Grey and my Lord Compton, and the rest that sat on horseback near the scaffold. 'When I was brought from Reban to Dublin, and 'lodged in the castle, his lordship and the earl of Southampton came to 'visit me; and to be short he began thus plainly with me: That he intend- 'ed to transport a choice part of the army of Ireland into England, and land 'them in Wales, at Milford, or thereabouts; and so securing his descent 'thereby would gather such other forces, as might enable him to march 'to London. To which I protest before the Lord God, I made this or the 'like answer, that I would that night consider of it, which I did. And 'the next day the earls came again; I told them that such an enterprize, 'as it was most dangerous, so it would cost much blood, and I could not 'like of it; besides many hazards which at this time I cannot remember

'unto you, neither will time permit it. But rather advised him to go over
'himself with a good train, and make sure of the court, and then make his
'own conditions. And although it be true, that (as we all protested in
'our examinations and Arraignments) we never resolved to doing hurt
'to her majesty's person; (for in none of our consultations was there
'set down any such purpose) yet, I know, and must confess, if we had
'failed of our ends, we should (rather than have been disappointed) even
'have drawn blood from herself. From henceforward he dealt no more
'with me herein, until he was discharged of his keeper at Essex-House.
'And then he again asked my advice, and disputed the matter with me;
'but resolved not. I went then into the country, and before he sent for
'me (which was some days before the rebellion) I never heard more of
'the matter. And then he wrote unto me, to come up, upon pretence of
'making some assurance of land, and the like. I will leave the rest unto
'my confessions, given unto that honourable lord admiral, and worthy
'Mr. Secretary, (to whom I beseech you sir Walter Raleigh, commend
'me) I can requite their favourable and charitable dealings with me with
'naught else but my prayers for them. And I beseech God of his mercy
'to save and preserve the queen, who hath given comfort to my soul, in
'that I hear she hath forgiven me, all but the sentence of the law, which
'I most worthily deserved and do most willingly embrace, and hope that
'God will have mercy and compassion on me, who have offended him in
'as many ways as ever sinful wretch did. I have led a life far from his
'precepts, as no sinner more. God forgive it me, and forgive me my
'wicked thoughts, my licentious life, and this right arm of mine, which (I
'fear me) hath drawn blood in this last action. And I beseech you all bear
'witness that I die a catholic, yet so, as I hope to be saved only by the
'death and passion of Christ, and by his merits, not ascribing anything to
'mine own works. And I trust you are all good people, and your
'prayers may profit me. Farewel my worthy lord Grey and my lord
'Compton, and to you all. God send you both to live long in honour.
'I will desire to say a few prayers, and embrace my death most willingly.'

With that he turned from the rail toward the executioner; and the
minister offering to speak with him, he came again to the rail, and
besought that his conscience might not be troubled, for he was resolved;
which he desired for God's sake. Whereupon commandment was given,
that the minister should not interrupt him any further. After which he
prepared himself to the block, and so died very manfully and resolutely.

[Immediately following this report is a second and fuller report, "purchased in MS. at the sale of papers of Peter de Nevé Esq. Norroy King at Arms." In this, the count as to the overt act reads: "And the story of Henry the Fourth being set forth in display, and in that play being set forth the Killing of the King, upon a Stage the Friday before Sir Gilly and some others of the Earl's train, having an humour to see a play, they must have the play of Henry IV. The players told them," etc., etc.

Punishments and Prosecutions for matter published by dramatic representation have been rare in the records of States, the interdiction beforehand through bureaux of censorship having usually been sufficient. Modern instances will readily occur to the reader. The suppression of Sardou's "L'Oncle Sam" by the French Government at the time of the Paris Exposition, lest it give offense to Americans in Paris (who, by the way, heartily enjoyed it), the suppression of the same dramatist's "Thermidor," lest it excite the Parisian populace, and the proceedings in New York City to prevent Salmi Morse's "Miracle Play" are recent examples.]

WAS SHAKESPEARE OF ROYAL WELSH LINEAGE?

Was William Shakespeare of Royal Lineage at all? Having in mind, not irreverently we hope, the patrician lady who declared that she had never been able to convince herself of the divinity of the Saviour of Mankind until satisfied from the New Testament that He was of the royal line of David, perhaps it may settle the minds of those who, like the late Richard Grant White, feel their hearts sinking within them as they regard the "poverty-stricken, kennel-like hovel" in which the greatest genius the world has ever known first saw the light, to learn that Mr. John Pym Yeatman, an English barrister, has derived the dramatist from the earliest recorded potentate of Wales, that "right little, tight little" kingdom of former times, whose people always prayed of nights that God would be merciful to those wretched human beings who were so unfortunate as not to be born in Wales!

Imprimis, was Shakespeare a Welshman? It has not failed of remark that the Dramas dwell always on occasion with affectionately playful tenderness on the fads and foibles of Welshmen. That, e. g., Fluellen (phonetic, of course, for Llewelen) and Sir Hugh Evans, however eccentric, are sturdy and really lovable characters in their sturdy making for the proprieties. Another incident is Shakespeare's use of the Welsh patronymic MORGAN, not only for the good Bellarius in *Cymbeline* (which is proper, too, for the place of that play is in Wales, and Bellarius' cave is on the road from Cardiff to Milford Haven), but for the surname of the priest in *All's Well that Ends Well* (IV, iii, 106), to whom Parolles goes for confession when tricked into supposing his end near. Shakespeare must have known that the Kymric name MORGAN was clearly out of place in France. But there was once a priest, Thomas Morgan, who had Graecised his name into Pelagius (pelagos ouios, born of, or son of, the sea, whence the "Pelagian Heresy" of the fourth century), and there had been still another priest of that name who had translated the Bible into Welsh vernacular. And this might possibly look like a reason for the importation of the name into a locality where

it did not belong. (Nimrod, a writer on Rosicrucianism, connects the name MORGAN, Imogen, or Imorgen, with the "*Morwening* or the break of day, with the city of Aurora, or the city of Medea and of Circe. Adonis the hunter was the Son of the Morning (the German for morning being almost the equivalent, Morgen). He identifies Imogen with Morgana, whose history seems to imply that she was Helen," and those, perhaps, who have the leisure to revel for themselves in this occultism of the name Morgan may consult Sir Thomas Mallory, the *Morte d'Arthur*; or, later, Gleanie's "*The Arthurian Legend*," London, 1869; Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*; Kitson's *King Arthur*; De la Villemaque, "*Contes Populaires des Anciens Bretons*," Paris, 1842; or Skene's "*Four Ancient Bodies of Wales*," Edinburgh, 1868.

In the abstract of Welsh Wills in "*The Great Orphan Book and Book of Wills*," in the Council House at Bristol (edited by Rev. J. P. Wadley, Rector of Naunton-Beauchamp, 1886), it is recorded that one Joan Jons, relict of John Johns, otherwise Morgan, late of Bristol, brewer, left a will in which, among other bequests, she leaves—"To my curate, Sir Thomas Schaftespere, . . . uni collitegia de velvet cum laqueo cerico." This Sir Thomas Schaftespere (the "Sir" being the title generally given to parsons or village priests, and not significant of rank) was also a witness to this will, which was proved on Friday, December 17th, 17 Henry VIII, in Bristol, having been previously proved at Lambeth. He is also named in several other Bristol wills registered at Somerset House, and his name is variously spelled "Schaftespere," "Schafflespear," and "Shakespere." He had a sister who died unmarried, named "Jone Shackspere." His own will was entered at Somerset House, August 22d, 1559, and begins, "I, Sir Thomas Shaksphere, Clark, in full possession of, etc., give to Anne Wyllson, her dettes being paid, 10 £ to begin the world again; to my sister Grace, wife of Richard Storeton, 5 £; to my sister, Jone Shackspere, 5 £; to Tomasin Cooke, my sister, 5 £; to Sir Albon Dolman, my best gowne and my books, to praie for my soul; to the poore of St. Bartholomey, my fether bed; to Sir William Berry and Pynner, 6/8 or my second gowne; and the residue of my goods, after my legacies be paid, to the poor." This Thomas Shakespeare was an ancestor, as it is inferred, of the dramatist, one of whose sisters was also named Jone, or Joan (spelling being in those days an indifferent matter, even of common names and words).

Bristol, opposite Cardiff, is really the entrepot and commercial sea-

exit for Wales. Singularly enough, Bristol is also the entrepôt and exit to and from the sea of Stratford-on-Avon (that is, if we should be called upon to supply a sea-outlet for that small Warwickshire village). For the Avon runs into the Severn, and Bristol lies at the mouth of the Severn. And we know that, in Shakespeare's day, "hoys" from Stratford did float (or sail, if they could) down to Bristol, and sail, or pull back with oars. And Posthumous, of course, went from Cardiff, over to Bristol, in setting out on his wanderings.

If the above inklings of a possible Welsh origin for Shakespeare are held sufficient to account for usage of Welsh names and traits in the plays it will be interesting to glance at the following pedigree, since everything in the way of speculation becomes interesting when the name of the great dramatist can be, in however slight a measure, therewith connected:

I. Gwynedd, Kymric King, A. D. 605, had son and successor, Cadwalon, A. D., 640.

II. Cadwalon, A. D. 740, had son Cadwalader.

III. Cadwalader, surnamed "The Great," "The Blessed," was captured by the Romans and carried captive to Rome A. D. 680, where he died in that year. Merlin's prophecy was that "Cadwalader, the blessed, would return after many days and drive the cursed Saxon from the land." Had son, Edward, 660.

IV. Edward, took possession of Wales on capture of Cadwalader, escaped the Roman yoke, and ruled as King of all Wales, dying A. D. 690, leaving the crown to his son, Rodri.

V. Rodri, King of all Wales, had daughter, Epyllt. At death of King Rodri he left the crown of South Wales to a daughter, who married Medric, a Lord of Cardigan, and crown of North Wales to his daughter Epyllt.

VI. Epyllt, Queen of South Wales, A. D. 843, m. merryn Vrych, descended from a long line of royal ancestors. King of Powis, A. D. 819. Of their issue was Rhadri Mawr, oldest son, who became by his marriage also King of North Wales.

VII. Rhadri Mawr, slain 876, m. Angharad, dau. of Medric, Lord of Cardigan, heiress of the Kingdom of South Wales. Issue: Mervyn Maur ap Rhadi, King of Powis, by succession from his father; Cadell ap Rhadi Mawn, King of South Wales.

VIII. Mervyn Mawr ap Rhadri, King of Powis; m. and had issue: Llwelen ap Morgan.

IX. Cadel ap Rhadri Mawr, King of South Wales. On the death of his brother, ignored or conquered the rights of Llewelen (1 of VIII above), and took possession of the Kingdom of Powis. At the death of his mother, Esylt, he became also King of North Wales; d. A. D. 907. Issue: Howell Dha ap Cadell.

X. Howell Dha ap Cadell, King of all Wales. Surnamed the "good"; celebrated as the Justitian of Cambria; instituted trial by jury of twelve men and a judge who should be as "Christ with the twelve apostles"; d. A. D. 946. Issue: Owen ap Howell Dha. Other brothers took respectively the Kingdoms of Powis and North Wales, A. D. 950.

XI. Owen ap Howell Dha, King of South Wales; m. Angharod Vrich Llewelen Verch, Queen of Powis, dau. of Llewelen, to settle claims of her father to the throne of Powls; d. 987. Issue: Einon ap Owen.

XII. Einon ap Owen, d. A. D. 983; m. Ellinor, dau. of Gwenston ap Greathroed Vawr, a noble of Powis. Issue: Tudor Mawr, of Einon, became King of South Wales, d. (slain) A. D. 992. Issue: Rhys ap Tudor Mawr.

XIII. Rhys ap Tudor Mawr was restored A. D. 1077 to his hereditary crown of South Wales and became the founder of the Third Royal Tribe. Issue: Griffith ap Tudor Mawr.

XIV. Griffith ap Tudor Mawr, King of South Wales, m. Gwenilian, dau. of Griffith ap Conan. Issue: 1. Rys ap Griffith.

XV. Rhys ap Griffith, King of South Wales, d. May A. D. 1191, m. Gweneilian, dau. of Meda ap Meredith, Prince of Powis. Issue: Rhys.

XVI. Rhys had issue: Edinet Vichan, Lord Steward of Llewelen, Prince of Wales.

Edinet had issue Griffith, Lord of Lansdon.

XVII. Griffith, Lord of Lanesdon, m. Wenlian (or Grwendolen), dau. of Holl, Lord of Arecknock. Issue: John Griffin.

XVIII. John Griffin, of Gormley, m. Alice de Weston. Issue: 1. Ralph Griffin.

XIX. Ralph Griffin, m. Julia de Lega. Issue: Richard Griffin, of Weston.

XX. Richard Griffin, of Weston, 1261, m. Matilda, dau. of Ralph Golapre, of Norton. Issue: Sir John Griffin.

XXI. Sir John Griffin m. Elizabeth, sister and heiress of William Favell. Issue: Sir Thomas Griffin.

XXII. Sir Thomas Griffin m. Elizabeth, sister and heiress of Sir

Thomas Lattimer, of Brayvroom; heiress also of Chipping Warden.
Issue: Richard Griffin.

XXIII. Richard Griffin m. Ann, dau. of Richard Chamberlain, of Cotes. Issue: Nicholas Griffin.

XXIV. Nicholas Griffin m. Catherine, dau. of Ralph Curzon. Issue: Edward Griffin.

XXV. Nicholas Griffin, of Berswell (1500), m. Joyce, dau. of Robert Leigh, of Bucks. Issue: Alice.

XXVI. Alice, sixth daughter of Edward Griffin above, married Richard Shakespeare, Bailiff of Wroxall, grandfather of William Shakespeare, the Dramatist.

Mrs. Stopes, author of that notable book, "Shakespeare's Family," which has superseded all other authority on these matters, will not accept this ALICE as the Alice Griffin who married Richard Shakespeare, even on Mr Yeatman's authority. "We must beware," she most properly remarks, "of drawing definite conclusions from over-hasty generalizations." Yet, if an Alice Griffin married a Shakespeare, speculations are clearly not barred. "Griffin" or "Griffith" is a clearly Welsh name, derived from Welsh royalty, since that mythological beast, called Gryphon, Griffin, or Griffith is the royal emblem of Wales. And, moreover, nobody has demonstrated more triumphantly than Mrs. Stopes herself, speculation barred, how slim a book a book on "Shakespeare's Family" would be!

Of course, there is plenty to be said, tentatively, as to the improbability of Shakespeare's knowing or caring much about Wales. One might urge that within the small Welsh precinct in which Caerlion, Tredegar, Newport and Abergavenny lie, is the scene of the Arthurian legends, and Merlin and Sir Morgan le Fay therein disported, the Round Table being at Caerlion (where it still is, by the way, called by the deliciously Philistine, "A remnant of a Roman amphitheatre"—But what have Philistine and Iconoclast to do with Shakespeare?). And that here, indeed, would have been a great preserve which no poet would have neglected! And, perhaps, so slight a negative consideration as this might outweigh with some all the above circumstantiality of pedigrees and precinct!

JAMES FALKNER, JR.

MARGINALIA.

THE OLD AND THE NEW VIEW OF SHYLOCK:—WHICH DOES THE JEW HIMSELF PREFER? Although, as Dr. Beverley Warner has pointed out, the first folio editors put *The Merchant of Venice* among the comedies, our present actors are making the play either melodramatic, tragic, comedy, or tragedy, pure and simple. "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew," said Pope, when he saw Macklin play Shylock. Was he? The celebrated painting of the trial scene in that play portrays Macklin in the English court dress of his (Macklin's) date, with a fiendish grin on his close-cut bearded face, dashing at Antonio with a knife—not unlike a bowie knife—drawn in his hand. To be sure, until the date of Charles Kean, all Shakespeare's heroes and heroines wore court dress, and the height of realism which induced Macklin, as Shylock, to wear a red hat, because, as he told Pope, "he had heard that Jews in Venice wore red hats," was so much more verisimilitude on the stage than Mr. Pope had been accustomed to, that this may have had much to do with the little poet's enthusiasm. But to-day one rarely sees Shylock as a malignant monster.

Two most distinguished English actors, Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Richard Mansfield, present "the Jew that Shakespeare drew" from radically, if not from radically, different standpoints. Sir Henry's Shylock is the greedy, malignant usurer, melodramatic in his hate and venom, which seems to be the ideal for which the very name "Shylock" has come to be an equipollent, but still, as Sir Henry himself says, "the only gentleman in the play." Mr. Mansfield, contrariwise, makes Shylock a gentle, mild old man, a martyr to his religion and a piteous victim of Christian rapacity and fraud. Especially in the trial scene does Mr. Mansfield emphasize this martyrdom. Here he introduces a number of Shylock's compatriots as by-standers. They keep aloof until, when Shylock is offered "three times the sum," they crowd around him, and with frantic gestures and mutterings beseech him to accept. When Shylock, after an apparent appeal to Heaven or to his faith, refuses, and determines, whatever the outcome, to stand not only for Venetian Law, but for that hatred of the Christian which he understands to be his own religion, these compatriots abandon him with gestures of contempt, and file out of court, leaving him to his fate, a broken, bewildered, doting old wreck of humanity.

It is but lately that opportunity occurred to inquire how the Jew himself would read a character which is popularly supposed to be a libel on his race. We print below the Hebrew cast of *The Merchant of Venice* as presented at the Yiddish Theatre in New York City in the winter of 1901-1902, and a portrait of Herr Joseph Adler in his remarkably effective make-up as Shylock therein. One attending this performance was not only rewarded by witnessing a powerful and entirely adequate rendition and *mise en scene*, but, we think, would have been surprised to find that the Hebrew himself exults in italicizing, if possible, the overmastering and malignant greed, the heartlessness and general unpleasantness of Shylock. It is not surrender to, but defence of, the pillaged and friendless situation. Bereft of his house, and of the prop that doth sustain his house, his ears ringing with the news that his daughter is squandering his accumulations on monkeys—and worse, upon Christians—Herr Joseph Adler, in one of the most splendid portrayals of Shylock that has ever been witnessed, portrayed a superbly haughty, even if a ruined, man! Herr Adler himself, to our esteemed contemporary, *The Theatre*, gives his idea of the part as follows:

"Shylock, who is rich enough to lend three thousand ducats to his Christian enemy in mere gratification of scornful pride, foregoing interest on the remote chance of the 'pound of flesh' forfeiture, and later sacrificing the principal itself, and the proffer of double its amount, just for the moral satisfaction of his revenge—such a Shylock, I say, should be shown well-dressed and proud of mien, instead of the poor and cringing figure which custom has made familiar. Antonio, on the other hand, is in reality far from being the chivalrous gentleman that he is made to appear in the ordinary acting of the play. He has wantonly insulted and spit upon the Jew, yet comes with hypocritical politeness to borrow money from him, and readily consents, in lieu of paying interest, to bind himself to a preposterous forfeit, which obviously he never expects to be called upon to pay. These two men, the Christian and the Jew, are finally confronted in an alleged court of justice, packed with Antonio's friends, where the judge is openly committed to condemning Shylock, by hook or by crook; where the prosecuting attorney, so to speak, is a masquerading girl, the affianced wife of Antonio's bosom comrade; and where Shylock stands alone against them all, without counsel, advocate or friend, with nothing but the law on his side! That such a court will interpret the law in his favor, the ironical Jew is not for one instant fatuous enough to suppose. But the opportunity is his for one moment

of ineffable triumph and scorn, holding in his hands the very life of his former insolent persecutor. The real revenge that Shylock contemplates is *not* to take the pound of flesh which is legally forfeit to him, but to show the world that his despised ducats have actually bought and paid for it. His whetting the knife on his sole is a hyperbolic menace: his sardonic smile, accompanying this action, is the only sharp edge that shall cut the self-humiliated Merchant. Then a quibble reverses the case, the court and Antonio divide the spoils between themselves, and—'*Exit Shylock*'! That is the last of him, so far as Shakespeare's stage direction goes. But, having purchased so dearly the right to his contemptuous opinion of his Christian fellow-townsmen, is it not certain that he will consummate his brief triumph by walking out of that court with head erect, the very apotheosis of defiant hatred and scorn? That is the way I see Shylock, and that is the way I play him."

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HON. HENRY M. DOAK, IN HIS FINE INTRODUCTION to the *Bankside TEMPEST*, says of the Boatswain speech, "We will not hand a rope more"—Scene I, Act I, l. 23: "The English speaking world, naval as well as commercial, is so conservative, that 'line' for 'rope' is not only English and American, but Old English as well. Nautical jests are as old as nautical affairs, and cling like stage traditions to the stage. But the saltiest Elizabethan 'bo's'n' that ever piped all hands of a Sunday morning to 'lay aft for a pull to the Gospel hallyards' would have passed 'rope' in the above as good sea talk! Although, collectively, all 'lines' on shipboard are called 'ropes,' there are only three specifically so named on shipboard, viz., the water bucket rope, the wheel [or tiller] ropes, the man ropes. Sailors are called to 'coil down the ropes,' but, from the shortest rope with the longest name [the 'starboard-main-to-gallant-studdin'-sail-boom-tricin-line'] to the shortest [the man rope, i. e., the ropes by which one goes aboard, which hang over the sides at the gangway], all ropes on shipboard are individually known as 'lines.' Shakespeare's bo's'n, like Shakespeare himself, is right."

MR. ALBERT R. FREY, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE NEW YORK Shakespeare Society, and its Recording Secretary, writes us "to ask the members of THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK to make some fitting tribute to the memory of a typical New York poet—MacDonald Clarke. This brilliant but eccentric poet died on March 5, 1842, and as the sixty-first anniversary of his death will occur shortly, it seems to me that the Society which was so successful in the mission which it undertook on behalf of the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, in procuring the necessary legislation and mayoralty approval, and the appropriation necessary to establish Poe Park opposite the picturesque little cottage at Fordham, should not neglect the memory of one of Poe's contemporaries, also a citizen of this great and generous metropolitan city."

OUR SUMPTUOUSLY PICTORIAL CONTEMPORARY, THE THEATRE, does not propose to rest its claim to public favor upon its opulence of color illustration. Its letterpress is instructive and conservative, and, as it should, takes for granted that what its readers want is not sarcastic comments upon the failings of the stage (which are easy enough to write, God knows!), but information as to what is worth seeing. Nor does it fail to attend to items which are of interest to Shakespeare vivants. We

find in a late issue an item which had escaped us elsewhere, to the effect that there is a William Jaggard, a bookseller of Liverpool, a direct descendant of that Isaac Jaggard, who, in 1623, with William Blount, Edward Aspley and I. Smithweeke, was, according to its colophon, "at the charges of" printing the great First Folio.

WHAT IS PROBABLY THE LAST WORD as to Mrs. Gallup from England, is Mr. Mallock's judicial paper in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for July, 1902. This is how he disposes of the lady: "If Mrs. Gallup desired to discredit her own theory in the eyes of sensible people, she has unintentionally taken the best method to bring about this result. She inverts in her own mind the order of interest likely to be taken in her labors. She gives us hundreds of pages of her alleged decipherings, and asks the world to take the accuracy of them on trust, and to be breathlessly excited about them; but the minute typographical facts on which alone an assurance that all this matter is not a concoction can rest she passes over with a few general observations. In her article in the May number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* she is somewhat more precise, but not nearly precise enough. She should take the italic alphabets of the various books she professes to interpret, enlarge all the letters photographically, and devote a chapter to each separate letter, dealing with the original forms of the types, and the manner in which, and the extent to which, their generic features tend, in printing, to become obscured and distorted. There is a great deal more to be said for her theory than her hostile, hasty, and not very well-mannered critics imagine; but Mrs. Gallup herself has certainly not yet said it. For the sake of her own credit she should do this if she can." Poor Mr. "Sidney Lee" is withered back into his filbert as follows: "Still more worthless are the assertions that have been made by Mr. Sidney Lee. Mr. Lee, as some readers may remember, wrote to the *Times*, prefacing his letter with the overwhelming assertion that he had collated twenty-five copies of the First Folio; and then proceeded to state, *ex cathedra*, that no such cypher as that imagined by Mr. Gallup exists in it. Now unless Mr. Lee had collated his First Folios with a special view to the minutiae of the italic type, and the existence or non-existence of different forms used in a systematic manner, all his collating, as far as the present question is concerned, would be valueless. He might just as well say, 'I have collated all the family Bibles in the houses of all my aunts, and it is abso-

lutely certain that Moses wrote the whole of the Pentateuch.' And his dictum, as a fact, was no less absurd than this, for he had not—as he showed in one of his further sentences—even taken the trouble to ascertain what the bi-literal cypher is. He assumed that it was a mixture of italic and ordinary type, instead of being a mixture of italics with microscopic differences of form. This will show the reader how much weight to attach to the mere idle and petulant vaporings of Shakespearean orthodoxy." And Mr. Mallock might have added that, as there have not been twenty-five copies of the First Folio under a single roof for at least two hundred years, his friend Mr. Lee must use the word "collate" to describe his process of examining bibliographically all the First Folios he can visit by rail or get reports about by the printed inquiry blanks he sends to libraries at a distance from London. But even Sidney Lee ought to know that Mrs. Gallup's "cipher" is not a bibliographical proposition! And even bibliographically, Mr. Lee's inadequacies are attracting attention. Says *The Times' Saturday Review of Books and Art*: "Lee's acquaintance with Shakespeare began when he prepared for the Dictionary of National Biography the article on Shakespeare, later elaborated into the "Life," and his opinion is that of a man who until recently was unaware, for example, of the existence of Justin Winsor's monograph on 'Shakespeare's Poems,' and the 'Original Quartos and Folios,' which rank among the noblest contributions to bibliography." The above will not deter Mr. Lee, however, from condescending to arrive during the winter of 1902-3, as advertised, to enlighten Americans upon Shakespearean matters, with a course of lectures upon the great Dramatist.

PROFESSOR MENDENHALL, in *The Popular Science Monthly* of December, 1901, returns to the demonstration of his "Style Curves" (see SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. VII, page 187). It will be remembered that the Professor's graphic exhibition of his results is "made by the well-known method of rectangular coordinates, using the number of letters in each word as the abscissa and the corresponding number of words in a thousand as the ordinate. On a sheet of 'squared' paper the numbers showing letters in each word, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are placed along the horizontal line and on the vertical above each of these is put a point whose distance from the base shows the number of corresponding words in every thousand, according to the scale shown at the left. These points are then joined by straight lines and the whole broken line may be called

the 'word spectrum' or 'characteristic curve' of the author as derived from the group of words considered." That is to say, that every writer has his "word curve," and that, by grouping a hundred thousand consecutive words of his composition according to the number of letters they contain and expressing the results in a diagram you may obtain a graphic symbol for the "persistent peculiarities of this author in the use of words of different lengths." The work has been going on since then, and authentic word curves of many important writers have been made. It was noted first that the three-letter word occurs oftenest in English writings. Cheered by this discovery, the investigators counted deeply into the works of individual writers to see how far they varied from this norm. It was found that John Stuart Mill was fonder of two-letter words than any other writer, that Thackeray preferred three-letter words, and that Shakespeare used more four-letter words than any other man of his own time or since. In short, it was a sort of literary Bertillon identification, and its uses might turn out to be enormous. To apply this method to the great Baconian question involved an amount of letter and word counting quite beyond what might be expected from individual enthusiasm, and seemed impossible until the President of the Verulam Society offered to pay for the counting and classifying of 2,000,000 words. Word curves for Shakespeare and Bacon have thus actually been found. They reveal "extraordinary differences." This enormous count, however, *mirabile dictu*, reveals a precisely identical word curve for Shakespeare and Marlowe (and we call Mr. Ziegler's attention to this!). A writer in the *London Times* instead proposes a "word curve" based on the parts of speech in lieu of the Mendenhall system. Did Shakespeare or Bacon or Marlowe, et al., use the same proportion of adjectives and adverbs to a given percentage of nouns or pronouns? This strikes us as worth the attempt at tabulating and as promising far more convincing results.

TOUCHING SHAKESPEARE'S AFFILIATIONS WITH THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, Dr. Appleton Morgan writes to our esteemed contemporary, *Action and Utterance*: "All recent data seems tending to prove Shakespeare to have been (as Archdeacon Richard Davies in 1703 declared he was) 'a Papist.' The Archdeacon being a Protestant, this was a 'declaration against interest,' and why biographers go on ignoring it I never have been able to find out.

"This seems to answer the question why Shakespeare allowed his

played to be purloined and printed in 'Broad-sides' (the quartos) under his very nose in London, while they were being performed for revenue inside his theatres, thus interfering with the takings at the door. Of course, Papists having no standing in Elizabeth's Court of Equity, it would have been useless for Shakespeare to have sued to prevent the piracy!

Why did not Shakespeare mention his theatrical properties in his will? We all know that he did not discontinue his theatrical interests upon his retirement to Stratford-on-Avon before his death, but, until he died, supplied the theatres with two plays a year, which were, of course, those first printed in the folio. The answer is the same. His Will would have been construable, in case of objection to its probate, in the Ecclesiastical Courts, which, of course, like the Courts of Equity, were controlled by Protestant influences, and, as Protestant influences were Puritan influences, it was the part of sagacity to avoid as far as possible irritating them, and the Puritans hated things theatrical much as the devil is said to hate holy-water. My friend, Mr. John Pym Yeatman, who has studied the original Will pretty carefully, agrees with me that Shakespeare's theatrical estate was made the subject of a secret trust-deed in Mrs. Shakespeare, the widow, which would account for the printing of the plays on the lapse of that trust in 1623, she dying in that year. But this point is immaterial, for they would have passed under the residuary clause of the Will along with that priceless second-best bedstead, anyhow!

"In fact, I think almost everybody now is convinced that Shakespeare lived and died in the Old Faith, and that that entry in the Stratford-on-Avon records, that John Shakespeare 'came not to church for fear of process for debt,' was the effort of some friendly clerk to get him off the fines levied under 23 Eliz. c. 2 for non-attendance upon the Protestant worship.* It was not necessary to wait until Sunday to serve a 'process for debt' upon a resident of Stratford who owned property in the town and was on the street of week-days, even if process 'for debt' or for anything else of a civil nature could have been served on a Sunday, which it could not be under English law. And Shakespeare, as part owner of the tithes, was a lay-rector of the parish and so entitled to sepulture in the chancel, even if the Church was, at that point of time, Protestant.

"I had, as long ago as 1880 ('The Shakespearean Myth,' page 175, first edition) expressed myself as believing that the fact of Shakespeare's

being a Roman Catholic explained the grand old Baconian theory, saying: 'The recent dissolution of the monasteries had thrown multitudes of learned clerks upon their own resources for daily bread, and there was only one depot for their work.' What I wrote then, I still more fully see no escape from now, namely, that the thousands of learned men whom the edicts of Henry VIII had driven from the cloisters, where they and their predecessors had alone during the 'dark ages' kept current and extant the learning of the centuries before them, made their way to London, and that Shakespeare found them out, and from them acquired the material the use of which sets us groping for and disputing about the possible sources of his allusions to occult particulars. Thus accounting for the ancient and occult lore in the plays, very little indeed remains of the Bacon authorship theory.

"This also accounts for the fact that among the 18,000 vocables used by Shakespeare, the word 'Bible' is not found. The three versions of the Scriptures extant in his lifetime were all Protestant versions, and it is demonstrable that he took his versions of Scriptural stories always from the old Miracle Plays, never, in a single instance, from the Bible—good Bishop Wadsworth to the contrary notwithstanding.

"However, Shakespeare himself, as a whole, is a mystery unsolvable to human ken, and it seems hardly worth while to particularize any one item of him, more or less, as unaccountable. I have never been able, for example, to satisfy myself why, being so great a man, Queen Elizabeth did not cut off his head! The only use the Tudors made of their great subjects was to decapitate them!

"I am told that the proposition that William Shakespeare was, like his father, a Roman Catholic, is intolerable in England, which accounts for the persecution and practical suppression of Mr. Yeatman's 'Gentle Shakespeare' (the two libel suits brought by Mr. Yeatman were decided against him by some rulings from the bench, which, I must say as a lawyer, are astoundingly new matter to me). But, though not a Roman Catholic myself, I confess I cannot see why that ancient Church should be begrudged a Shakespeare. Certainly, all the great names in literature down to his time were Roman Catholic. What other Church was there? And whatever one may think of Mr. Yeatman's 'Gentle Shakespeare,' certainly every reader of it must admit that it is that rarest of things—an entirely fresh and original book upon the well-ploughed and ever newly-ploughed field of Shakespeareana! His demonstration that the 'Henry VIII,' to secure representation upon Elizabethan

boards, must have been worked over by somebody to convey the idea of Elizabeth's legitimacy by exclusion of the divorce of Katherine, falls completely into corroboration of Mr. Spedding's theory, so ardently adopted by the now-defunct New Shakespeare Society of London, that the play was largely re-written by Fletcher, a subservient attaché of the Elizabethan Court. To suppose that any dramatist—least of all a Shakespeare—deliberately added to a complete drama in four acts (of which Katherine was the central figure) such an anti-climax as a fifth act, eulogizing Katherine's supplanter, Anne Bullen, is quite too impossible when one looks at it seriously!" [This strikes us as more plausible than the suggestion that the non-mention in the Will was because the plays were owned by the Globe Theatre people, or that Shakespeare knew that his relict and her daughters and Dr. Hall, being Puritans, would regard them as devils' wares. The Puritan may not have cared to harbour devils' wares himself; but, as a rule, he had a keen appetite for cash, and the purchaser would have the curse that went along with the manuscript, and welcome! And the fact remains that these "two plays a year" were printed in the First Folio. Neither of the Irelands are very trustworthy authority, and small attention is to be paid to their story that many manuscripts were carried for safety from New Place to Clopton House at the time of the great Stratford fire, and that a Mr. Williams, the gentleman farmer who rented this mansion, was visited by the two Irelands with a view to finding out whether any of these papers were extant. "By G—d," he cried, "I wish you had arrived a little sooner! Why, it isn't a fortnight since I destroyed several baskets full of letters and papers in order to clear a small chamber for some young partridges which I wish to bring up alive; and as to Shakespeare, why, there were many bundles with his name wrote upon them. Why, it was in this very fireplace I made a roaring bonfire of them."].

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[Subject to second and extended review. Publishers will please not expect acknowledgement or review of editions of the plays from sample volumes thereof. Such reviews would be as unjust to them as to ourselves.]

50. *Francis Bacon Our Shakespeare*; by Edwin Reed, A. M.; 8vo de luxe Roxburge; pp. 233; Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.

51. *Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms*; by Edwin Reed, A. M.; 8vo de luxe Roxburge; pp. 441; Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.

52. *The Mystery of William Shakespeare*; a Summary of Evidence by His Honor Judge Webb, Regius Professor of Law in the Institution of Dublin; cloth; 8vo; pp. 302; London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

53. *Letters to An Enthusiast*; by Mary Cowden Clark; being a series of letters addressed to Robert Balmanno, Esq., New York, 1850-1861; edited by Anne Upton Nettleton; with ten photogravure plates; Roxburge; 8vo; pp. 345; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

54. *The Shakespeare Cyclopædia and New Glossary*; intended as a Supplement to all the ordinary Editions of Shakespeare's Works; by John Phin; Introduction by Edward Dowden; cloth; 8vo; pp. 435; New York: The Industrial Publication Co.

55. *Fortune and Men's Eyes*; New Poems with a Play; by Josephine Preston Peabody; cloth; Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50.

56. *Shakespeare and Goethe on Gresham's Law and the Single Gold Standard*; by Ben E. Green; paper; 18mo; pp. 78; Dalton, Georgia: Ben. E. Green.

57. *Shakespeare in France Under the Ancient Régime*; by J. J. Jusserand; cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 500; illustrated; London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

58. *The English Novel in Shakespeare's Time*; by J. J. Jusserand; cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 450; illustrated; London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

26. *Exercises at the Unveiling of the Bust of Edgar Allan Poe, in the Library of the University of Virginia, October 7, 1899*; compiled by Charles W. Kent; crown, 8vo; cloth; pp. 100; Richmond: J. R. Bell & Co.; \$1.00.

59. *New Glimpses of Poe*; by James A. Harrison, Professor in the University of Virginia; 8vo; cloth; pp. 48; New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co.; \$1.00.

60. *Edgar Allan Poe*; by John A. Joyce; cloth; pp. 218; illustrated; New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co.; \$1.50.

61. *In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere*; by Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe, M. A.; portrait; cloth; pp. 222; New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

62. *The Poems of Henry Abbey*; Third Edition, enlarged; cloth; pp. 290; author's edition; Kingston, New York.

63. *Phætheon*; a supplemental Ovidian Myth, with three other stories in verse and a prose contention; cloth; pp. 126; Kingston, New York: Styles & Kiersted.

64. *Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*; replies to Criticisms; by Elizabeth Wells Gallup; paper; pp. 40; Detroit: Howard Publishing Co.

65. *God in Shakespeare; The Course of the Poet's Spiritual Life, With His Reflections Thereon and the Resultant Conception of His World-Personality Inductively Established from His Text*; Second Edition; by Charles Downing (Clelia), author of "Great Pan Lives," "The Messiahship of Shakespeare," etc., etc.; 12mo; pp. 424; cloth; London: Greening Co.

66. *Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic*; with an Essay on the Art of Henry Irving; by Henry Austin Clapp; cloth; 12mo; pp. 241; six portraits; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

67. *Shakespeare's Plots*; by William H. Fleming; 12mo; cloth; pp. 467; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.00.

68. *The Fickle Wheel; A Tale of Elizabethan London*; by Henry

Thew Stephenson; illustrated by **C. M. Relyea**; 12mo; cloth; pp. 380; Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

69. *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*; by James Bradstreet Greenough and George Truman Kittredge, Professors of Latin and of English at Harvard University; 8vo; cloth; pp. 500; New York: Macmillan & Co.

70. *The Bodley Anthologies*; Florilegium Latinum; translated into Latin verse; Pre-Victorian Poets; Victorian Poets; edited by Francis St. John Thackeray, M. A., F. S. A., and Edward Daniel Stone, M. A.; 2vo; cloth; pp. 244-289; London and New York: The Bodley Head, John Lane.

71. *Shakespeare's Alleged Blunders in Legal Terminology*; by Homer B. Sprague, ex-President University of North Dakota; royal 8vo; paper; pp. 13. (Reprinted from Yale Law Journal, New Haven, Conn.)

72. *Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question*; by Charles Allen, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; cloth; 8vo; pp. 300; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

50. 51. One would suppose that Mr. Reed was unaware that most persons range disbelievers in Shakespeare with circle-squarers, claimants for the vast sums of money in the vaults of the Bank of England awaiting American heirs, or collectors of one million cancelled postage stamps! He is so coldly mathematical in his calmness! We shall give these volumes further notice, but we meanwhile beg to regret that Mr. Reed should so disregard our nerves as to demonstrate that certain verbal alterations from Quarto to Folio texts are synchronous with Lord Bacon's changes of opinion in his scientific publications. But when Mr. Reed goes even further, and shows us by the schedule that that man who had "small Latin" actually invented several hundred words by Englishing Latin roots, we must say that he is heartlessness itself. Hanging is too good for him!

52. 72. Two more books from the Bench on the good old Baconian Theory! As the Bench are now taking up the lawyer's briefs, we shall soon have something besides Obiter. Judge Allen and Judge Phelps have already followed Judge Holmes in considering the issue joined of Bacon v. Shakespeare. Judge Allen will have it that it is all bosh. Nothing against Shakespeare—facts not sufficient to constitute

a cause of action, and gives judgment for Shakespeare on demurrer. But Judge Phelps gives us a Pyrrhonic opinion. Here is one of the torpedoes he projects right into the peppery and petulant orthodox ranks:

"One of the famous controversies of the day, the decision of which settled the action of assumpsit, was *Slade's Case*, 4 Rep. 91. Francis Bacon was of counsel, and associated with him as attorney was a lawyer named John Halstaff. When the author of Henry IV found himself obliged, in 1597, to find some other name to substitute for "Sir John Oldcastle," and to find it in a hurry, did he get his suggestion from the name of his associate, John Halstaff?" Is this Obiter or Finding of Fact?

53. Mr. Robert Balmanno, who lived in New York City in the year 1850 (and who, with Richard Grant White and others, formed the third New York Shakespeare Society, the immediate predecessor of the present institution of that name), was so delighted with the achievement of Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clark, née Novello, in completing the Concordance, that he began a correspondence with her through Douglas Jerrold. This volume gives none of his letters, not even his portrait (both of which would have added to its interest, for one would like to know what manner of man could have induced this charming lady to write him more than a hundred letters, although she never saw him in all the eleven years these letters covered). However, here are the letters; and, unlike most letters printed by admiring friends of departed people, they are delightful reading. But just why portraits of Jerrold, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, et al., and of others of the Novello family, are included, when, as we say, the portrait of the inspirer of the letters is excluded, we cannot guess. For a book for which no apparent *raison d'être* exists, however, this is a most interesting one. You can read these gossipy, domestic, run-along letters with your thoughts anywhere else, and it is distinctly pleasant to come back to the printed page and find that, no matter where you became distraught, you can go right ahead again!

54. Unqualified praise is all we can find for such conscientious, careful and compact work as this, and we hope Mr. Phin's Shakespeare Cyclopaedia and New Glossary will have the large use it deserves. He has certainly packed within its 500 pages a vast amount of information only obtainable elsewhere in bulky and expensive volumes.

Nor did Mr. Phin need a sponsor. Nor, selecting Dr. Dowden, need he have repaid Dr. Dowden's few perfunctory sentences with so liberal a mention of his esthetic commentary in the "Short List of

Helpful Books." Three of these, and half a dozen others issued in close modern vicinity of the office of Mr. Phin's own publishers, seem rather disproportionate in a selected list of twenty out of a possible ten thousand. However, Mr. Phin has a perfect right to state what works have helped Mr. Phin. But the work is so well done that nobody should cavil at little things like these. The book will win on its merits, and the dozen or less omissions will be supplied in future editions, of which we hope there will be hundreds.

65. At least the London *Graphic* cannot say of this edition of Mr. Charles Downing's "God in Shakespeare" that every line of it is "clotted nonsense!" Certainly this remark (page 287, line 10): "'Antonio' and 'Ambition' both begin with 'A,' 'Sebastian' and 'Sloth' both begin with 'S,' and 'Gonzago' and 'Good-will' both begin with 'G,'" even "Hugh Oatcake and George Seacoal, who can read and write," will find intelligible!

67. "Abortive Plots to make Shakespeare Ridiculous" would be a better title for W. H. Fleming's second volume of "Mental and Emotional Enrichments."

"A drama is not written in the form of a triangle, but in the form of an arch" (diagram of an arch)—page 32. "The reason of this is because the curve is the line of beauty"—page 33. "The crest of the arch of The Merchant of Venice is 'Tarry a little!'"—page 322. "Viola is a link-person"—page 323. (Don't worry, gentle reader, she is also "a type of the normal"—page 324.) "Art is derived from the Latin *Ars*"—page 34. "Art is founded upon nature" (proved by some sixteen pages of strenuous argument). "A drama is a work of Art" (perhaps a hundred pages to prove this; it takes a full column of straight indexing to refer to them). "'Classification' means, literally, the making of classes"—page 9. Shakespeare having succumbed to the "Play impulse" passed on to the "Art impulse." And then, with "Environmenting action," "Character foils," "Dramatic hedging," "Character groupings," "Resolving force," "Gradation," "Sub-action," and a lot of other things, managed, at last, the thirty-six plays. The word "kind" means, literally, "in due course," "according to the laws of Nature" (in two and one-half pages of nonpareil Mr. Fleming triumphantly establishes this definition against all comers). "Sometimes in dramatic, as in real life, circumstances arise which make it necessary for a woman to do work which pre-eminently belongs to a man. In every such case Shakespeare disguises the woman in a male habit"—page 207. (Flirta-

tion appears to have been the only business "pre-eminently belonging to a man," in pursuance of which Julia, Jessica, and Lucetta, and Viola, and Rosalind, attired themselves "in a male habit." When Lady Macbeth essayed to relieve her lord of "work which belongs to a man" she happened to be too pressed for time to disguise herself "in a male habit.") "Shakespeare knew that music is love in search of a word,—and therefore, while this lover stands before the casket, a song is sung the subject of which is love"—page 196, which reminds Mr. F. of a quotation, viz.: "Dear friends, man's love ascends to higher and diviner ends than man's love ever comprehends" (Tanier). All this and three hundred pages more "is intended for teachers and students, not only of the Shakespearean drama but also of the dramatic literature of all ages and nations"; and again, "as an ultimate result of this [Mr. F.'s] critical study, the reader will have a comprehensive and clear conception of the play as a complete, perfect, organic art product, and will be able to read and study intelligently any drama, ancient or modern, to have a lucid perception, a lively appreciation thereof"—Preface, page vi.

Shakespeare interpreted by W. H. Fleming is like a Day in June interpreted by a Tumble-bug, and if Mr. Fleming had been favored by Providence with a sense of humor he would himself perceive it. Your Tumble-bug bumps into your midst bringing nothing but himself, and proceeds to regard himself as seriously welcome as—well, as seriously as Mr. Fleming takes himself, when, bringing nothing but himself, he bumps down in the midst of Shakespearean Hermeneutics! Mr. F. should hitch his wagon to such Stars as Laura Jean Libbey or "The Duchess"! Shakespeare seems somehow to swim outside his ken! We are sadly conscious of wasting our space upon him, but do so in the hope that he will not oblige us further.

70. Floregium Latinum should stand beside Francis Mahoney's "Father Prout's Reliques" and Mr. Merrick's "Nugae Inutiles" of lovely memory, in every gentlemanly library. We resist the temptation to quote from this absorbing and delicate field, but cannot forbear Falstaff Falstaff in Augustan Latin (Merry Wives, I, iii, 221):

Falstaff. Di me ament ut congerronis volup est deliques mei, purus putus homo est mallestus, nimium in propatulo harpagat. prave succinct clependo, nihil cantorum modo.

Nym. Ita mecastor bene subripiet, dicto ut citius hoc ages.

Pistol. Apagesis, non hoc igo empsin verbum ficu pudita!
Homines graphici conciliare non subripere se autumant.

Falstaff. Per soleas dispiciunt calces.

Pistol. Siris igitur lippiant!

55. "Fortune and Men's Eyes" is the title of a drama in one act by Josephine Preston Peabody, in which Shakespeare is one of the characters, the others being William Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke; Simon Dyer, a Puritan; Tobias, the host of "The Bear and the Angel" tavern; Wat Burrow, a bear-ward; Dickon, a little boy, son of Tobias; Chiffin, a ballad-monger; Mary Fytton, a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, and Anne Hughes, also of the Court, besides taverners and 'prentices. The Time is an afternoon in the Autumn of 1599, and the Scene the interior of "The Bear and the Angel," South London. The action hinges upon a bear's fight with dogs: the bear breaks loose and scatters the crowd. The Play is a conjecture founded upon the famous T. T. dedication, "To the only begetter of these, etc., Mr. W. H."—

Of course, "Mr. W. H." is the William Herbert of the Play, and the lady to whom the sonnets are supposed to have been addressed is Mary Fytton of the royal household. In the Play she is trying to capture the affections of the said William Herbert, but accidentally meets Shakespeare, whose affections, it is represented, had been previously captured by her. They are alone, and Shakespeare reproaches her:

"Yes, blind you called me,
And 'tis my shame I bandaged mine own eyes
And held them dark. Now, by the grace of God,
Or haply because the devil tries too far,
I tear the blindfold off, and I see all.
I see you as you are; and in your heart
The secret love sprung up for one I loved,
A reckless boy who has trodden on my soul."

Mary answers:

"Will you put by your music? Was I that?
Your Music,—very Music? . . . Listen, then;
Turn not so blank a face. Thou hast my love.
I'll tell thee so till thought itself shall tire
And fall a-dreaming like a weary child, . . .
Only to dream of you, and in its sleep
To murmur You."

She goes from the room and Shakespeare is made to say:

"I talk into the air
And at my feet,—my honor full of wounds.
Honor? Whose honor? For I knew my sin,
And she . . . had none. There's nothing to avenge.
And there's the worst of all life's wrongs to me.
I had no right: that I could call her mine
So none could steal her from me, and die for't.
There's nothing to avenge."

This is a lame and impotent conclusion. It belies the whole conjecture. It is the Sonnets and the Sonnets only that give evidence of Shakespeare's infidelity to Anne Hathaway! Miss Peabody is not the only one who has accepted the evidence as proof. But if "W. H." was the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets, why not conjecture, why is it not reasonable to infer, that he inspired and paid for them? May he not have hired Shakespeare to write them for him? In what wiser way could "W. H." have wooed his mistress? If the plays of Shakespeare were written for money, why may not the Sonnets have been? It is pleasanter to think this than that his honor lay at his feet, full of wounds. It is to be regretted that Anne Hathaway has not been regarded with favor by lovers of Shakespeare; but, however romantic her husband's mind may have been in imaginative fields, there is little to show that he was other than humdrum and practical in all that pertained to real life.

Miss Peabody has done a daring deed in putting words into his mouth,—a deed from which most writers would shrink; for, in all minds, the conception of what Shakespeare must have been is now so high that any attempt to delegate set speech to him rouses almost insuperable prejudices and invites belittling comparisons.

H. A.

IN LESSER VEIN.

[From Mrs. Kirk's "Sons and Daughters." By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

ONE STORMY EVENING IN MAY, the Sycamore Hill Shakspeare Society had met as usual in the library of its president, Mr. Frederick Reese, and its members were discussing the play of "Hamlet," suggesting emendations and offering new readings of even the best passages. Prince Hamlet was far from finding easy answers to the many riddles with which destiny assailed him whilst he was alive, but his individual uncertainties and perplexities were as simple and deducible as questions in the Rule of Three compared with those which his appeals to the universe prepared for remote generations. Here was the Sycamore Hill Shakspeare Society, which had been already studying the play for three years, yet was far from having settled the difficulties which the frequent paradoxes and the anti-climaxes of the Prince of Denmark's career present to the really conscientious critic.

This very evening, Mr. Brainerd, an ascetic-looking Angelican priest, had brought forward a text, hitherto unchallenged, which stimulated a sharp argument and provoked some strong feeling. He asked for a new reading of the final word in that question of Hamlet's mother,—

"What act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index?"

"Index" was to Mr. Brainerd's nice perceptions a poorly contrived word, false in taste, weak in metaphor, obscure in meaning. He was rich in suggestions of what the dissyllable ought to be, and appealed to Dr. Chichester. But the moderate and old-fashioned rector of St. John's, always a stanch conservative, invariably disagreed with the Anglican, and stoutly declared that "index" meant "preamble," and that Shakspeare no doubt knew what he wished to say.

All the others were nevertheless enamored of the idea of helping out the struggling poet at his pinch of need. Mr. Reese suggested that it might be said,

"What act that roars so loud and thunders *to the echo!*"

But Dr. Jasper, the great medical authority at Sycamore Hill, having a lively sense of functional derangement, and no feeling for metre,—being in fact quite indifferent to a foot more or less,—was certain that it ought to be.

"thunders in thy chest."

Mr. Brainerd evidently remembered the historic doggerel,

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar,"

for he plausibly maintained that

"What act

That roars so loud and thunders *in the lobby!*"

was not only happy in meaning but correct in rhythm. But Mr. Redmond, although confessing that he found great originality and force in all these corrections, said he had still another to bring forward. He was a modest man, and shrank from imposing his views upon learned Shakspearian scholars like those with whom it was his good fortune to be associated, but, when pressed, he declared that in his opinion the passage might best be rendered,

"Ay me, what act

That roars so loud and thunders *in my ears!*"

No one could doubt that the guilty queen found her son's indictment rather deafening, and even Dr. Chichester made a note of this for future study.

Mr. Reese, who of all the society was the most indefatigable in learned research, had been not a little impatient at such a prolonged debate regarding a point he considered quite unessential. The moment Mr. Redmond stopped to draw breath, he claimed attention.

"I consider," he remarked, tapping the table with his pencil, screwing up one eye, and holding his head a little on one side, as his habit was in those rare moments when his powers found free play, "I consider that it has been my fortunate destiny to make one of the most important and significant discoveries ever made regarding the actual meaning of the play of 'Hamlet.' I predict that it will come home to you all, as it came

home to me with irresistible force. Turn, if you please, to Act II, scene ii, to the place where Polonius asks permission to take leave of the Prince. 'You cannot,' says Hamlet, 'take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.' Now, in reading this over three days ago, it suddenly occurred to me that this was a singular phrase, 'I would part with nothing so readily except my life.' Pray, how is a man to part with his life? What is he without his life? Nothing. What is his life without him? Nothing whatever. One is the indestructible essence of the other,—they are blended, united,—destroy one, you destroy the other! You cannot part with life as you part with a friend at the corner, one going one way and the other the other. He and his life are inseparable, began and ended together. I have a different reading to suggest for that line."

Mr. Reese paused, and waited to see if expectation was intense. He was tender-hearted over his fledglings of fancy, and it hurt him to be met by coldness and incredulity. Accordingly, it flattered him to see that his argument so far had been convincing.

"Pray, go on," said Mr. Redmond; "this is most interesting. Now that I think of it, there is something unexplained about that passage. Do let us hear how you would render it."

"The error is a slight one," said Mr. Reese; "there is but a single letter altered from what was, I am certain, the original text, but that one consonant defines the whole situation and puts the whole development of the drama in a new light."

"A single letter," said Dr. Jasper, studying the text, "a consonant. Now I wonder which it is."

"Go on, Reese," said Dr. Chichester. "We are ready to listen to anything."

Mr. Reese liked to coquet a little with his opportunity.

"I am more and more impressed," he remarked, "by the wealth of meaning a man can bring out of Shakspeare. Shakspeare is like an ocean; if you wish to play on the surface, then you find sparkle and foam, color and beams of light. If you desire to pierce the subtle significance of his strange and far-off allusions, there are the unfathomable depths to explore, deeper than plummet can sound, and full of the most wonderful riches."

"True," said Mr. Brainerd, "true. Shakspeare was—there can be no doubt but that he was—an extraordinary man."

"Come, come!" said Dr. Jasper, "we grant all that. We want to hear about your discovery, Reese."

"I was just about to proceed," said Mr. Reese. "Just let me inquire, to begin with, whether you never thought Hamlet's behavior to Ophelia was just a little peculiar? He goes forward and back; loves and curses in a breath. Now, there must have been some reason for these inconsistencies. I wish you to observe how my reading of his words to Polonius resolves the situation. Here is my emendation: *'You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my wife, except my WIFE, except my WIFE.'*"

"His wife!" repeated Dr. Chichester. "Do you mean that Hamlet was a married man?"

Mr. Reese had leaned back, a little exhausted, but he nodded impressively in reply to the question.

"He means that Hamlet had been secretly married to Ophelia," murmured Mr. Brainerd, breathless. Although a confirmed celibate, the priest still had some youthful sentiment and imagination. "But why should he have wished to get rid of her?"

"I don't wonder at that in the least," said Dr. Jasper. "He showed the regular conjugal feeling—found her a superfluity and a bore while she was alive, but had true widower-like appreciation of her virtues the moment she was dead and buried."

"I'll tell your wife, doctor; as sure as the world, I'll tell your wife," said the rector.

"Just observe, too," pursued Dr. Jasper, "what Hamlet says about Polonius, 'Those tedious old fools!' Exactly the sort of opinion a man naturally has about his father-in-law."

"Oh, I did not mean—I assure you, I did not mean that Hamlet was married to Ophelia!" gasped Mr. Reese, utterly taken aback at this mutilation of his clear and beautiful interpretation. "I meant that he was married to somebody else, and that that was the reason why he behaved so badly to Ophelia. Of course, I cannot speak from accurate knowledge; my facts are conjectural, but I cannot help thinking that he had made an unhappy and disastrous connection while at college in Wittemberg. His friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, no doubt, were his confidants and the witnesses of the marriage. For, don't you remember that when they come to see him at Elsinore, he remarks to them, 'Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither,' then adds,—jealously conscious that they are well aware that, at one period, he had not been so dead to

the enchantments of the fairer sex,—‘though by your smiling you seem to say so.’”

“Why, this is wonderful, wonderful!” murmured Mr. Redmond. “It does, indeed, put everything in a new light.”

Mr. Reese could not help showing some slight exhilaration at the success of his novel hypothesis.

“I felt certain,” he exclaimed, enthusiastically, “that you would see how admirable in its force, its good sense, and its poetical completeness my correction was.”

“It’s a puzzler, though,” said Dr. Jasper. “I don’t quite take it all in.”

“There is a good deal in it,” said Dr. Chichester. “It certainly throws a flood of light on the meaning of the soliloquy.”

“Offers a clear elucidation of his views about suicide,” put in Dr. Jasper; “for ‘fardels’ read ‘marriage.’”

“But I have a little error of my own discovery to bring forward, which is in this same scene, Mr. Reese,” said Dr. Chichester, for it was characteristic of the Shakspeare Society that each member considered his own suggestions more weighty and luminous than those of other people. “It does sometimes strike me as singular that, in spite of the revisions and the careful editing of Shakspeare’s works, there are still entire lines which critics have passed. Please to turn back a little,—Act II, scene ii,—where Hamlet says, ‘For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,’ or a ‘god kissing carion,’ as other editions have it, now—for ‘good,’ or ‘god,’ I should like to have it read ‘fly.’ ‘For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *fly* kissing carrion.’ Eh, how’s that Jasper? Not only sensible, but scientifically accurate, I should say.”

Mr. Reese now called attention to the fact that it was on the verge of ten o’clock; that there was no time for more discussion, but that it was in order to present any fresh matter to be studied up before the next meeting. Mr. Redmond at once asked if he might beg them to consider the propriety of reading “*Faint* and scant of breath,” for “fat and scant of breath.” There was something opposed to all ideas of a mother’s tenderness to have the Queen make such a gross allusion to her son’s figure. In fact, it marred the beauty and the dignity of the scene, if “fat” were allowed to remain. His correction was:

“He’s *faint* and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet,
Take my napkin, rub thy brows.”

"Napkin," of course, here meant handkerchief, and the Queen had, no doubt, rubbed cologne or some pungent odor upon it.

Dr. Jasper then put in his request to have the society make a note of one exception and one query of his own. "When Hamlet says:—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have its day."

'Day' is evidently a mistake for 'bay.' If a dog were to have his day, why, then, the cat, being a nocturnal animal, would have had night apportioned to her. But no, the cat will mew, and the dog will bark, only, bark not suiting the exigencies of the rhyme, the word bay was put instead of bark, 'bay' meaning almost the identical thing, 'A dog bays at the moon,' for example."

The members nodded at each other, and the doctor went on to say that at the next meeting he should present some original and, he trusted, forcible suggestions on the subject of Hamlet's meaning when he asked:

"Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?"

The clock at this instant struck ten, and a change of countenance, indicating not exactly relief, but some fresh and delicious expectation, became visible on the faces of all the group. The last stroke of the bell-hammer had hardly ceased its vibration before the door opened, and Peter, the chief domestic functionary at the Reese house, made his appearance. He had no need to be instructed concerning his duties, but at once proceeded to gather up the various editions of Shakspeare which encumbered the oblong table, then to place upon it decanters, glasses, and two bottles.

It had always been observed by the wives and daughters of the members of the "Sycamore Hill Shakspeare Society" that there was an extraordinary degree of consistent enthusiasm about the way these meetings were kept up month after month, year after year. Other engagements might be denied, thrown over, derided, but on these appointed Thursdays each man's eyes brightened, and nothing could keep him at home. There was, too, an unusual sprightliness in all allusions to the meetings. "Haven't seen you since the 'Shakspeare Society,'" the members would say to each other; and invariably a genial smile or reminiscence softened the grimmest countenance at the mention. Facts like these could not pass unnoticed. Feminine suspicions were abroad that

something besides the dramatic works of Shakespeare contributed to the evening's entertainment. The most pointed questioning, however, elicited only a careless answer that there might be a cigar after the meeting was over, but that a cigar was neither here nor there; the play was the thing.

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NEW SHAKESPEAREANA

VOL. II.

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NO. 1.

WHY WILL WE YET DO THIS THING?

If we were really honest Shakespeareans, would we go on printing, as Shakespeare's, that bunch of random verses called, for unknown reason, "A Passionate Pilgrim"? We all know, everybody knows, as clearly as it is possible to know anything, that no Shakespeare ever wrote a line of it, except the otherwheres vouched-for two sonnets that have been dragged from their own catena elsewhere and run in among the other desultory rhymes, and whose very presence among them proves not only the haphazard character of the collection, but that it has no right to Shakespeare's name even as its collector!

Of course, there are commercial reasons why this "A Passionate Pilgrim" should stay where somebody has so arbitrarily put it. An edition of "Shakespeare's Works" without it would hardly compete commercially with one including it. Such an edition, in catalogue's phrase, would be "incomplete."

But since in his lifetime Shakespeare never bothered himself to set up a claim to his own compositions, let alone to those of other people—it is not exactly fair to his memory to include things he never wrote in to-day's editions of his works. Would it not be just as well if hereafter "The Passionate Pilgrim," if not omitted from our editions of Shakespeare, when included should be accompanied with a statement to run something as follows: "This is a collection of verses neither composed nor collected by Shakespeare. They were grouped together from various sources in 1599 by a publisher named William Jaggard, who, without Shakespeare's knowledge or consent, printed them with a title page stating that they were 'by W. Shakespeare'; and everything contained

in such collection which can in any way be traced to the dramatist appears elsewhere in his acknowledged works."

Would not this be something very near the exact Truth?

If Shakespeare could even be located as selecting the poems in this collection, it would be something to possess an idea of his tastes as to the poetry of others. But there appears to be not even this mild excuse for admitting "The Passionate Pilgrim" into our modern editions of Shakespeare's works. It was a fashion of the day to print what were called Books of Songs and Sonnets (such as Slender told Anne Page he had rather than forty shillings he had by him, when he found himself at a loss for matter to keep up a flow of conversation). And this "Passionate Pilgrim" may have been put forth to purport to be a collection of songs and sonnets which Jaggard employed Shakespeare to make up for him, and this may have been all Jaggard meant by the 1599 title page, "The Passionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakespeare." It was a lie, to be sure. But it was such a lie as the publishers of that date who were members of the Stationers' Company were authorized by law to tell on their title pages, and they did tell such lies repeatedly, and the Court of Star Chambers upheld them in the telling.

The "Songs and Sonnets" included in the collection are: "If Music and Sweet Poetry agree," etc.; "As it fell upon a day," etc. These two are from a work entitled "Poems in Various Humors," by Richard Barnfield (1598), the first named being a really valuable literary survival of the date, for it mentions Spenser as an esteemed poet, and Dowland as an esteemed musician, of the date of whom, except that he died in 1615, nothing further is known. It is, in fact, from this piece of verse only that we know at all of his estimate. The stanzas beginning "Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle," are also Barnfield's. "Venus with young Adonis sitting by her," etc., is by Bartholomew Griffin, from his *Fidessa* (1596). "My flock feeds not," etc., is from Thomas Weelke's *Madrigals* (1597). The stanzas, "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," etc., were a song of the day as familiar as "My Lady Green Sleeves," and are found to be in several plays by Elizabethan dramatists. "Live with me and be my Love" is Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Mistress," one of the most famous and familiar poetical pieces of the time, and set to music as a song. (Parson Evans, who has been egged on to a duel with Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and who stoutly proceeds to the wrong rendezvous, as does his rival, in order to impress each other with their courage while avoid-

ing a meeting, hums snatches of this song while pretending to await his antagonist). The lines called "Love's Answer" are Sir Walter Raleigh's almost equally familiar "The Lady's Answer to the Shepherd." Two pieces taken from Thomas Heywood's *Troia Britannica* (1609), being epistles "Paris to Helen" and "Helen to Paris," follow. The lines "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," etc., figure as the sonnet Longaville writes to Maria in the *Love's Labour's Lost* of 1592 (IV, III, 59). The verse, "If love make me forsworn," etc., is Biron's sonnet to Rosalind in *Love's Labour Lost* (IV, II, 103); while the "On a day (alack the day!)," etc., Dumaine writes to Kate in the same play (IV, III, 98), though it appears again in England's *Helicon* in 1600, signed "Ignoto." The remainder of the collection is made up of anonymous verses, including the "It was a Lordling's daughter the fairest one of three," etc., which no competent schoolboy would think of ascribing to Shakespeare, and of two sonnets, "When my love swears that she is made of Truth," and "Two loves have I of comfort and despair." These two, however, are respectively Sonnets CXXVIII and CXLIV of the collection, which was then, according to Meres, passing in manuscript among Shakespeare's "private friends," which all the world calls "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to-day (and which, since 1836, have been regarded by many very competent critics as forming one consistent autobiographical poem), of which Jaggard had somehow managed to possess himself.

So the matter stood, until 1609. In that year Thomas Heywood published a work, entitled "An Apologie for Actors." In the postscript to this work he writes: "Here, likewise; I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done to me, by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris from that work (*Troia Britannica*) and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which might put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and he to doe himself right hath since published them in his own name, but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presume to make bold with his name."

This is perhaps milder than the occasion warranted, but it seems intelligible, and, moreover, it seems to have accomplished its purpose, so far as Heywood was concerned, at any rate. That Jaggard heeded the protest to the least extent was a remarkable thing for an Elizabethan publisher (and a member of the Stationers' Company) to do, printing,

as publishers did, whatever they pleased and with such title pages, dedications and names as they pleased. Possibly Jaggard had reasons for thinking that by an inprominent, quasi-recognition, which would not affect the commercial value of his book, he might leave himself in a position to plead either recognition or refusal as thereafter should be convenient.

What Jaggard did was this: In 1612 he brought out a second edition of his *Passionate Pilgrim*, with the still more fetching title page: "The *Passionate Pilgrim*: Or Certaine amorous sonnets between Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare. The Third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Epistles, the first from Paris to Helen and Helen's answere back againe to Paris." He omits the verses by Heywood, but to the name of Shakespeare on the title page he adds the falsehood, so far as can be ascertained, that this collection was "newly corrected and augmented" by him. And he still further recoups himself for any commercial loss sustained by absence of the Heywood verses by lugging in the "Venus and Adonis," a name associated with Shakespeare, and by calling his second edition "The third edition." Perhaps an analysis of this transaction and of this title page reveals two very important bits of circumstantial evidence touching Shakespeare, to wit:

First. The protest was Shakespeare's, not Heywood's. The law allowing Jaggard to print what he pleased, would he have noticed a protest coming from Heywood, who was not at all an important person? Notice that Jaggard, while removing Heywood's pieces, parades them still in his title page by their titles, "Paris to Helen" and "Helen to Paris." But Shakespeare, at that date at the zenith of his reputation, standing well with the court, a man of wealth and of charities, was another thing. His protest, even though he had no remedy at law, was not to be disregarded summarily. Jaggard does not, however, remove the two inconsecutive sonnets, which (as Heywood puts it), "He (Shakespeare. Heywood's pronouns are mixed, but as no name save Shakespeare's is involved, this one can only relate to Shakespeare) hath since published (them) in his own name," doubtless referring to the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* printed by Thomas Thorpe.

Second. If Heywood's protest had not been dictated by Shakespeare, it is inconceivable that he would have simply alluded to the most prominent dramatist of his date, and one of the most influential private subject of the Queen, simply as "another"? Perhaps Shakes-

peare, being too important a person to wish to go on record as objecting to so small a matter as the filching of two desultory sonnets, preferred to be so referred to in this instance. Left to himself, Heywood might well have called attention to the honor done him by association of his verse with those of Shakespeare. And, finally, can anybody imagine that Shakespeare—who had risen to the top of his profession in 1612, and had retired a rich man, and was living in the greatest house in Stratford, its wealthiest and most influential citizen—would have “newly corrected and augmented” a trivial book of songs and sonnets in which two random and inconsistent sonnets out of his own collection of one hundred and fifty-four were run in as padding? In other words, does not the inclusion of these two sonnets weaken, rather than strengthen, the probability of Shakespeare’s agency in the matter?

Be this as it may, and allowing for the noncommittal and negative character of this, the only instance where Shakespeare ever seems to have noticed what the publishers did with his work, this protest and this title page certainly clears Shakespeare of any complicity in the “Pasionate Pilgrim” affair. And it really relieves Shakespeare’s nineteenth-twentieth century detractors from reams of argument to his discredit, founded upon what Shakespeare did not do under certain circumstances. For my part, I am inclined to think that the more we learn about Shakespeare’s personal character the more we are impressed with the honesty as well as the modesty and camaraderie of the man, a camaraderie which even went to the limit of utter carelessness when anything of his own exclusive property was concerned, a carelessness which is the utter despair of plenty of his nineteenth-twentieth century critics!

Another view of the matter might well be, that, since Jaggard could not have been brought to any legal process, he concluded to persist in his pleasure; reasoning that, if remonstrated with, he could plead his partial correction (the removing of Heywood’s verses), and that the ambiguous wording of Heywood’s protest had not led him to understand that removal of Shakespeare’s name was desired. In either case it would seem to have been quite in Shakespeare’s vein to have declined to act himself and to have contented himself with suggesting Heywood’s protest.

As to whether Shakespeare composed the three pieces which were already in the *Love’s Labour’s Lost* when Jaggard helped himself to them, or the two random sonnets which resumed their places

consecutively as of the one hundred and fifty-four sonnets in 1609, there is little to be said. But that little is corroborative of the certainty that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the "Passionate Pilgrim." For, certainly, it is impossible that the composer of one hundred and fifty-four splendid sonnets should have edited a collection of contemporary poetry, and inserted therein two sonnets out of this one hundred and fifty-four (and these not consecutive or important—certainly not the two best nor the two worst), thus deliberately throwing a doubt upon his authorship of the entire one hundred and fifty-four, in which he had erstwhile poured out his soul and unlocked his heart! Poets are not built that way! A poet who would occupy himself with the composition of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets would scarcely content himself with printing only two of them in a volume of verses by other well-known poets!

It is, perhaps, an entirely plausible explanation of Shakespeare's indifference to his plays, and to their fate—not transferring them on the Stationers' Registers or providing for their ownership by his will—that he had composed them under the arrangement we should now call Proprietary Copyright, and so did not own them at any time. But no such explanation is possible as to these poems. Nobody ever hired him to write poems.

As to the poetry in the *Love's Labour's Lost*, its occurrence there neither proves nor disproves that Shakespeare wrote it. For then, as now, snatches of popular songs were introduced into stage plays (as Trinculo's song, "For she had a tongue with a tang," in *The Tempest*, or "Let the cannakin clink," or "King Stephen was a worthy peer" into the *Othello*, or, as we have just seen, Parson Evans treats us to a stave or two of Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love," in the *Merry Wives*). But, compared with the dainty and delicious songs scattered through the more important plays, whose text is given in full, surely those which are used in the "Passionate Pilgrim" are not even within planetary range!

Guess as we may, and cite title pages as we may, we do not know even approximately when any of Shakespeare's Plays or Poems were written. All we do know is that certain of each were extant at certain periods. But, since we also know that he wrote for years without a publisher, and that, after he had achieved a first success, everything he had ever written was hunted up by the printers and printed, this information avails us very little. Elizabethan scholars place very little re-

liance upon Elizabethan title pages or dedications, as both were controlled by the publishers of those days, and habitually modeled by them for commercial purposes. Wither (*Scholler's Purgatory*, 1625) says of the publisher of his date: "If he gets any written matter in his power likely to be vendable, whether the author be willing or not, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he oftentimes gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them salable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title." This is annoying enough to the Elizabethan student. But it would seem as if, where the Elizabethan publishers got hold of any poetical matter which was, or which could by any pretext be, labeled "Shakespeare," they conspired to still more desperately confuse posterity. The *Passionate Pilgrim*, which is not Shakespeare's, bears his name. The *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* have no author's name on their title pages, but are dedicated to Lord Southampton, and Shakespeare's name is at the bottom of both dedications. The *Sonnets*, again, bear Shakespeare's name on the title page, but their publisher attends to the dedicating himself, and selects a shadowy "Mr. W. H." (the pleasure of whose acquaintance nobody seems to enjoy) as dedicatee. The *Phoenix and the Turtle* is one of a collection of "Diverse Poetical Essaies, Done by the Best and Chiefest of our modern writers," and, this time anonymously, the whole dedicated to Sir John Salisbury, whom no records claim to connect with Shakespeare. Though, as some of the verses included in this *Book of Songs and Sonnets* are by Shakespeare's fellows, Ben Jonson, Marston and Chapman, there is, perhaps, less improbability of Shakespeare's having contributed to the collection.

This latter *Book of Songs and Sonnets*, to still further confuse us, is also published anonymously (the imprint merely supplying the date MDCL, without name of printer or place of marketing or printing office). Meanwhile the verses called "A Lover's Complaint" are tacked on at the end of the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets*, though one searches in vain for any evidence—titular, qualitative or structural—which breathes of a Shakespearean source! Where they came from is one of the continuing mysteries of Shakespeare research. But perhaps it is not more wonderful than the fact that, although more than two hundred editions of plays and poems by Shakespeare were printed in his lifetime, and in the city where he lived, not a copy of one of them can be traced to his possession. Baron von Humboldt said that he could not afford to own a set of his

own works, most of which were folios, sumptuously printed, with finely engraved illustrations. But Shakespeare could have bought a copy of any one of twenty of his plays in quarto for a testern. Doubtless it requires not only a temperate judgment, but considerable moral courage, to intimate even a possibility that Shakespeare alone, of all his contemporaries, did not escape the license of the printer of which Wither complains, or that, after his name possessed a commercial value, it might not have been appropriate to market inferior wares not his! But, if Shakespeare can be found anywhere of Record, or guessed, or surmised, or inferred, as having ever anywhere deigned to utter a syllable as to his own productions, he certainly once seemed to have expressed regret that his name had been associated with "The Passionate Pilgrim!" A reader of the Sonnets is at perfect liberty to decide for himself whatever it is that they mean, since, as Mr. Hunt has shown in his fine paper printed elsewhere in these pages, in three hundred years no consensus as to their meaning has been arrived at, except that they are capable of being construed as yielding to a certain order of perusal. But no son of an eleventh son, or man born of woman, can find order or form or consecutiveness, or even a shadow of excuse for their title, in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

APPLETON MORGAN.

[The body of this paper is used by the courtesy of The Neale Company, of Washington, D. C., proprietors of *The Conservative Review*.]

**"THE UNSPEAKABLE SONNETS": TWO HUNDRED AND
NINETY-FOUR YEARS OF THEIR CRITICISM.**

Shakespeare Sonnets. Reconsidered, and in part rearranged with introductory chapters, notes and reprint of the original 1609 edition; by Samuel Butler. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

A New Study of Shakespeare: An inquiry into the connection of the Plays and Poems, with the origins of the classical drama and with the Platonic philosophy through the Mysteries; by W. F. C. Wigston. London: Trübner & Co., 1884.

The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets; by Gerald Massey. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1888.

Testimony of the Sonnets as to the Authorship of the Shakespearean Plays and Poems; by Jesse Johnson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899.

Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets; by H. L. Hosmer. San Francisco: The Bancroft Co., 1887.

A Study in the Warwickshire Dialect; by Appleton Morgan, A. M., LL.D. New York and London: The Shakespeare Press, 1900.

A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare; by Parke Godwin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.

Fair, Kind and True (Shakespeare's Sonnets); by Julius, Jr. Scranton Republican Print, 1896.

Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakespeare; by E. A. Hitchcock; published by James Miller, New York, 1865.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare; edited by Edward Dowden. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1896.

Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems; Being his Sonnets clearly developed, with his Character drawn chiefly from his Works; by Charles Armitage Brown, 1838.

The Sonnets of Shakespeare Solved, and the Mystery of His Friendship, Love and Rivalry Revealed; by Henry Brown, 1870.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: A Critical Disquisition suggested by a recent discovery; by Bolton Corney, 1862.

The Sonnets of William Shakespeare, with introduction and notes, 1881. (Shakespeare: a critical study of his mind and art) 11th edition; by Edward Dowden, 1897.

Songs and Sonnets by William Shakespeare; by Francis Turner Palgrave, 1865.

Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited with Notes and Introduction; by Thomas Tyler, 1890.

The Poems of Shakespeare; by George Wyndham. 8vo; cloth; pp. 500. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

Schlüssel zu Shakespeare's Sonnetten (Bremen, 1860). A Key to Shakespeare's Sonnets; by D. Barnstorff. Translated from the German by T. J. Graham. London: 1862.

Les Sonnets de Shakespeare; Traduits en sonnets français avec. Introduction, notes et Bibliographie. Par Fernand Henry. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff, 1900. New York: The Shakespeare Press.

The Shakespeare Sonnets occupy a very unique position in English literature, and are *sui generis* even among the Shakespeare writings. They possess such peculiar qualities that some early scholars have denied their being a product of the Shakespeare mind, but it is now generally conceded that internal evidence proves them to be pure exhibitions of that art which we call "Shakespeare's." The qualities which give them this abnormal character among poetical creations have disclosed themselves through many years of critical exercise. That many of the verses constitute the acme of poetic achievement, including the technique of versification, is receiving general acquiescence. In deep, compact and generalized thought, in prolific simile and metaphor, in rare

forms of expression and in unerring accuracy of language, many of them are without parallel.

Contrasted with such qualities are others, which have been the despair of students, and the bones between contentious critics. Their obscurity of sense, their evident allusions to matters kept within the breast of the author; their seeming conflicting sentiments; their heights of ideality and depths of apparent gross realism; their ostensibly autobiographical nature, which raises insoluble problems concerning the life of Shakespeare,—all these have surrounded the Sonnets with a thicket of mysteries and difficulties through which critics have tried to tear their way, scratching themselves (and, incidentally, each other) in their efforts. These mysteries have long been recognized, and the diverse opinions concerning them make a body of criticism which is one of the literary curiosities of the age. Hallam says that they were published in 1609 “in a manner as mysterious as their subject and contents, and that, “Notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these Sonnets, the pleasure of their perusal is greatly diminished by these circumstances, and it is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had never written them. . . . There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of Sonnets. . . . The obscurity is often such as only conjecture can penetrate, and so many frigid conceits are scattered around that we might almost fancy the poet to have written them without generous emotion, did not such a host of other passages attest to the contrary.” Hazlitt thought that “If we could once discover the true solution of the enigma which lies hidden in the Sonnets, we might, perhaps, learn much that is now mysterious in the history of his life.” To Henry Brown the poet was writing an allegorical parody playfully satirizing the Sonnet writers of his day. Even the keen mind of Taine found in them “a delirium of ideas and images burned out with energy enough to make a man dizzy.” Stevens would not print them, declared that an act of Parliament could not compel people to read them; called them “affectation,” “pedantry,” “circumlocution,” “nonsense” and purblind and obscene stuff,” and yet there are now more than a hundred different works upon the Sonnets, and translations of them into a half dozen different languages. Boswell criticised Stevens sharply for his estimation of the Sonnets, and was free in praise of the work of “Shakespeare’s youthful imagination.” Wordsworth also rebuked Stevens, and claimed that in no part of Shake-

speare's writings was found in an equal compass a greater number of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed." Ulrici found that the Sonnets "tell us the poet had a calm consciousness of his own greatness, and also that he held fame and applause to be empty, mean and worthless;" and Gerald Massey calls this a "cross-eyed view." Bolton Corney discovers nothing but "poetical exercises" dedicated by William Herbert to Lord Southampton. Mr. Wyndham, in his volume of the poems of Shakespeare, which contains discriminating observations upon the Sonnets as examples of the purest poetic art, says: "Others, again, detached not only from the thought of most men, embody the transcendental speculations of rare minds which, at certain times and places, in Socratic Athens and in the Europe of the Renaissance, have commanded wide attention." Dyce comes to the conclusion that Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets for his private friends, and that they were composed in assumed characters, upon different subjects and at different times. Gerald Massey practically supports Dyce, and has found in the Sonnets a "Secret History" of Southampton and his friends, wherein he claims he has rescued the poet's name from the shame which these writings have attached to it. This last writer advocates the theory that the Sonnets were written in dramatic character, as coming from one friend of the poet to another, and he has re-arranged them into all sorts of new combination to effect his purposes, much after the manner of Parke Godwin. Professor Dowden dismisses Mr. Massey with a gentle wave of the hand. Mr. Wigston, author of "A New Study of Shakespeare," believes that all the plays are true classical productions, written in accordance with a definite system of philosophy, and that the Sonnets are "creative principles" connected with the plays. General Hitchcock, in his "Remarks on the Shakespeare Sonnets" (1865), says that these poems "belong to a class of hermetic writings, having a profoundly mysterious sense, and they cannot be explained or understood from any merely literal point of view." Dowden thinks many of the Sonnets were written upon abstract themes, such as Time, Beauty, Truth and Goodness, but in the "Dark Woman" series he finds nothing but gross realism, and he laboriously follows Shakespeare through a painful story of illicit love. Sidney Lee, in his recent "Life," regrets, of course, to find himself in more or less complete disagreement with all these writers, Dowden, Tyler, Wyndham and Massey, and Mr. Parke Godwin refer to Mr. Lee's "wild speculation" and "arrogant dogmatism," and to that writer's statement that some of the Sonnets are "inane," as "an opinion

that may be taken as a measure of his critical capacity." And Mr. Samuel Butler rubs it still further into Mr. Lee by comparing what he says on one page by what he says on another, and hoping (rather against hope) that in time Mr. Lee will receive the gift of an open mind. Bright, Boaden, Armitage Brown and Henry Brown consider the Sonnets as purely autobiographical. M. Fernand Henry, an eminent French lawyer, has recently published a very able translation of the Sonnets for the purpose of acquainting his countrymen with the wonders of these lyrics, for which he has received honorable mention by the French Academy. A most valuable feature of his work is a complete bibliography on the subject. M. Henry adopts the Southampton theory as probably the most reasonable, but thinks the poet found a strong influence in the Platonic Philosophy. Mr. Parke Godwin divides the Sonnets into six different groups; first "a central or explanatory Sonnet"—number 77. Second, "a few Sonnets which cannot be gathered into a fold with any of the others, and stand out as so many independents, nine in all." Third, "a group forming a somewhat continuous poem, which is commonly said to be a persuasion to a young man of genius and promise to get married, but which has . . . an entirely different object." Fourth, "a series of Love Poems, descriptive (a) of an early and ardent attachment, (b) of a separation from the beloved, (c) of the pains and pleasures of absence, and (d) of a young poet's first impressions, under these circumstances, of the great world." Fifth, "another group of Love Poems, but of another kind, depicting the origin, progress and end of an irregular amatory relation, and which may be called 'The Episode of the Dark Lady.'" Sixth, "a group relating to the poet's communion with a Higher or Tenth Muse, as he calls it, meaning the personified Spirit or Genius of Poetry in its highest conception," and which last group "reveals the youthful aspirations of the poet, his efforts to realize them, the obstacles he encounters, and his ultimate success and triumph over all difficulties." The Sonnets are re-arranged by Mr. Godwin regardless of their original consecutive numbering, and his work includes a careful prose reproduction, according to his interpretations, of each verse. The Baconians are placed hors du combat in the early part of his labors by being promptly labeled "long-eared quidnuncs."

After the foregoing observations of the experts it is extremely refreshing to read John Benson's address to the reader in his edition of the Sonnets of 1640—the first after the original quarto imprint of 1609. Says Benson: "In your perusal you shall find them serene, clear, and

elegantly plain—such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex the brain. No intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle the intellect.” It is impossible to resist the suggestion that Benson was a famous joker! The very first page of the thin, unpaginated quarto of 1609, which contained only the Sonnets and A Lover’s Complaint, presents matter over which the critics have waged, and are still waging, furious battles, with no prospects of a future truce. This is the dedication by Thorpe, the printer, to “Mr. W. H., the onlie beggetter of these insuing sonnets.” The form of the dedication is itself a mystery, being composed of capital letters with a period after each word, in a style, as Dowden says, “unique” even in the day in which it was written. But the identity of “Mr. W. H.” seems to have been considered by writers as a mystery paramount, involving the question of the identity of the person addressed in various terms in the Sonnets, Thorpe wishing “W. H.” “that eternity promised by our ever living poet,” and which, evidently, refers to the immortality the poet so often engages to secure for the “friend” through the power of his verse. Briefly noting, the mysterious “Mr. W. H.” has been found by the scholars to be William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke; Henry Wriothesley, the Earl of Southampton, with his initials transposed; William Hughes; William Hathaway, the poet’s brother-in-law; William Harte, his nephew; William Hall, a stationer’s assistant, “Ewes,” one of the names of Essex, and by a German critic (Bernstorf), “William Himself.” And the Sonnets themselves have been found to be addressed to all of the persons named, to Lady Rich, to Queen Elizabeth, to Shakespeare’s wife, his mistress, his Dramatic Art, Ideal Beauty and Truth, his Ideal Manhood, the Divine Logos and the Catholic Church! Nothing is wanting in the way of variety. The date of their composition is almost entirely conjectural, covering a period of about twenty years. Whether they were published with the knowledge and oversight of their author is a warmly disputed question. The order in which they should be arranged has provoked a fervid and prolonged discussion. The interpretation of individual Sonnets has differed with differing theories, each partisan in turn demolishing the carefully erected edifice of his opponent. The idea that the Sonnets are autobiographical in their nature and express the feelings of the poet in his own proper person is subscribed to, notwithstanding the hopeless difficulties which such a conclusion creates by so formidable an array of critics as follows: Wordsworth, Sir Henry Taylor, Swinburne, Victor Hugo, Kreyssig, Ulrici, Gervinus, Herman Isaacs, Boaden, Armitage Brown,

Hallam, Furnival, Spalding, Rossetti, Palgrave and Dowden. These are a few of the peculiarities which stamp the Sonnets as a poetical world unto themselves, revolving amidst clouds and darkness, their real nature screened from the eyes of men.

THE ALLEGORICAL THEORY.

The belief that the Sonnets are allegorical, or allusive, in their nature, has persisted for a number of years, but all attempted interpretations of the supposed allegory have, sooner or later, fallen into pieces from their lack of continuity. The imagined trail has been followed for a few Sonnets, but has soon become lost among the tangled and increasing variety of ideas. Additional difficulty arises from the amount of personal feeling which is diffused in them and which no amount of ingenuity can remove. They seem indelibly stamped with the personality of their author. And yet, the allegorical theory is not, in itself, absurd. The times abounded in that class of composition. A great writer of that period (with apologies to the Old School) said: "Even to this day, if any man would let new light in upon the human understanding, and conquer prejudice, without raising contests, animosities, opposition or disturbance, he must still go in the same path, and have recourse to like methods of Allegory, metaphor and allusion." One of the first writers to advocate the theory of the allusive or allegorical character of the Sonnets was General E. A. Hitchcock, in his small volume published in 1865, entitled "Remarks on the Shakespeare Sonnets," and which contains some searching observations; but the author's interpretations were clouded by a predilection towards Christian theology, and under the influence of which his mind insensibly framed his explanations. Speaking generally, however, Hitchcock says: "The Sonnets belong to the class of hermetic writings. They carry one sense to the eye and ear, but have another 'ensconced' for the head and heart." This is a theory which in some quarters is rapidly gaining ground; but Hitchcock's failure came from his attempted elucidations. While contending that Immortal Beauty and Goodness are the objects addressed, he was obliged to admit that the Sonnets were written under one rigid idea, or in their present order; that they were composed at different periods of life; that the poet ultimately outgrew his ideals and degenerated to ordinary commonplace. And thus Hitchcock and Shakespeare fell together. Herr Bernstorff, in 1862, considered the Sonnets highly

allegorical; that they referred wholly to the poet, and that the "W. H." of the dedication was none other than "William Himself," a theory adopted by Mr. Godwin. But Bernstorff's interpretations met the barrier of the personal life of the man from Stratford, and went the usual way. Dowden, as noted, believes that many of the Sonnets were written upon abstract themes, such as Time, Beauty, Goodness and Verse, but the task of interpreting the text in detail, upon this theory, seems to have been too heavy for his hand. Even Massey, who is nothing if not realistic, cannot escape the obviously allusive sense which frequently appears, and says: "The Sonnets are left with their meaning half revealed and half concealed. The darkness and difficulty chiefly depend on the dramatic ones being read as personal to Shakespeare." One of the most scholarly and appreciative studies of the Sonnets that has yet appeared is contained in "A New Study of Shakespeare," first published anonymously in England in 1884, but later acknowledged by W. F. C. Wigston. This author concludes that the Sonnets are symbolical and allegorical, and holds that they contain the principles of Shakespeare's art. He connects them and the plays with the origin of the classical drama and with the Platonic philosophy through the Elusinian Mysteries. The work will bear most careful study, and supplies some suggestions which are as keen and pertinent as they are striking. But so far as the Sonnets are concerned, it would seem as if Mr. Wigston has overshot his mark, for, while many of his observations are interesting and cogent, they are suggestive rather than enlightening; and, what is more serious, his theory practically eliminates the warm, personal, passionate, biographical character of the Sonnets, which so thoroughly permeates them, and which has survived the conflicting theories and tumultuous conflict of all the critics. Mr. George Wyndham "recognizes the mysteries of the Sonnets, but lays the riddles aside for a study of the purely artistic excellence of the verse. Yet he tacitly recognizes their parabolical nature, and says that "It is best, perhaps, to take Sidney's advice, and to believe with him that 'there are many mysteries contained in Poetrie which are of purpose written darkly.'" Some of the numbers he pronounces "subtly metaphysical"; some as "steeped in Platonism"; others as of "curious metaphysical significance"; some are "pieces of mingled splendor and obscurity," and contain "transcendental" arguments. As a matter of fact, by the time we are through Mr. Wyndham's admirable "Introduction," the Sonnets have become the most mystical, allusive, symbolical and allegorical of poeti-

cal conceit, and Shakespeare, the untutored and untrammelled child of Nature, sings of profound philosophical and metaphysical abstractions with an art and skill before which even Dante and Sidney become mute. But Mr. Wyndham recognizes the significant fact that the Sonnets, despite their Platonic ideas and allusions, are something different from an exposition of Platonic philosophy, and here he and Mr. Wigston part company. He says: "The phrase—*genio Socratem*—applied to him in the epitaph on his monument, attests his fondness for Platonic theories; he was conversant with these theories, and in the Sonnets he addressed a little audience equally conversant with these theories; it is, therefore, not surprising that he should have borrowed their terminology. In some Sonnets he does so, but the Sonnets are not, therefore, some have argued, an exposition of Plato's theory or of its Florentine development. Shakespeare in certain passages does but lay under contribution the philosophy of his time just as, in other passages, he lays under contribution the art and occupations of his time, and in others, more frequently, the external processes of Nature. His Sonnets are no more a treatise of philosophy than they are a treatise of law."

Mr. H. L. Hosmer, in a volume entitled "Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets" (1887), produces an interpretation based upon an arbitrary "key," in which the different forms of the personal pronoun used in the verses are made to impersonate abstractions of Thought, Beauty and Tragedy and the persons of Bacon and Shakespeare. While this author has caught the allusive sense in some instances, his unyielding "key" leaves him in the end far away from the subtle meanings of the poet. While holding to the Baconian theory of authorship, he makes no comparative studies of the Sonnets themselves, but finds in them a story of Bacon's transfer to Shakespeare of his dramatic writings, and sees in each number of the "Dark Woman" series a description of a Shakespeare Tragedy.

Mr. Jessie Johnson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a small volume published in 1899 ("Testimony of the Sonnets"), elaborates to some extent the theory that the Sonnets were addressed to Shakespeare, but the unknown author is not identified. Only fifty of the entire 154 numbers are touched upon, and many of them but lightly. No attempt is made at a detailed interpretation. The author is driven, by the necessities of the text, to certain conclusions, among which, that the Stratford man did not write them; that the real author was older than Shakespeare; that they were not addressed to Southampton or Herbert; that they portrayed the real

emotions of the poet; that they have a common theme, and are based upon actual occurrences; that the author's poetry was his only mistress, etc.,—conclusions which we freely indorse, but in a sense and from a point of view which would not, probably, be in return indorsed by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Godwin splits the difference. In his "groupings" of the Sonnets he finds sixty-eight numbers which he looks upon as strictly figurative and as having reference to the poet's art and to his "Higher Muse" or "Genius." The remainder are realistic, and number 21, 25 and 130 are supposed to have been addressed to Anne Hathaway before she became Shakespeare's wife! As another sample of Mr. Godwin's realistic interpretation, will be found the following under number 18: "As the lad repeated these lines to the girl, either at Shottery, her home, or in his father's house, she, if she was the woman I take her to have been, threw her arms about him and gave her some hearty kisses, exclaiming, "Oh, Willie, boy! if ever there was a poet, you are one." But had Mr. Godwin opened his eyes a little wider he might possibly have found more allegory and less realism. Theron S. Dixon in 1895 put forth a work ("Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare") containing new studies of some of the Plays which has not received the attention it merits. Referring in this work to the author of the Sonnets he says: "One, and yet twain; present, yet absent; owning, and yet dispossessed; exalted, and yet unhonored; seemingly indifferent, and yet fondly appreciative; suffering the bitterness of deprivation; such was the turmoil involved in the enactment of this amazing self-parallelism. And, strange to say, it has been graphically portrayed, over and over again, in picture after picture, in a whole series of powerful pictures, drawn by his master hand. Indeed, it is the one continual theme of the Sonnets, their unifying bond, the motive and the burden of their song. To give appropriate expression, in unblushing words, to his lofty appreciation of his own work, in perhaps needful contradiction to his apparent neglect, and yet in such a way as to effectually preclude the premature disclosure of his secret, was the truly formidable difficulty which confronted him. But, Samson-like, by the sheer power of his intellectual might, he slew this lion in his pathway, found honey in its jaws, and put the whole into a riddle, which, as there was really no Delilah in the case, has for ages greatly perplexed both Philistines and the Literati; remaining so utterly inexplicable that even the scholarly Hallam recorded his heartfelt wish that the Sonnets had never been written." Mr. Dixon has written a deeply thoughtful work. He has shot but one arrow at the target of the Sonnets, but that shaft sticks quivering in the gold.

Under the pseudonym of "Junius, Jr.," Mr. John Duggan, of Dunmore, Pennsylvania, published a small work upon the Sonnets in 1894, under the title, "Fair, Kind and True," in which he holds to the Baconian theory of authorship. He claims that "The meaning of the Sonnets is to define and relate the history of the Plays, and other facts connected with the personal history of the poet, told in the Esoteric or Acromatic method of delivery, which to-day exists in these Poems, unfolded in the outside or common meaning," and he believes he finds a cipher relation between the numbers of the Sonnets and certain pages of the Folio edition of the Plays. He thus belongs to the allegorical school, and some of his detailed interpretations show fine discernment and will probably stand the test of time. A very curious coincidence discovered by him is that the word "threescore" in Sonnet Number 11 is the sixtieth word from the beginning of the verse. Dr. Appleton Morgan, the President of the Shakespeare Society of New York, has, in his most scholarly and thorough work, "A Study in Warwickshire Dialect," made it very nearly impossible to believe that a Stratford-born man could have been author of the poems now attributed to him. But the learned doctor seems a little backward about forming or expressing any opinion as to who the real author was. Several English authors have also taken a turn at solving the great puzzle. J. H. Stotsenburgh and W. Theobald are quite satisfied that Philip Sidney was the true author of the Sonnets, while Mrs. Constance M. Pott, Henry W. Burr and R. M. Theobald adhere to the theory of Bacon's authorship. Samuel Butler (1899) publishes his special brand of the Sonnets after "imagining," "perhapsing," "taking" and "suspecting" to such an extent that, as he naïvely confesses, it is "shocking" even to himself. He preserves the order of their publication, with three or four exceptions, contends that the whole series was written before 1589, argues Pembroke and Southampton both out of court, adheres to the literal interpretation with a few salacious variations of his own, and finally succeeds in establishing that the identity of "W. H." and of the black mistress are unsolved problems. He changes the text of the Sonnets several times to meet the necessities of his misunderstandings, notably the word "books" in Number 23 to "looks."

Then there are the Baconian cipherists, headed by Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup, who maintain that the Sonnets constitute a cipher story of Bacon's early infatuation for Margaret, the wife of Henry of Navarre; it thus appearing that there is as much trouble in the New as in the Old

Schools of Shakespearean scholarship. And, verily, the pathetic exclamation of the author of the Sonnets comes home to us with a present vivid reality: "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

It remains to add another theory which has lately come under my observation through reading a study of the Sonnets in a manuscript of about six hundred pages, not yet published. This investigator, after about five years' study of this vexed question, finds himself driven to the following conclusions: "*First.* That the Sonnets, as well as the Plays, were written by Francis Bacon. *Second.* That in the Sonnets Bacon has given us one of his 'models' or 'platforms' of what he terms 'Paraboli cal and Allusive Poesy.' *Third.* That the Sonnets are autobiographical to Bacon and relate entirely to him and his art productions. *Fourth.* That their objects are to immortalize his own dramatic and poetic genius, to furnish the grave of, and a monument to, that genius which he buried under the name of 'Shakespeare'; to furnish within themselves, by their allusive nature and their thought connection with his philosophical writings, a contained vitality which, in future ages, would resurrect that genius from its tomb in his own name to live in literary immortality. *Fifth.* Being childless himself, to bequeath to posterity the plays and poems as children of his brain. *Sixth.* That the person or object addressed in the Sonnets, under varied terms of endearment, is himself personalized in his genius or spirit, and figured by the character of the Greek god Cupid, under the latter's two, early and late, manifestations as the oldest and youngest of the Greek gods. *Seventh.* That possibly a very few of the Sonnets are miscellaneous in their character, and published with the others to further mystify the readers of his day."

And thus stands to-day the great problem of the Sonnets and the attempts at its solution, and thus it will stand and thus remain. It will not be enough to lovers of Shakespeare's art to gaze upon the beauty of the veil while that wonderful intelligence is hidden behind it. The subject will be essayed until the enigma is solved and the mind rests in such an interpretation as does full credit to the intellectual greatness of the poet. It is inconceivable that one hundred and fifty-four great lyrics, coined from the best heart's blood of the poet, beaten into perfect form upon the poet's anvil by days and nights of labor, should be nothing but the work of a hired hand for some dissolute nobleman, or

the cringing, obsequious tasks of a lackey fawning upon the hand that strikes him, and publishing to the world the cheap shames of himself and his cheap and unfaithful friend. It is painful that intelligent men could rest satisfied with such a conception of the personal character of that majestic mind from which came *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, and *Lear*! Better a thousand times, if necessary, to lose forever the personality of the Stratford actor than be barred by such gross and unworthy conceptions from the divine presence of the genius which gave the *Sonnets* being. The problem is of deep interest, for in the *Sonnets* alone the personality of the poet comes before us, pulsating with human emotions, yet baffling and mocking us by that wonderful intellectual veil behind which he hides his true features. The life of Shakespeare is so meagre, so unsatisfactory, so inconsistent with his works, that the mind searches with the strongest curiosity every avenue, nook and cranny for additional information concerning him, and, in lieu of facts, builds his personal character, and even details of his life, from the varied sentiments of his writings. If we had but one authentic page of Shakespeare's manuscript containing a hundred words of one of his plays, it would be cherished by the race as a precious thing. "But now he's gone, and our idolatrous fancy must sanctify his relics."

Why should Shakespeare hide his personality in the *Sonnets*? What use had this child of Nature for metaphysical subtilities worthy the trained mind of some cloistered monk? How comes it that this unsophisticated youth puts to confusion the university priests in their own temples? Why any allegory at all? We explain the imagery taken from natural objects and the countless allusions to Nature, found in the Plays, to the rural surroundings of the youthful Shakespeare and his freedom from the artificiality and verbal niceties of University scholars. We attribute his accurate knowledge of history to his study of Plutarch's *Lives* and Holinshed's *Chronicles*; his deep and accurate knowledge of law and forensic procedure we explain by the gratuitous supposition that in his youth he was a lawyer's clerk; his technical familiarity with medicine, gardening, music, navigation, heraldry and Court manners, and his profound knowledge of human nature and the effect of the play of human passions and emotions, by assuming for him a mysterious power of minute and universal observation. But how may we explain his passage from the world of sense to the realms of scholastic abstractions, of comparative philosophies, of recondite speculations and the powers of the unseen? Really, we have never found

a satisfactory answer to this question. We wonder, but do not explain. And the chances are that we will "wonder on" until the mystery of the Sonnets is solved, and "truth makes all things plain." Had the name "Shakespeare" been but a pseudonym, with no person answering to it, a solution of these mysteries might before this have been universally recognized. But the screen of a personality is forever before our faces, and not until that is drawn aside may we begin to view this subject in its true light.

F. C. HUNT.

MARGINALIA

MR. FRANK LEA SHORT HAS DESERVED WELL OF SHAKESPEAREAN STUDENTS. His production at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, in New York City, of an Elizabethan stage, with a Shakespeare tragedy and comedy thereon, was, as far as modern conditions allow, exact. And those dramatic critics who have ridiculed and sneered at Mr. Short and his show have ridiculed and sneered, not at Mr. Short, but at an Elizabethan stage and at a Shakespeare tragedy and a Shakespeare comedy thereon!

Fifteen years ago, in 1888, Dr. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, wrote to the New York Shakespeare Society that Dr. Goedertz, of Berlin, had discovered in the Royal Prussian Library in that city a letter written from London in 1595 by the Dominie John de Witt, Canon of St. Mary's Cathedral in Utrecht, to friends at home, in which he mentions, among his sightseeing tours in London, a visit to the Swan Theatre. The Society's experiences of "finds" in Shakespearean matters had led it to be cautious and wary. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps seemed impressed with the veracity of this one, and upon minute examination the Society was able to concur. Dominie de Witt's letter, barring the parenthetical explanation in Dutch, is entirely in Latin, and runs as follows:

"*Ampiteatra Londonij sunt IV visendae pulchritudinis quae a diversis intersignijs diversa nomina sortiuntur—in ijs varia quotidie scaena populo exhibetur, Horumduo excellentior a ultra Tamisim ad meridiem sita sunt a suspensis signis Rosa et Cygnus nominata, Alia duo extra urbem ad septrenionem sunt, via qua itur per Episcopalem portano vulgaritur 'Biscopgat' nuncupatam. Est etiam quintum sed dispari et structura bestiorum conceitationi destinatum, in quo multi ursi, Tauri, et stupdendi magnitudinis canes, discretis caneis et septis oluntur, qui ad pugnam adservantur, jocun dissimum hominibus spectaculum praebentes Theatorum autem omnium praestantis simum est ad amplissimum id cujus intersignium est Cygnus (vulgo, te Theatre off te*

cign) quippe quod tres mille homines in sedibus admittat, constructum excoacerrum injens in Brittania copia est) ligneis suffultum columnis quae ob illitum marmoreum colorem, natutissi mos quoque fallere possent. Cujus quidem formam quod Romani operis umbram videatur exprimere supra adpinxi." A rough translation of which might be: "You find in London four beautiful theatres, well worthy of remark, which are distinguished by signs as well as by names, in which a variety of plays are exhibited for the entertainment of the people. Two of these are southwardly from the centre of the city, across the river Thames, and are called, respectively, The Rose and The Swan. Two others are north of these through Bishops-gate, or what is commonly called 'Bishopsgut.' There is also a fifth, of a somewhat dissimilar character, in which bears and bulls are kept and fed in cages to be brought out to be fought with immense dogs, to the great delight of the spectators. But of all these theatres, most notable is the one distinguished by the sign of the Swan, and hence called The Swan Theatre. This theatre will seat three thousand spectators. It is built of flint stone (or pyrites), a material which abounds in Great Britain, and is ornamented with wooden columns, so cleverly stained to imitate marble as to deceive any but a very close observer. As its shape seems to be modelled upon the ordinary Roman work, I send you a picture of it.

The Society printed this letter and sketch in the seventh volume of its *Bankside Shakespeare*, and the sketch has been liberally and constantly reproduced elsewhere ever since,—in newspapers, magazines, and in dozens of important works upon dramatic matters,—and is absolutely unique and valuable in this quest. In exactly reproducing his stage in material from the de Witt sketch, Mr. Short has therefore taken no chances, and assumed guarantee for no conjectural propositions as to what an Elizabethan stage was like, drawn from Stubbs, Northcote, or even from the less vindictive modern, Henri Taine (though the latter's description of the ensemble of one of the Shakspearean playhouses, with all its banality and general unpleasantness, is undoubtedly, sad as it all is, the best and truest we have). He is actually within the Fact!

Dominie de Witt, being a stranger in London, was minute, as strangers are apt to be, and his record is beyond invaluation. Londoners—Forman, Manningham, and many others—have told us about the plays, but Dominie de Witt alone has given us exact particulars in his thumbnail sketch of what the actual interiors were like.* I may add that the Dominie's sketch shows (unless a pretty careful examination of

the plays running in London at that date in London is awry) the stage of *The Swan* during a performance of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* at the point where Malvolio is strutting before the Lady Olivia and the forewise and uncommunicative Maria. (This conclusion rather worries the dates usually given for *Twelfth Night*, anticipating them by almost twenty years. But what are surmises before visible facts?)

Mr. Short, therefore, by exactly following this de Witt sketch, has, beyond any peradventure, given us for the first time in New York City an actual representation of an Elizabethan theatre in Shakespeare's day! For the rest, Mr. Short has preserved everything possible to give his audience the *raissement* and the perspective. He has not, indeed, in his representation of the contemporary and synchronous spectator, whom (also his actors) he has presented to clap and *guy* alternately with interspersed hawkers of apples and flower girls, put his fine ladies into boys' clothes, or made his courtiers and gallants seat themselves upon the stage itself, to toss the actors in the piece in blankets, or to smoke church-warden pipes of the Virginia weed. Nor has he wound up the play with a "Prayer for the Queen," for nobody knows whether that "Prayer" was verbal, or only a flourish of the herald's trumpet, or an Epilogue's gesture. Nor, since the training of boys to play women's parts has lain in innocuous desuetude for some three hundred years, was Mr. Short able, at ten days' notice, to give the part of Juliet to a boy, or that of Rosalind to a boy who should pretend to be a girl who was pretending to be a boy. "*Non omnia possumus omnes et tempora mutantur.*" We might as fitly ask that he remove the orchestra chairs, and stable horses during the intervals of performance, so that the pit could be in the condition of an inn yard, or take the roof off the playhouse itself, so that rain might deluge the spectators! But Mr. Short gave us a real Elizabethan playhouse and a real Shakespearean mounting to a Shakespeare play, and that was what he started out to do.

The newspaper criticism that the "*Romeo and Juliet*" and "*As You Like It*" were quite too largely cut was itself *afeld*. No Shakespeare play was ever played in Shakespeare's day to the extent to which we have it in the First Folio. The conditions would not have allowed it. The play was begun at four and ended at six—"the two hours' traffic of our stage"—to begin with, and, as what the audience wanted was the story, the episodes,—as they cared nothing for the introspection, the philosophy, and the politics,—this was time enough. It is a long subject, but anyone who will look at the *Hamlet* (for example) as played

(the first Quarto) and the Hamlet as printed in the second Quarto, will absorb the whole matter distinctly as it is. No one who has missed Mr. Short's reproduction of the Elizabethan stage can realize how much he has missed—that is, if he has missed anything he was interested in at all.

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY YEARS' APPRECIATION in prices of the First Folio—the four Daly Folios— according to the following letter: “300 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York, April 4, 1901. Dr. Appleton Morgan, New York. Dear Sir:—I find that our estimate of the cost of the manufacture of the Shakespeare folios of 1623 is more difficult than I had supposed. The items are:

Typesetting, 578 pages, including make-up and proof-reading,	£	s.	d.
about 400 days at 10d per day.....	16	13	4
Press work, 145 days for two men, or 290 days at 8d per day.	9	13	4
Paper, 300 reams, not counting outside of retree sheets at 30d	37	10	0
Binding in leather at 14d each, 500.....	29	3	4
	£	93	0 0
To this the printer added one-half more for incidentals and			
profit	46	10	0
	£	139	10 0

This £139.10 is probably what the publisher of the book had to pay, making the cost per copy (500) about 5 shillings and 7 pence. The folio book in 1623 (of four thicknesses) sold for from 10s. to 12s. This may seem an enormous advance. But it should be recollected that the book was slow of sale. If I recollect aright, it took more than forty years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakespeare. Yours very truly, Theodore L. DeVinne.” Judging, as Mr. DeVinne does, that five hundred is as large a number of copies of this Folio as a prudent publisher would have dared to manufacture in 1623 (for that there was no great demand for dramatic literature at that date we know from all sources), we are able to construct the following table of appreciations, supposing (a liberal figure according to the above) that the Folio sold at retail for one pound sterling:

1623	Jaggard, Blount, Smithweek and Aspley.....	\$	5	00
1758	Copy owned by Martin Folkes, President of the Royal Society.....		15	75

1787	Dr. Wright's copy.....	50 00
1790	Duke of Roxburge paid.....	190 50
1799	Thomas Allen's copy.....	205 00
1812	Roxburghe's copy, now the Duke of Devonshire's (13 1-8 inches high).....	500 00
1818	Saunder's copy (Dibdin said: "The highest price ever likely to be given").....	608 00
1847	Wilks' copy (the Hibbert copy).....	775 00
1854	Gardner's copy (from the Wilks and Hibbert sales, now in the Alfred H. Huth collection).....	1,250 00
1864	Daniel's copy (the Moore, Booth and Rokewood copy; cost Daniel £150; now in the library of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts)	3,580 50
1878	C. H. Kalbfleish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., paid for the Robert Tait copy.....	2,400 00
	Same copy.....	3,580 50
1884	Copy purchased by Mrs. Pope (cost £79 9s 6d, with commission and expenses).....	3,750 00
1888	Copy sold privately by Quaritch (now Mr. Church's)..	6,000 00
1891	Ives's copy (the Tite-Robinson and Cooke, now Mr. White's)	4,200 00
1899	Copy discovered in Belgium, 12 7-8 x 8 3-8 inches (now MacGeorge's)	8,500 00
1899	Toovey's copy (now J. Pierpont Morgan's).....	5,000 00
1901	Copy purchased by the younger Quaritch.....	8,600 00
1900	Daly's copy (now Mr. Ellsworth's).....	5,400 00
1902	Hibbert sale.....	5,252 00

The later occasional dip in prices is, of course, owing to conditions, tallness, etc., and does not interrupt this enormous increase in value, which in another century may reach its hundreds of thousands of dollars (and let us be thankful to the paper makers of that date for their share in the matter. Had they yielded to the temptation of wood pulp and sulphuric acid there would be no Folios at all by this time). It will be observed that the private and public copies of greatest value are now in the United States, the New York Public Library (Astor, Tilden and Lenox foundation) possessing the greatest number of First Folios of any one library in the world.

Upon this basis, the entire cost of manufacturing the 500 copies of the First Folio was from \$9,700 to \$13,900, according to Dr. Halliwell

Phillipps, who says (*Outlines, &c.*, 9th Edition, I., xxi.): "In balancing the Shakespearean and present currencies, the former may be roughly estimated as from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property, and even these scales may be deceptively in favor of the oldest value, on account of a then fictitious value of money." (What interest at that date disbursed so large a sum upon a work for which there could have been so slight a demand is a curious question, not to be gone into here, however.) We present as frontispiece to this issue engravings of the title pages of the Four Folios, brought together by the late Augustin Daly, Esq., and purchased at the sale of his library by another prominent life member of the New York Shakespeare Society for \$7,800, of which sum, as seen in our table above, \$5,400 was for the First Folio. The catalogue description of these four folios was as follows:

Shakespeare (William). Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Jaggard and Blount, London, 1623. An exceedingly good copy of the First Folio, measuring 12 7-8 by 8 1-8 inches. The verses opposite the title are inlaid, and the title and last leaf partly remargined. The Droeshout portrait is a brilliant impression and the text is sound throughout. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bedford, in a brown levant case. — Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The second impression. Portrait by Droeshout, and verses facing. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allet, 1632. A fine copy of the Second Folio, measuring 12 1-2 by 8 1-2 inches. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreet, in brown levant case. — Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The Third impression. London, printed for P. C., 1664. Fine, perfect copy of the Third Folio, with the Droeshout portrait, and verses underneath. Size 13 by 8 1-4 inches. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreets, in brown morocco case. — Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Unto which is added seven plays never before printed in folio. London, printed for H. Herringman, etc., 1685. The fourth edition. Fine copy of the Fourth Folio, 13 3-4 by 9 inches, with portrait and verses. Folio, red levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Bradstreets, in brown levant case.

The Second Folio is really a second edition of the First, from the same forms, with its desultory and haphazard pagination (upon which so many curious "cipher" theories have been threaded), made consecutive, and many of its typographical errors corrected. The Third and Fourth Folios were each entirely reset, and each makes for itself a new collection of rare old typographical errors!

IT IS WITH KEEN PLEASURE THAT WE ARE ABLE TO CORRECT the state-



ment lately made that Dr. Furness' magnificent New Variorum Edition was to omit the Historical Plays. That would indeed have been Aladdin's Palace with more than one unfinished window! The Messrs. Lippincott now authoritatively announce that Dr. Furness will himself complete the Tragedies and Comedies, but commit the Histories to his son, Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Mr. Furness, Jr., who, with the publication of a revised edition of *Macbeth*, appears for the first time as the editor of a volume of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's plays, is, like his distinguished father,

a resident of Philadelphia. He is a brother of William Henry Furness, 3d, the explorer, whose work in the field of ethnology and geographical investigation has brought him to the attention of many scientific bodies both at home and abroad. He is a college-bred man and studied English literature under Prof. Child, of Cambridge, the eminent scholar and critic of Shakespeare. Mr. Furness has been a close and earnest student of Shakespeare almost since his school days under the personal direction of his father, and he has had the use of one of the finest Shakespearean libraries in existence in his father's house at Wallingford, Pennsylvania. He has also been associated with his father in the work of editing; and, in the revised edition of *Macbeth* as well as in the Histories, the lines



already familiar to students of that monumental work will not be departed from.

"I was a boy in my teens," says Dr. Furness to an interviewer of the *New York Times*, "when I first heard Mrs. Kemble read, but from that moment I belonged to Shakespeare. She could have won any one to the love and study of his perfect verse. It is not possible now to separate the beauty of the text from the beauty of the reader, but neither is it necessary to try. The result was there, and that was enough—that sweet, dark-browed woman, with her expressive eyes and telling voice, putting life and her own gracious personality into the words that had been written two hundred years before. I never missed a chance to hear her, nor one when I might re-read for myself what I had heard from her platform.

"Later I joined a Shakespeare society, formed here under her inspiration, and we commenced to work in earnest. Soon we found we were thrashing old wheat. The editors we were reading repeated not only each other, but themselves. Even the 'Variorum' of 1821 helped us very little, as we found it did not embody the findings of all the editors who had studied and written before that date. In short, we realized we had no adequate text to work with, and in my enthusiasm and temerity I decided to attempt to prepare one myself. I was never so frightened in my life as I was when I had got actually to work, and I shall never forget how we all worried over the details—whether the page should be of folio or quarto size, whether the notes should be at the bottom of the pages or collected at the back—and I dare say we had twenty proof sheets, of one kind and another, pulled for the first few pages before we could make our minds.

"The main point is that we got started. That was a good many years ago; I was thirty-five or thirty-six—and I have been at the work ever since. I soon found I had not only to gather up the results of the study of the years between 1821 and that day of my first labors; I had to go back to the very beginning, so much that was valuable had been neglected, but I have consistently tried to eliminate my own personality, and become a mere pair of scissors. I am only an editor, after all, and to the public it is not necessary that Horace Howard Furness should be more than a name."—But with this latter proposition nobody will agree!

HERBERT SPENCER'S opinions anent Shakespeare should not escape

quotation. In his "Facts and Comments" he says that "inspection of the rhythm may lead us to consider that the reputation of Shakespeare is at present too high. The judgment of his devoted admirer, Ben Jonson, who, when told that Shakespeare never blotted out a line, remarked that he would have done better to blot a thousand, is probably nearer the mark than the judgment now current, which implies the belief that everything he wrote is good. To anyone unswayed by fashion, it is manifest that amid the great mass of that which is supremely excellent there are many things which are far from excellent." An example of the oscillation of opinion with regard to authors is drawn from our own day. "Early in the seventies the reputation of George Eliot reached its zenith. Soon afterwards it began to decline, and some few years ago had fallen to its nadir. Recently a reaction set in. Inspection of these movements will make it clear that if the estimate of thirty years ago was in excess, that of five years ago was in defect; and, that, hereafter, her rank will be considerably higher than it is now." Mr. Spencer does not note, however, that Ben Johnson is suspected of not having been such a "devoted admirer" of Shakespeare, after all, and that there have been two distinct epochs of declension in opinion as to the Dramatist's estimation.

Among the posthumous printed papers of Frederick II. of Prussia is found the following: "To convince yourself of the little taste which has hitherto predominated in Germany, you need but repair to the public theatres. There you will see the abominable productions of Shakespeare, translated into our language, performed, while the audience are dying with pleasure, as they listen to ridiculous farces, worthy of the savages of America. I call them thus because they offend against all the rules of the theatre—rules not in themselves rules that you will find in the Poetics of Aristotle, in which the unities of time, place and action are prescribed, as the only means of rendering tragedies affecting: whereas in these English plays, the time is protracted to the duration of years. Where is probability? Now we behold porters and gravediggers, who appear and hold discourse worthy of themselves, and afterward enter princes and queens. How can so strange a mixture of grandeur and meanness, tragedy and farce, affect and please? Shakespeare may be pardoned such caprice, because the birth of the arts is never their point of perfection.

"But here we have a Goetz von Berlichingen, who makes his appearance a detestable imitation of these bad English productions; and the

pit applauds and enthusiastically demands a repetition of such disgusting dullness. Tastes, I know, must not be disputed. Permit me, however, to observe that those who are as much pleased by rope dancers and puppet shows as by the tragedies of Racine only desire to kill time; they prefer that which speaks to their eyes to that which appeals to their understanding, and delight in shows more than in the passions of the heart."

A PROPHECY PROMPTLY FULFILLED. ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS! We seem as unable to keep "Sidney Lee" out of these pages as was Mr. Dick to keep Charles the First's head out of the Memorial! We noted (ante, Vol. I., page 19) Dr. Morgan's prophecy that owners of First Folios in this country permitting so new-hatched, unfledged an "authority" to "census" them, would not only have occasion to sympathetically regret their complaisance, but might even find the commercial value of their Folios impaired.

Well, this precious "Census" is here (permanently attached, we regret to say, to the noble Oxford fac-simile). And, while it gratifies us to state that owing to Sidney's struggles, no copies owned in England have suffered, it is with less satisfaction that we find a column and a half signed by Mr. Robert F. Roden (one of the best Shakespeare bibliographers, if not the very best, we have) in *The New York Times' Saturday Review of Books and Art* for January 31, 1903, headed "American Collectors Object to His [Lee's] First Folio Census." We quote, for lack of space, but a single specification, viz.: "In relation to the fine copy formerly owned by Marshall Clifford Lefferts, now owned by William Augustus Read, Lee gives the measurement at 12 3-8 by 8 3-16 inches, and says it is clean and unwashed, but has the 'flyleaf inlaid and lower margin of title mended, and imprint supplied in fac-simile.' The quoted part is almost wholly false. Mr. Leffert's description, as furnished to Lee, reads as follows: 'Leaf of verses inlaid—i. e., part of blank margin restored. Title has lower margin mended, affecting the concluding portion of last line of imprint. All other leaves, including last, in original condition and free from mends or defects.'"

The warning which the President of The New York Shakespeare Society took the trouble to manifold to all prominent American newspapers in localities where First Folios were known to be, was printed by all receiving it, except this very *Times' Saturday*. Perhaps hereafter the *Times' Saturday* will not curtail its own usefulness by disregarding

a prophecy to be so promptly announced (and in its own pages, too!) as fulfilled! But we doubt it. The tradition that opinion on bookish matters, to be valuable, must be manufactured in England, is as normal in these days, when an International Copyright necessitates simultaneous publication here of English books, as it was in Colonial times. The tradition that anything that gets itself "into print" is holy writ is hardly more persistent. Both will doubtless survive in some quarter or other until the crack of doom. And while we note with pleasure that the Messrs. Methuen, of London, have fac-similes of all four of the Folios, to be immediately issued, and so see a promise of better things, we are still very sorry that after half a century of devotion to these fields Englishmen will begin anew to draw conclusions as to American Shakespeare scholarship from our importation of the very newest volunteer in that line to "lecture" us!

WHILE WE SCARCE EXPECT THAT THE NEW YORK TIMES' *Saturday Review*, etc., will ever rain down flatteries upon us to such extent that we will be obliged to raise our umbrella lest its precious balms break our head, we have still the highest respect for that *Review*. Like the Man at the Organ, it is doing the best it can! It has a big field to cover and a very small maximum price at which to attempt it. But it has a weekly correspondent in London, supposed to keep it posted as to announcements of the English book-market, proposals of book-writers, etc., who, however, happily intersperses his trade announcements with his own Opinions upon all known literary questions, delivered with a courage that is beyond admiration! Mr. Alden's proud Opinions, half-baked or otherwise, are nearly always most interesting! Especially this one, viz.: "Mr. John Murray announces a new book dealing with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, if that can be called a controversy on one side of which there is no argument whatever." This (in its pages of February 14, 1903) is thundering i' the Index, drinking up Eisel, eating a crocodile, indeed! Profoundly as Mr. Alden may believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, we respectfully demur to anybody's claim that "there is no argument whatever" to the contrary! Shakespeare has still some standing in Court! Would Mr. Alden claim, for example, that a Bible scholar who believed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, could not, on that account alone, be a Biblicist or an Hebraist? NEW SHAKESPEAREANA's motto, plainly displayed, is Weder Irrgläubig noch Altgläubig nur

Shakespeare! And if there is anything in the Baconian Theory, we propose in these pages to sift and sift away until we get at it, whatever it is! But for Mr. Alden, or for any other Baconian, from Lord Palmerston or Lord Penzance to Anonymity, to claim that the proposition that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, is, like a proposition in Euclid—all on one side—is quite too *ex-cathedra* for human nature's daily food!

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Subject to second and extended Review. Publishers will please not expect acknowledgment or review of Editions of the Plays from sample volumes thereof. Such reviews would be as unjust to them as to ourselves. We shall always critically examine and describe the advantages of COMPLETE Editions which are sent to this TABLE.]

73. **Shakespeare and His Forerunners**; Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and Its Development from Early English; by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. Imperial 8vo de luxe, 2 v. New York: Doubleday. Page & Co., 1902. \$10.00.

74. **The Problems of the Shakespeare Plays**; by George C. Bourpas. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 120. London: Sompson Lowe, Marston & Co.

75. **The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy**; a Report of the Trial of an Issue in Westminster Hall, June 20th, 1627; read in the Inner Temple Hall, May the 29th, 1902, and prepared for publication by William Willis, Treasurer of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple. Boards; pp. 170; quarto. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

76. **Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy**; a Judicial Summing-up; by the Right Hon. James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. Edited by M. H. Kinnear, with a biographical note by F. A. Inderwick, K. C. Cloth, 2mo; pp. 200. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

77. **Shakespeare Wars. Shakespeare and Voltaire**; by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., LL. D., Professor of English in Yale University. Cloth; 8 vo; pp. 451. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

78. **Abendiki Caldwell**, a Burlesque Historical Novel; by Carolyn Wells. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the original wood blocks. Boards; 12mo; pp. 289. New York: R. H. Russell.

57. **Shakespeare in France Under the Ancient Regime**; by J. J. Jusserand; cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 500; illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

58. **The English Novel in Shakespeare's Time**; by J. J. Jusserand. Cloth; crown, 8vo; pp. 450; illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

26. **Exercises at the Unveiling of the Bust of Edgar Allan Poe, in the Library of the University of Virginia, October 7, 1899**; compiled by Charles W. Kent. Crown, 8vo; cloth; pp. 100. Richmond: J. R. Bell & Co. \$1.00

59. **New Glimpses of Poe**; by James A. Harrison, Professor in the University of Virginia; 8vo; cloth; pp. 48. New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co. \$1.00

60. **Edgar Allan Poe**; by John A. Joyce. Cloth; pp. 218; illustrated. New York: F. Tennyson Neely Co. \$1.50.

61. **In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere**; by Rev. Henry N. Ellacombe, M. A.; portrait. Cloth; pp. 222. New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

62. **The Poems of Henry Abbey**; Third Edition, enlarged; cloth; pp. 290; author's edition. Kingston, New York.

63. **Phaethon**; a supplemental Ovidian Mvth, with three other stories in verse and a prose contention. Cloth; pp. 126. Kingston, New York: Styles & Kiersted.

66. **Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic**; with an Essay on the Art of Henry Irving; by Henry Austin Clapp. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 241; six portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

69. **Words and Their Ways in English Speech**; by James Bradstreet Greenough and George Truman Kittredge, Professors of Latin and of English at Harvard University. 8vo; cloth; pp. 500. New York: Macmillan & Co.

9. **Shakespeare in Art**; by Sadakichi Hartmann. Plates; 12mo; cloth; pp. 370. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.00.

8. **Shakespeare in Music**; a collection of the chief musical allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare, etc., together with much of their original music; by Louis C. Elson. 12mo; cloth; gilt; illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.00.

9. "During my student days in Philadelphia," says Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann in his preface to "Shakespeare in Art," "I happened to associate with a class of students who dined and supped upon Shakespeare, and who published a little magazine entitled *Shakespeareana*, devoted entirely to textual, aesthetic and biographical criticisms." (That "little magazine" was the good seed which grew up into the Quarterly *Shakespeareana*, so long conducted by the New York Shakespeare Society, and of which NEW SHAKESPEAREANA is the successor.) Mr. Hartmann has no cause to be over-modest about the letter-press of this book, which is clear-cut and discriminating. And in a field which requires so strong a head as the field of *Shakespeareana* this is saying much. Here are thirty-two interpretations of scenes from the plays: Miranda and Ferdinand, by Kaulbach; Hafften's Heath scene from Hamlet, von Czarchorski's Hamlet and the Players, Hamlet and the Gravedigger, by Daznambouvet, etc. Mr. Hartmann's is a most convenient and readable book.

8. All commendable, too, is another book in similarly illuminated covers, sent us by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.—"Shakespeare in Music," by Louis C. Elson. This is a remarkably condensed account of the music used in Shakespeares' own time and since in presenting his Plays, and is invaluable in filling this gap now in our Shakespeare libraries, and it is no small one to fill, either! Mr. Elson is very thorough in contemporary matters, and notes that the music to Ben Jonson's exquisite "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is really of the same date as the poetry. (We had always heard it credited to Mozart.) We are glad to believe it, on Mr. Elson's authority. But we are sorry he omits that "Danish March," of which Dr. Morgan, in the *Bankside* (VII., page 51) says: "At line 1,249 of the First Quarto Hamlet we have the stage directions, 'Enter King, Queen, Corambis and other lords.' In the second, 'Enter trumpets and kettle-drums,' etc. But in the First Folio we have 'Enter,' etc., etc., 'Danish March, sound a flourish,' the words 'Danish March' being a clear enough indication that a regard to the place of the dramatic action was beginning to be regarded as a part of the stage business.

61. The Rev. Mr. Ellacombe, whose "Plant lore of Shakespeare" is well remembered, sends this book out to all floriculturists, only one

chapter being devoted to Shakespearean matters, in which he gossips about Shakespeare's silence as to dogs, tobacco and architecture (we allow the tobacco, but are not so sure about the dogs!). Mr. Ellacombe says the only approach to mention of architecture in the Plays is Duncan's "This castle has a pleasant seat. The guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet, by his loved masonry, hath," etc., etc. Mr. Ellacombe may be right. This passage, by the way, reminds us of Montaigne's Essay IV., "Apology for Raimon"): "The swallows that we see at the return of the Spring searching all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places wherein to build their nests—do they seek without judgment, and, amongst a thousand, choose the most proper for their purpose without discretion? And in that elegant and admirable contexture of these buildings can birds rather make choice of a square figure rather than a round, of an obtuse angle rather than of a right angle, without knowing their properties and effect?" The coincident is, we think, remarkable. By the way, Mr. Ellacombe remarks, on page 209, "I have often wondered that no book has been written on Shakespeare as a musician." He should read Mr. Elson's fine book just noticed.

66. Mr. Henry A. Clapp writes a chirpy, cheerful and readable book, and tells several new stories. The following is almost beyond belief: "I was so foolish to get into an argument with Fechter concerning his theory of Hamlet. Mr. Fechter defended his conception and declared that the Prince did not procrastinate, but pursued his task with vigor. * * * 'Now,' he said, 'what can you answer to this, Mr. Clapp? Do you not recall the words of Hamlet's father in the Queen's closet, "I come to wet thy almost blunted purpose"?' That inquiry ended the discussion. It was plain that Mr. Fechter has never distinguished 'whet' from 'wet,' and had no notion of the force of 'blunted.' His idea was that the ghost's declared purpose was to 'wet down' and so reduce the excessive flame of Hamlet's zeal." Mr. Clapp tells this story to illustrate "the certainty that a player who is using a foreign language will make some blunder in handling a classic of that language, in spite of his pains and industry."

73. Two splendidly manufactured and sumptuously bound books in the glory of gules and gold! Perhaps a bit too sumptuous for the scholarly suspicion that some disability of marrow of text or comment may compensate within the crass or the slipshod, as in Walters' or Mabie's books on Shakespeare. But Lectures are lectured, and one lec-

ture differeth from another (and should) according to the point of view of the lecturer. If Mr. Lanier, in blazing his way to Shakespeare, deals with only those forerunners who have impressed Mr. Lanier most, he is quite within his privilege. The greatest merit of these Lectures is, however, that being a poet himself, Mr. Lanier has set himself to deal with the music, the vocal tone of and "tone shades" of Shakespeare's versification. And, while somewhat too attenuated for rapid perusal, these parts of the book are well worthy of slow study. As a phenomena of sounds and the combinations of sounds (or, if you will, "tone colors"), we may find the poetry of Shakespeare here regarded upon a sufficient even if an unfamiliar scale. The consideration of these tone colors, "the Shakespearean system of sound notation," leads Mr. Lanier to what is rarely practical, namely, to the pronunciation of Shakespeare. Mr. A. J. Ellis' huge work of four volumes upon Early English pronunciation, published by the Early English Text Society, is of course unique. Dr. Price, in the fifth volume of the *Bankside*, gave a tremendously recondite scheme for this tone system Shakespeare alone, and for one Play alone—the *Othello*. There was in the *North American Review* for 1864 a thoughtful paper by John D. Noyes and Charles S. Pierce on the subject. Richard Grant White printed a peculiarly informative chapter on Shakespeare's Pronunciation in his first edition of the *Plays* (printed by Little, Brown & Co. in Boston about forty years ago, though, still, we think, procurable.) Dr. Morgan, in his "Study in the Warwickshire Dialect," goes no further than the Puns in the Plays, which, he argues, depending solely upon the idem sonans of the words they play upon, must necessarily give us the facts as to this pronunciation. Mr. Lanier develops his own system, and we refer the student to his clear chapters themselves. He makes some unusually sensible remarks upon the "verse tests," upon which some of us are not as crazy to-day as some others once were not so many seasons since! We have always believed that all they amounted to was that, as a youngster, Shakespeare wanted to put his Plays into rhymes, but as he grew older, discovered that he himself could be more fluent and his actors more proficient in blank verse. Mr. Lanier's chapters upon Elizabethan domestic life, physicians, etc., are very good. The volumes are freely illustrated with pictures, which, if not always germane to the texts they face, are certainly not out of place in a work of this kind.

77. Professor Lounsbury has undertaken to write the long-lacking but hitherto unattempted history of Shakespeare criticism, and it could

have been committed to no more careful or more competent hands. He has chosen to label the series of volumes in which he writes it—with more grim truth than poetry—"Shakespeare Wars," and the present volume, *Shakespeare and Voltaire*, is the second of this series, the first, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, having been reviewed on page 53 of Volume I. The series, when completed, will receive later on in our pages that critical review which it will deserve, instead of these necessarily transpiring notices. For that these volumes will become standard and permanent in the library of Shakespeare no one who opens them can doubt. The volume before us portrays the era when Voltaire, to emphasize by contrast to his countrymen the severely classic unities and formulaes in which he supposed himself to excel, to present to them the frightful example of "a drunken savage," who neglected these unities, et cetera, introduced to them Shakespeare, and so throned a rival before whom he himself was to disappear forever! The present volume, however, reveals Professor Lounsbury's project and system. The purpose of the first volume, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Critic*, was to demonstrate that the controversy between the classic and the romantic in dramatic literature was in evidence as vigorously in Shakespeare's own day as it has been at any time since. The second, the present volume, chronicles the temporary victory of classicism over romanticism, and that the downfall, after its temporary victory, of this classicism, came mostly from the effort to make it still more triumphant. Dr. Lounsbury's third volume "will deal with the difficulties which exist in ascertaining definitely the text of Shakespeare and the controversies which early sprang up in regard to the proper method of its settlement."

78. If Mr. Stanley J. Weyman and Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. George W. Cable, and the other gentlemen whose names escape us, will accept our friendly warning, they will "watch out" for Miss Carolyn Wells! For, whereas they have none of them ever dared to put more than six hairbreadth escapes into one chapter, or to make their hero kill more than two hundred villains in five seconds, Miss Carolyn Wells can put ten hairbreadth escapes upon one page, and her heroes kill easily three hundred at a blow and beckon for more to come on! Moreover, her pictures have a variety theirs can never hope to approach. Sir Somebody Something of Somewhere, for example, kills two or three hundred men to save a stagecoach with the fairest and most beauteous and divinest and most and so forth maiden in Christendom inside! And each of the four sword strokes with which he does it is illustrated by a scene

from (1) a fight on shipboard, (2) a battlefield piled with slain, (3) a duel in a boudoir, and (4) a murder in a balloon, à la *The Great Ruby*. We never read a more delightful book. As the handbills of the continuous performance houses say, "It is fifty laughs in fifty seconds." Miss Wells is incomparable.

57. 58. About the only thing "novel" in "The English Novel in Shakespeare's Time" is the proposition to call Lyly's *Euphues* and Sydney's *Arcadia* "novels." Still, in this and in "Shakespeare in France" there is a vast amount of unusually inaccessible matter brought together, and M. Jussrand adds many sagacious reflections. The volumes are illustrated with pictures out of other works, chosen by some process hard to guess at. But the two books are, in a sense, not out of place.

26. 59. 60. We think Col. Joyce's much the best of these three books, because telling us so many stories about Poe which the others don't. To be sure, Professor Harrison has something new of Poe in the way of biography, which is why, of the two, his book is better than Professor Kent's, which is only a report of the unveiling of the Poe bust, mainly the Mabie oration, which, besides being Mr. Mabie's familiar Chadbandian outfit of "Beauty" and "Joy," and so on, has already done duty in various newspapers and magazines, and, by the way, only mentions Poe by name twice or three times, anyhow!

62. 63. The *Poems of Henry Abbey* are before us in a third edition, and it is a tonic to sad souls in the present deluge of prose fiction (ten per cent. of it would be a deluge!) to open this book of quiet, pictorial and delicate literary workmanship. Mr. Abbey is a facile composer. He is our American Crabbe. He loves facts mostly, and narrative. But no tale is too graphic for the rhyme of which he is so despotic a master, and we will look far to find his equal in compressing an episode into a distich! While Mr. Abbey prefers the neutral tints, he can be sensuous if his story requires it. Here is a stanza:

Round a fountain in the center of the golden burnished
room, danced the dancers, played the players, to the
music of its fall;

While without, upon the balcony, amid the sylvan gloom,
one lone nightingale was singing, and with sadness
mocked us all!

And he can put masses of color upon his plates! and while he prefers the Dorian he can be Corinthian, too. We do not care to hazard mention of Mr. Abbey's superior among living poets.

69. Perhaps the adult world, or, at any rate, the world outside the cloisters does not exactly revel in perusal of that professorial patness which brings down the applause of the class room. Perhaps this is why the following, extracted from a book gotten up by two learned professors in a great University, strikes us as somewhat *infra dig*! "As in 'how is he? He's not very well,' compare the colloquial 'I am nicely, thank you.' So in Shakespeare's 'that's verily,' and the Latin 'bene est?'" (page 238). "Thus in Shakespeare, 'death marked' might be 'marked for death' (page 274). "Physiology has changed its opinion, and nobody would venture to mention 'liver, brain and heart in a single verse as Shakespeare did" [Query, why not?] (page 295). "We may compare the contemptuous 'much' in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'not much,' as when Falstaff speaks of men as their father's shadows, adding 'but much of the father's substance.' This process explains the French 'point,' point; 'rien,' nothing, and 'pas,' step (*le passus*), in their negative use." "Justice Shallows's 'by cock and pie' is a good example. 'By cock' is (like 'by gad,' 'by gosh,' etc.) a mere corruption to make the sense innocuous, and 'pie' (*magpie*) is added to carry out the suggestion that 'cock' refers to a bird. The suggestion that 'pie' in this oath is the mass-book, appears to be unfounded" (page 34). "Or we may have been bored by hearing the word over-used, so that every new repetition gives us a feeling of satiety. So we often feel an aversion to the very names of people we do not like" (page 225). "The clown's 'O lord, sir,' in Shakespeare, was a good answer to all the remarks of the Countess. We may try the same experiment by uttering th interjection 'O' in various ways" (page 234), etc., etc.

IN LESSER VEIN

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM.

From "A Short View of Tragedy of the Last Age, with Some Reflections on Shakespeare and Other Practitioners for the Stage." By Thomas Rymer. London, 1693.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.—Whatever rubs or difficulties may stick in the bark, the moral use of this fable is very instructive. First, this may be a caution to all maidens of quality, how, without thier parents' consent, they runaway with blackamoors! Secondly, this may be a warning to all good wives that they look well to thier linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before thier jealousy be tragicall, the proofs may be mathematical.

Shakespeare was accountable both to the eyes and to the ears. This was the charm, this was the philtre, the love powder, that took the daughter of the noble Venetian. This was sufficient to make the Blackamoor white, and reconcile all, though there had been a cloven foot into the bargain. A meaner woman might just as soon have been taken by Agna Tetrachymaggon! The character of the state of Venice is to employ strangers in thier wars: but shall a Poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be thier General? or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a Blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter. But Shakespeare would not have him less than a Lieutenant General.

With us a moor might marry some little drab or small coal wench. Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord or Privy counsellor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match, but the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moor as the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them. *Littora littoribus contraria!* Othello is made a Venetian

general. We see nothing done by him, nor related concerning him, that comports with the condition of a general, or, indeed, of a man, unless the killing himself to avoid a death the law was about to inflict upon him be such! When his jealousy had wrought him up to resolution of his taking revenge for the supposed injury, he sets Iago to the fighting part to kill Cassio and chooses himself to murder the silly woman, his wife, that was like to make no resistance.

But what is most intolerable is Iago. He is no blackamoor soldier, so we may be sure he should be like other soldiers of our acquaintance. Yet never in Tragedy, nor in Comedy, nor in nature, was a soldier with his character;—take it in the author's own words: Some eternal villain, some busy and insinuating rogue, some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office! Horace describes a soldier otherwise. *Impiger, tracundus, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer!* Shakespeare knew his character of Iago was inconsistent. In this very play he pronounces: If thou deliver more or less than truth, 'thou art no soldier. This he knew, but to entertain the audience with something new and surprising against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false insinuating rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank and plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.

And there is nothing in the noble Desdemona that is not below any country kitchen-maid with us. No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly. Here a noble Venetian lady is to be murdered by our poet in sober sadness purely for being a fool. No Pagan poet but would have found some means for her deliverance. Pegasus would have strained hard to have brought old Perseus on his back, time enough to rescue this Andromeda from so foul a monster. Has our Christian poetry no generosity, no bowels? Ha, ha, Sir Launcelot. Ha, Sir George! Will no ghost leave the shades for us in extremity to save a distressed damsel?

The verses rumbling in our ears are of good use to help off the action. In the neighing of a horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and I, may say, more humanity than many times in the tragicall flights of Shakespeare!

But let us step among the scenes to observe the conducting of this Tragedy! Observe the sudden and startling manner in which Iago and Roderigo inform Brabantio of his daughter's elopement with the Moor! In former days there were wont to keep at the courts of Princes some-

body in a fool's coat that in pure simplicity might let slip something which made way for the ill news and blunted the shock which otherwise might have come too violent on the party. And the Council of Venice! By thier conduct and manner of talk a body must strain hard to fancy the scene at Venice and not rather at some of our Cinque ports, where the baily and the fisherman are knocking thier heads together on account of some whale or some terrible broil on the coast. But to show these true Venetians the maritime affairs stick not on thier hand, the public may sink or swim. They will sit up all night to hear a Doctors' Commons matrimonial cause laid open to 'em that they may decide it before they stir. What can be pleaded to keep away thier attention so wonderfully? Instead of starting at the progidy, every one is familiar with Desdemona, as if he were her own natural father: they rejoice in her good fortune and wish thier own daughters as hopefully married. Should the Poet have provided such a husband for an only daughter of any Peer in England, the Blackamoor must have changed his skin to look our House of Lords in the face!

The second act shows the action, I know how many leagues off, in the Island of Cyprus without our Bayes [Shakespeare?] having made any provision of ships for the audience. Then there follows a long rabble of Jack Pudden farce between Iago and Desdemona that runs on with all the little plays jingle and trash below the patience of any country kitchen maid with her sweetheart. The Venetian Donna is hard put to it for pastime: and this is all when they are newly put on shore from a dismal tempest, and when every moment she might expect to hear her Lord (as she calls him) that she runs mad after is arrived or lost! To write such stuff is unhallowing the Theatres, profaning the name of Tragedy, and, instead of representing men and manners, turning all morality, good sense and humanity into mockery and derision.

Desdemona's solicitations for Cassio were more than enough to rouse Othello's jealousy. Iago can now only actum agere, and vex the audience with a nauseous repetition. Whence comes it then that this scene is the top scene, the scene that raises OTHELLO above all other tragedies at our Theatres? It is purely from the action, from the mops and the mows, the grimace, the grins and gesticulations. Such scenes as this have made all the world run after Harlequin and Scaramoncio. The several degrees of action were among the Ancients distinguished by the Cothurnus, the Soccus, and the Planipes. Had this scene been represented at old Rome, Othello and Iago must have quilted thier bus-

kins; they must have played barefoot, for the spectators would not have been content without seeing thier podometry, and the jealousy works out at the very toes of them. Words, be they Spanish or Polish, or any inarticulate sound, have the same effect: they can only distinguish, and, as it were, to beat time to the action. But here we see a known language does woefully encumber and clog the operation, as either forced, or heavy, or trifling, or incoherent, or improper, or most improbable. When the words interpose to spoil the conceit every one interprets as he likes best. So in that memorable dispute between Panurge and our English Philosopher in Rabelais, performed without a word speaking, the Theologian, Physicians and Surgeons made one inference, the Lawyers, Civilians and Canonists another conclusion more to the mind.

Iago had some pretense to be discontent with Othello and Cassio, and what passed hitherto was the operation of Revenge. Desdemona had never done him any harm: always kind to him, and to his wife, was his countryman, a dame of Quality. For him to abet her murder shows nothing of a soldier, nothing of a man, nothing of nature in it. The Ordinary of Newgate never had the like monster to pass under his examination. Can it be any diversion to see a rogue beyond what the Devil ever finished? Or would it be any instruction to an Audience? Iago could desire no better than to set Othello and Cassio, his two enemies, by the ears together, so that he might have been revenged on them both at once: and choosing for his share the murder of Desdemona, he had an opportunity to play booty, and save the poor harmless wretch. But the poet must do everything by contraries: to surprise the audience still with something horrible and prodigious, beyond any human imagination. At this rate he must outdo the Devil to be a poet in the rank with Shakespeare.

And for this Tragedy to turn on a handkerchief! Why was not this called "The Tragedy of a Handkerchief"? What can be more absurd than, as Quintilian expresses it, in parvibus (sic) litibus, has tragedias movere? We have heard of Fortunatus, his purse, and of the invisible cloak long ago worn threadbare, and stowed upon the wardrobe of obsolete romances. One might think that were a fitter place for this handkerchief than that it, at this time of day, be worn on the stage to raise everywhere all this clutter and turmoil. The handkerchief is so remote a trifle no booby on this side Mauritania could make any consequence from it. Why, when lost, should this handkerchief not have been folded in the bridal couch? And when Othello was stifling Desdemona, this

fairy napkin might have started up to disarm his fury, and stop his ungracious mouth. Then might she (in a trance for fear) have lain as dead. Then might he (believing her dead) touched with remorse, have honestly cut his own throat by the good leave, and with the applause of all the spectators, who might then have gone home with a quiet mind, admiring the beauty of Providence fairly and truly represented in the Theatre.

What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of Poetry, for thier use and edification? How can it work, unless (instead of settling the mind and purging all passions) to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintarra and jingle-jangle beyond what all the parish clerks of London with thier Old Testament farces and Interludes in Richard the Second's time could ever pretend to? Our only hope, for the good of their souls, can be that these people go to the Playhouse as they do to Church, to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the Play more than would a sermon. There is in this Play some burlesque, some humour and ramble of comical wit, some show and some mimicry to divert the spectators. But the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody Farce, without salt or savour.

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L. Last Page of the First Table (1701-1902) — *Continued*.

H. SHAKESPEARE AND HAZARD: CAN THEY BE RECONCILED? (REPORT OF A DEBATE, WITH A PRELUDE) (JANUARY, 1903), BY WILFRED APPLETON MOFFAT, LL. D., AND DEAC HILL CLAY, M. D.

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Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon :
For he was great of heart.

Iad. Oh Spartan Dogge :
More fell then Angaish, Hunger, or the Sea :
Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed :
This is thy worke :
The Obiect poysons Sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine :
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh enforce it :
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the Scree,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.
(: * * :)

 *Othello, the Moore.*
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Roderigo, a gall'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice

Senators.
Montano, Governour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Sailors.
Clowne.
Desdemona, wife to Othello.
Emilia, a Maide to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtesan.



NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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© SHAKESPEARE AND BACON: CAN THEY BE RECONCILED? REPORT OF A DEBATE, WITH A PROTOCOL (JANUARY, 1900), BETWEEN APPLETON MORGAN, LL.D., AND ISAAC HALL PLATT, M.D. [An abridged report of this debate was printed during the summer of 1901, in the *Philadelphia Conservator*].

I.

DR. MORGAN. Dr. Platt and myself are both SHAKESPEAREANS. That is to say, we are both students of the Life and Works of the greatest Dramatist that ever lived. Moreover, we are both believers in SHAKESPEARE! Dr. Platt, however, raises the questions—"Who was Shakespeare? Was he Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans?"

Now, I should as soon think of denying that Dr. Platt was a Shakespearean, because he raises these questions, as I should think of denying that Professor Delitzsch is a Biblicist or a Hebraist or an Assyriologist, because he can not believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or that Jonah in the whale's belly chanted psalms composed a thousand years after his death on shore! Rather than believe that the "Higher Criticism" of Shakespeare has, as we are constantly told, "made no impression upon Scholarship," I should prefer to believe that the reason why Shakespearean scholars treat their Shakespeare so much more reverently than Patristic scholars treat their Bible, is the same as Hamlet gave for rejecting the theory that Old Men had grey Beards, viz: "All of which, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." But at the same time, since I myself sincerely believe that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon not only produced, but composed these plays, I should be very proud if I could bring Dr. Platt and his school to agree with me on all Shakespeare authorship questions. Indeed, I am prepared to go great lengths

to achieve such an agreement. But, if we cannot agree, can we not find some common ground in the syndicate—or composite-authorship—theory, which twenty-five years ago I suggested in my *Shakespearean Myth*. For, I am bound to say that I then believed that if some compromise were not adopted by the Baconians, they would be obliged either to abandon their hypothesis, or extend it to still greater lengths. They chose to do the latter, and to-day insist not only upon Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays, but of the King James version of the Scriptures, Montaigne, Burton's Anatomy, Marlowe, Greene, Ben Jonson, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and a catalogue besides, which would fill a page of *NEW SHAKESPEAREANA*; this list to include, according to Mr. Roe, all the works of Defoe. Indeed, they go still deeper (and Dr. Platt, to my surprise, goes with them), discovering ciphers and cryptograms without stint almost everywhere. Now, all this might be avoided, and a consequent strain upon our credulity (not to mention the big shadow of a doubt it all throws upon the Baconian theory pure and simple) be escaped, by a safe middle path.

The fondness for doubting old tales does not always spring from mere love of paradox and of tours de force! The Great Napoleon doubted whether the Greeks ever built a hollow horse large enough to hold an hundred soldiers, and dragged it across two rivers, or whether the gallant defenders of Troy turned into idiots at sight of it and pulled down a section of their wall in the face of the enemy to admit it into the city they were defending, without looking inside it, or that the Greeks could have plundered and burned the city of Troy to the ground, from sunrise to sunset of a single day! And this although no contemporary historian throws doubt upon either story! Some of us are built in just that way!

But there was an uncertainty, at least, if not a mystery, even in their day, about the authorship of these Shakespearean plays! To begin with, within less than four months after her ascent to the throne, Queen Elizabeth issued two proclamations, by which she commanded and made it the especial charge of the Mayors, Lieutenants of Shire, Justices of the Peace and all other chief officers,

"that they permit no Stage plays or Interludes to be played wherein either matters of religion or of the governance of the Estate of the Commonwealth be handled or treated being no mete matters to be handled or treated upon, but by men of authoritie, learning and wisdom, nor to be handled before any audience but of grave and discreet persons."

Elizabeth was the daughter of a left-handed marriage, according to Catholic and Protestant tenets alike, as well as according to the common law. And this was reason enough why she never ceased her anxiety to suppress all political agitation and all miscellaneous polemics, which might draw attention to the flaw in her succession, and it is hard to imagine that, in the face of this proclamation, the Shakespeare plays, which overflow with "matters of religion and of the state," had no personages of influence behind them, or "pull," as the slang of the present day puts it, in order to appear on the stage at all! The Plays are packed with matter which Queen Elizabeth would have "sniffed treason" in.* We have seen her commanding her lawyers to bring Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Gilly Merrick and others to the bar, on a charge of high treason, and execrating them for daring to produce one of these Plays (the Richard II.) without her Lord Chamberlain's sanction. How did the 35 other plays pass the Lord Chamberlain? Imagine a Queen who, from the day she ascended the throne, did all in her power to suppress agitation, passing such as this: "It is an heretic which makes the fire, not she which burns in it"; or that passage in the Richard II., eloquent in its contempt for Royalty, where Death is asserted to keep his state within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king, "And there the antic sits, scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp. Allowing him a breath, a little scene, in which to monarchise, be feared and kill with looks," etc. Elizabeth was a Tudor, and the only use the Tudors had for great men was to cut their heads off! Did a Tudor Queen except from that discipline unknown dramatists who mocked herself? And, again; doubt of some dimensions began as soon as these plays themselves began to appear in print. Was *Love's Labor's Lost*, packed with a sort of verbal "Diversions of Perley," such as leisurely historians delight in; reporting the flirtations of princesses and courtiers and ladies of honor—was this play written or was it only "newly augmented by" William Shakespeare, as its earliest known title-page alleges? Meres' list cannot be squared with any other known list of Shakespeare's works. Robert Greene boldly declared that Shakespeare was a *Joannes Factotum*, not a Dramatist! Ben Jonson's verses commendatory of Shakespeare have been ruled out as evidence, I believe, because he uses precisely the same words to eulogize his fellow Dramatist, as he does to eulogize his employer, Lord Bacon, which "stand-off" leaves him a detractor of Shakespeare, as one who "wanted art," and whom he wished had "blotted out

*NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. 1., page 65:

a thousand" of the very lines which he declared in poetry, so far from "wanting art," were "living lines, such as thine are, which he who casts, must sweat and strike a second heat, upon the Muses' anvil," etc. And, again, it seems that, in or about the year 1613, he (Ben Jonson) prepared for the court a masque called *The Princes Masque*, or *Time Vindicated*, in which one of the characters, *Chronomastix* (who is represented as "admired by all the town") is brought up for presentation to Fame, but is received by that lady with:

Away, I know thee not, wretched impostor,
 Creature of Glory, mountebank of witte,
 Self loving braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
 To such vaine, empty fools! 'Tis infamy
 Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorne of all the Muses!
 Goe, revel with thy ignorant admirers,
 Let worthy names alone.

There is more to this purpose in this Masque (which, strangely enough, Gifford, who labored so hard to prove that Jonson was the friend of Shakespeare, did not print, in his unabridged editions)! And, as in the case of the anonymous "Ratsey's Ghost," it is hard to find any playwright or actor of the day, other than Shakespeare, important enough or prosperous enough to fit these verses to. Perhaps it was because (and yet it is hardly conceivable) that the proprietors of the theaters of that day had taken a raw importation from the country—a youth fresh from a country grammar school, or from holding horses at the curb before the theater door—and set him to rewriting and revising or stage-editing the works of the master dramatists! That is an explanation, to be sure. But it seems to raise a greater difficulty than it removes!

Of what little other contemporary mention we have of Shakespeare, a fair proportion is equivocal, and when Heminge and Condell edited his collected plays, they devoted their preface to apology. In the First Folio twenty plays are added to the Lifetime List by Heminge and Condell. In the Third Folio, there was an addition of seven plays to Heminge and Condell's list of Plays by William Shakespeare! This, taken with the fact that there are still generally admitted to be such things as doubtful plays in the Shakespeare group, adds force to the then contemporary suspicion that the authorship of the Plays was not clear. Or why was *Pericles*, the Play oftenest printed in Quarto as Shakespeare's rejected by his own fellow-actors, and when restored to the canon, after their deaths, accompanied by

six others, rejected by every Shakespearean scholar that ever lived? The *Edward the Third* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* seem to prove either that the hand we call Shakespeare's sometimes touched the work of other men, or that other men signed their names to work that Shakespeare's hand had wrought.

Again: the Preface to the Quarto *Troilus and Cressida* is foggy enough to be read almost any way. The last act of the *Henry VIII.*, otherwise a perfect four-act tragedy, with Queen Katherine as its heroine, is a eulogy of Queen Katherine's supplanter! No one who can read the Plays at all can fail to notice that no dramatist who wrote the first acts of *Timon of Athens* ever wrote the two last. The late James Russell Lowell could not bring himself to believe that Shakespeare wrote the *Richard III.* And no editor, from Rowe to Richard Grant White, has failed to argue that, if not whole acts or scenes, then lines and words, are not by the great Dramatist whom we call Shakespeare. And so it goes!

We cannot cross-examine Shakespeare's contemporaries, for they are dust. But if their testimony is inconsistent, we have a right to compare it with itself. And we have a perfect right, also, in letting it stand as a whole, to enquire if they, too, could not have been as well deceived as we ourselves—that is, if we have been deceived at all!

These are some of the reasons why I cannot ascribe the existence of a Bacon-Shakespeare theory, as I see Sir Henry Irving does, "to that antipathy to the actor's calling which has its eccentric manifestations to this day," nor answer it, once for all, in what doubtless is the safest method, by turning my head the other way and denying that there is any Bacon-Shakespeare Theory at all, and reading Dr. Platt, with his troublesome questions, out of the church! If the Apostolic Succession of Commentators are permitted to doubt piecemeal, why cannot Dr. Platt and his school doubt by wholesale? Cannot a man read his Bible if he cherishes a doubt as to Moses or Jonah or Noah's Ark?

I have never been impressed with Nash's well-known "Whole Hamlet's" speech, because it never seemed possible to me that Shakespeare could have been supposed brought up to "the trade of Noverint." Though I admit the speech might well be added to the list of those creative of the contemporary doubt. But the following, from Greene's "Farewell to Folly" (1591), even standing alone, seems to me to imply (not necessarily as to Shakespeare, but as to anybody who wrote anything in those days) a reasonable reticence of absolute certainty: "Others, if they come to write, or publish anything in print—which for thier CALLING OR GRAVITY being loth to

have any profane pamphlets pass under thier hand, get some other to set his name to thier verses." And there is not a scholar anywhere, however vociferously he denies the minutest possibility of a doubt as to Shakespeare *quoad* Shakespeare, who, in other directions, or where anybody else but Shakespeare was affected, would place the slightest reliance upon Elizabethan title pages or dedications. Wither (Scholler's Purgatory, 1625) says of the publisher of his date: "If he gets any written matter in his power likely to be vendable, whether the author be willing or not, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he oftentimes gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them salable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title." If we possessed nothing else on the subject than this one passage from Mr. Wither, I should, myself, be unable to say that it was absurd or idiotic or unpermissible to doubt that Marlowe write Marlowe, or Shakespeare Shakespeare, or Bacon Bacon, if one saw fit to do so!

II.

HOW SHALL WE SETTLE THE QUESTION?

It is a happy thought of Dr. Platt's to put his questions in the point-blank way he has: "Who was Shakespeare?" "Was he Francis Bacon?" For this, at the outset, avoids reams of fuss about the perfectly patent dissimilarity of style between The Plays and Bacon's admitted Works! Almost anybody who can write at all can write in as many "styles" as he likes; at least, in more than one. (The least of us can possess at least a business as well as an epistolary "style"!) And who is it that proposes to assert that—of all men—a Shakespeare could only be capable of one and one only? The man who would make that assertion would tell us in the same breath that Trinculo and Pistol and Falstaff talked like Prospero, or Hamlet; or Dogberry like Ulysses! To be sure, to these all, we apply the adjective, "Shakespearean," just as we apply the adjective "Napoleonic" to supreme and unapproachable magnificence, in degree, if not in kind. But one can see the difference between, for example, the "style" of ancient Pistol and the style of Hamlet, we suppose, even if one is not a Professor of English in Oxford or Harvard! Seriously, I think this argument has been used long enough. Lord Tennyson declared that the man who wrote Bacon's Essay on Love could never have written Romeo and Juliet! Certainly not! He could not—unless he had tried to. And Dr. Platt's question seems to me just that. Did he (whoever he was) try to? Dr. Platt, and those who believe with him, are evidently going to keep on asking these troublesome

questions until somebody answers them. I cannot myself answer them except as above. But I will take one step towards an answer, here and now. I will concede, if Dr. Platt will allow me, that it is no answer to the Bacon-Shakespeare proposition to quote Bacon's paraphrase of the Psalms! I conceive that Lord Bacon wrote them purposely in doggerel, in order that the meanest minds—the class in his day which corresponds to the Salvation Army in ours—might bawl them. But, specific as this class might have been in Bacon's day, it could not have been much more ridiculous than what some fairly intelligent audiences at present, here in this city of New York, keep in their Psalmodies to-day at the threshold of the twentieth century. I open one of these books, and find this: "And shout while passing through the air—Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!" Which is no worse than saintly George Herbert's verses, *The Sundays of man's life, threaded together on Time's string, make bracelets to adorn the wife of the Eternal King!* Is anything too euphuistic or absurd for devotional poetry? Bacon did not make them quite as ridiculous doggerel as Milton's or as Sternhold and Hopkins! But I have yet to learn that any Professor of English Literature or any English poet has ever exclaimed "How impossible to believe that the author of Bacon's 'Essays' could ever have written Bacon's 'Paraphrase of the Psalms'!"

And now, since Dr. Platt has generously elided all the "style" questions, I will be equally generous, and make him a present of all the arguments to be drawn from the masses of "Parallelisms" which form the great bulk of the Baconian books! I am willing to give every one of them to the Baconians—to admit that Bacon and Shakespeare, if you please, use identical expressions, employ identical metaphors, make identical mistakes, recur to identical twists and turns of speech, etc., etc. I regret to confess that, except possibly by their mass, as cumulative, these impress me not at all. Shakespeare is so cosmic, so universal, so Oceanic; he so touches every human affair, emotion, sympathy, so ranges from the zenith to the nadir of human life, omitting nothing between, that I cannot imagine a Literature, much less the books of any single author, that he does not "parallel"! I will sit down after breakfast any day with Dr. Platt, and "parallel" Shakespeare with the editorial or the advertising columns of that morning's newspaper! Much more, when we find that another great and voluminous author was writing side by side with Shakespeare, in the same city, on the same days, under the same conditions, liable to the same errors, and affected by identical environments; that neither of them could have avoided knowing—or knowing of—the other—where is the wonder that these two "parallel" each other?

I must confess to surprise that they do not parallel more than they do! And I am also going to make Dr. Platt and his school a present of all the arguments drawn from the "Legalisms" in the plays. Mr. Devecmon and Judge Allen have demonstrated that every Elizabethan Dramatist packed his Plays with legal terms and allusions, and quite as plentifully and as accurately as Shakespeare did!

What does stagger me, I admit, is the huge list of anachronisms in the plays, the utter abandon and insouciance with which a clock strikes in Cæsar's tent; Paper and holy water are mentioned in King Lear's time, dollars and cannon in Macbeth's reign—and so on! Very likely, perhaps, to present the *vraisemblance* and carry the perspective or situation, to emphasize the event, to his audiences, Bacon might have brought Mark Antony to bury, rather than to cremate Cæsar! But I cannot quite so readily understand how, being a lawyer, he could force himself to misstate those hornbook propositions of law with which lawyers are saturated, or invent History, as in the case of the King John and the Richard II.! The agony for accuracy which led him to rewrite his *Novum Organum* fifty-three times, seems to have deserted him when he came to manufacture Plays! "History made Visible"!!! Rather in these two is it History turned topsy turvy!

But, while unable to apply any Bertillon measurements to the Plays, there is a sort of Internal-Circumstantial evidence which we can—and which, I am sure, Dr. Platt will—accept, and, with his permission, I am going to digress a moment to submit it to him.

Suppose, Dr. Platt, you wanted to find out whether the Charles Dickens who wrote "Barnaby Rudge" was the Charles Dickens who wrote "David Copperfield"!

Supposing that contemporaries of Charles Dickens, known intimates and friends of his, assured you that the Charles Dickens they knew certainly did write both those works of fiction—and, moreover, that "David Copperfield" was a portrait and autobiography, more or less, of Charles Dickens himself, when a little lad!

But suppose you still doubted! These contemporaries and friends of Mr. Dickens may have been misled. They tell different stories about him; when they happen to tell the same story they tell it differently, etc., etc. Suppose, then, you went to work independently, and, investigating along your own lines, you open your "David Copperfield," and in Chapter IV. you happen upon this passage:

"My father left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs, to which I had access, and which nobody else in our house

ever troubled. From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, a glorious host, came out to keep me company!"

Supposing you thereupon turned to "Roderick Random," the first named of this "glorious host," and supposing in Chapter XIII. of Part I. of that story you found this:

"At that instant a monstrous, overgrown raven entered our chamber with bells at his feet, and made directly toward our bed—as this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and his witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and in a violent fright shrunk under the bed clothes. * * * But we had not long been freed from this phantom when another appeared that well nigh deprived us of our senses! We perceived an old man enter the room with a long white beard that reached to his middle. * * * When he reached us he wrung his hands and cried with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature, 'Where is Ralph? Where's Ralph? * * * In the morning Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter by telling him that the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartments in the night and induced him to follow it to our chamber."

Now, Dr. Platt, in view of these passages, as corroborating the testimony, as a whole, of Charles Dickens's contemporaries, and in view of Barnaby Rudge being drawn as an idiot, with a tame raven called Ralph, for a companion, would you not concede that, at least, there might be something in "a theory that Charles Dickens wrote 'Barnaby Rudge'?" I think that you would, even if you were still reluctant to give up your whole case.

Now, while the analogy is by no means perfect, I am going to demonstrate, first, that the author of the Plays knew his Warwickshire and fell into Warwickshire dialects, habits and idioms, and referred to Warwickshire tales and traditions, and, secondly, that men who knew, or who thought that they knew, the man who composed the Shakespeare Plays, associated that man always with Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, and with no other geographical precinct!

III.

THE PLAYS OF WARWICKSHIRE ORIGIN.

I. Warwickshire dialect could not have been placed in the Plays with a design of promoting their popularity or success. The Plays were produced in London, and Warwickshire was an interior county, about which London and Londoners knew or cared nothing at all. There is a probability that the Shakespeare plays were performed after a fashion in the low countries, and in Germany, perhaps even in Scotland, but scarcely in Warwickshire. And yet these Plays appear to be packed with Warwickshireisms. I have myself collected four hundred and eighty-eight of these, to wit: All's Well That Ends Well, 15 instances; As You Like It, 16; Antony and Cleopatra, 10; Comedy of Errors, 9; Coriolanus, 13; Cymbeline, 7; Julius Cæsar, 7; King John, 11; Hamlet, 34; 1 Henry IV., 10; 2 Henry, 13; Henry V., 34; 1 Henry VI., 5; 2 Henry VI., 21; 3 Henry VI., 10; Henry VIII., 9; King Lear, 14; Love's Labor's Lost, 17; Macbeth, 13; Measure for Measure, 14; Midsummer Night's Dream, 14; Merry Wives, 9; Much Ado, 8; Othello, 17; Pericles, 4; Richard II., 2; Richard III., 8; Romeo and Juliet, 15; Taming of the Shrew, 9; Timon of Athens, 11; Titus Andronicus, 5; Tempest, 15; Twelfth Night, 14; Two Gentlemen, 4; Winter's Tale, 23; Merchant of Venice, 16; Troilus and Cressida, 20. (This list ought to be valuable to those who find traces of Middleton, Fletcher and others in the admitted Plays, and especially to those who reject Pericles, Titus Andronicus and the last half of Timon of Athens from the orthodox canon. It would be curious if the Plays they reject were those whose Warwickshireisms were fewest, while in those they accept as undoubtedly and exclusively Shakespearean the Warwickshireisms most abounded.) I cheerfully admit that many of these Warwickshireisms are also common to other dialects. But this in no wise disturbs the *secundum quid*! We are not looking for Shakespeare in Staffordshire or Cornwall, or in any other county but Warwickshire!

Indeed, some of the very broadest and coarsest, and so most popular, allusions in the Plays are found to depend upon Warwickshire significances, being evidently for the ear of the groundlings, and quite adapted to their comprehension and taste, though so expressed as to be completely hidden in the employment of the Warwickshire form, and consequently entirely undetectable by one unfamiliar with the dialect. These have been scheduled by The New York Shakespeare Society elsewhere.

(The passage in Mercutio's speech, which most editors expurge entirely, and which is so vile that even the First Folio printed it with *et ceteras*, is

revealed in all its coarseness by finding the Warwickshire word therein. But, on the other hand, there is a possibly still smuttier allusion in Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh, which is repeated in a somewhat softened form in one of the Plays.)

II. At the time of the plague (the cholera) in Stratford-on-Avon, a daughter of Sir Hugh Clopton, the most prominent gentleman in residence there, was, it seems, prematurely buried, and her body placed in the since celebrated Charnel House of the Guild Chapel. On subsequently opening this Charnel for another interment, the body was found in a different place from that in which it had been deposited, with ghastly evidences of a struggle, showing that the poor lady had awakened and endeavored to escape until, in horror, her mind had given way. Such an occurrence must have stirred the little town to its center. We find it alluded to in *Romeo and Juliet* in the passage in which Juliet expresses her wonder whether the potion Friar Lawrence has given her should fail to keep her sleeping until Romeo's appearance, lest she should wake too soon and go mad with the horror of her surroundings:

. . . shall I not be distraught, . . .
 And madly play with my forefather's joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

III. In the first act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare gets in his revenge on Sir Thomas Lucy by a lampoon which everybody recognizes, and which by no possibility can be diverted from him, for that nobleman's persecution resulting from the deer-stealing. The episode there lampooned can never cease to be a part of Stratford history, and it is related again in the only Shakespeare comedy whose scene is laid on English soil.

IV. In the midst of Ulysses's long speech to Achilles, in *Troilus and Cressida* (Act 3 Scene III. line 213)—as splendid a piece of eloquence as occurs anywhere in the Plays—is the line, "The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break." Certainly this is (as the saying went in those days) "dragged in by a rope," not being either in rhetoric or argument akin to the context. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps found a record to the effect that, at Evesham, a town about fifteen miles from Stratford-on-Avon, somewhere about the year 1594, an imbecile named Jack Miller, being locked up in a barn to keep him from following a troop of strolling players, escaped, and, to join the troops, rushed across a sheet of water thinly coated with ice from a slight

morning frost; the account adding that the ice was so thin that one of the spectators broke it by throwing a pebble after the escaping youth. Please do not call this a "coincidence," Dr. Platt! The more trivial the detail, the less likely it is to make an impression, get into history or chronicles, or be mentioned in a book or a letter, or be repeated at all! Can you imagine anybody but one who had seen the incident itself or hearing of it, remembering it for twenty years, and then dragging it with a rope into the midst of as recondite and abstruse a disquisition on human nature as Ulysses's oration before Achilles' tent? Does not this remind you of Roderick Random's and of Barnaby Rudge's Raven, Ralph?

V. It is related in the Town Records of Stratford-on-Avon that, in 1590 (after young Shakespeare's residence there), one Goodie Holder lodged a complaint with the town authorities that one Goodie Bromlie had shouted to her in the course of a quarrel, "Arent thee! witch." Students have been unable to find this word (spelled *arent* or *aroint*) more than twice in English writing, both these instances being in a MS. of a date earlier than Shakespeare's (found in the library of Trinity College, Dublin). Yet it occurs twice in the Plays. Once in Macbeth:

Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries!

Then in Lear:

Bid her alight, and her troth plight, and aroint thee witch, aroint thee!

Of course, if "aroint" had been a familiar word, either of Warwickshire dialect or of the vernacular, its use would not have been sufficiently specific to found an action of "assault and battery by words" upon. This seems to me another Roderick Random and Barnaby Rudge "coincidence"!

VI. In the introduction to the Taming of the Shrew, and constantly elsewhere in the Plays, we have Stratford-on-Avon and Warwickshire names: Sly, William Visor, Peter Turf, Henry Pimpernell, Marion Hackett, Wincot, Old John Naps of Greece, and the many others. (Mr. Falkner—see page 73, Vol. I., NEW SHAKESPEAREANA—has shown how the name MORGAN, three times dragged unnecessarily into the Plays, was somewhat intimately connected with Shakespeare's family, and a very common one in Bristol, at the mouth of the Severn, into which flows the Warwickshire Avon). It appears not only twice in Cymbeline, where it properly belonged (in Wales, on the road to Milford Haven), but once where it does not belong, when Parolles, in the French camp, is said to have "confessed himself to Morgan,

whom he supposes to be a priest" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, 4, III., 125). But I have the record of the will of one Joan Morgan, of Bristol, proved 17th Henry VIII. (that is, in 1530), who leaves a bequest to her curate, Thomas Shakespeare, of Bristol. Bristol, where the name is very common, is at the mouth of the Avon, and between Stratford and Bristol the "hoys" (small one-decked sailing vessels) were constantly passing (*Comedy of Errors*, 4, III., 40).

VII. There was an Edward the Sixth Grammar School (one of a series chartered at the same impulse), in Stratford-on-Avon. Scene 1 of Act IV. of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (the only comedy whose scene is placed in England, and whose characters and story are English) has nothing whatever to do with the plot or the action of the comedy. The scene deserves more examination than is generally given to it. In it an ignorant, perfunctory and ridiculous schoolmaster (not quite as picturesquely painted as the Holofernes of another of the Plays, but who takes himself quite as seriously) examines a youth named William in what was called "schooling" in the English grammar schools of Shakespeare's day. And if Dr. Platt will turn once more to this scene I think he will hardly fail to see William Shakespeare relating a typical experience of his own, with a sense of humor which shows how superior he must have been in his youth to his own school surroundings. When Henry VIII. swept away the religious establishments and scattered the clericals, there were abolished with them the parochial schools which the monks conducted in the villages near by. When the royal attention of Edward the Sixth was called to this he restored these schools, chartering them as "grammar schools" (the word grammar referring to the Latin, not the English, grammar, which was the creation of a much later date). But that these "grammar schools" were any less travesties or in any way better than the old parochial affairs they succeeded, nobody pretends. Indeed, the records bear unimpeachable testimony to the effect that they were quite as bad, besides being a little more absurd, if anything. Except that they were no longer controlled by Friars, and were nominally placed under the patronage and visitorship of the neighboring Lord of the County (the Stratford grammar school was placed under the visitorship of the Earl of Warwick), the records show them to have remained quite as unspeakable and as superfluous as they could be in an age when no schoolmaster was expected to educate a child to know more than his parents, lest he should become disrespectful to them! They were comic in their disability, and the scene in the *Merry Wives* does them nothing but justice. But the fact that, in this scene, a countrywoman of the most ignorant type makes scurrilous and in-

vidious comments on the plan of the examination and the merits of the schoolmaster, I think is evidence that the peasantry themselves, uneducated as they were, fully realized the incompetency of the schools and schoolmasters of their day.

VIII. The book most to Shakespeare's taste, and nearest to his elbow, seems to have been the second edition of the *Chronicles of Raphael Holinshed*, a fellow Warwickshireman, in whose will, made October 1, 1578 (proved April 24, 1582), he describes himself as Raphael Holynshed of Bromecotte, in the County of Warr (that is, Bramcote, in the County of Warwick). Often identities of Warwickshire dialect are found in the Plays and in the *Chronicles*. (For example—"By smiling Pickthanks and base newsmongers," (*I. Henry the Fourth* 2 II. 25), and precisely in the same sense of a busybody, newsmonger or "carrytale." "Thus were the father and the sonne reconciled betwixte whom the said Pickthanks has sowne division.")

Of the thirty-six Shakespeare plays, the author or authors of the *Historical* ones seem only to have cared to put the prose of the *Chronicles* into the blank verse of the plays. Out of Holinshed come, almost word for word, not only "*Cymbeline*," "*Macbeth*," and "*King Lear*," romantic-historical plays, but "*King John*," "*Richard II.*," First and Second "*Henry IV.*," "*Henry V.*," First, Second and Third "*Henry VI.*," "*Richard III.*," and "*Henry VIII.*" Let those who desire to parallel Shakespeare with somebody turn to the play of "*Richard III.*" and parallel it with Holinshed's account of that king; to the play of "*Henry IV.*" and Holinshed on *Henry IV.*, especially the scene where the prince tries on his sleeping father's crown. There are long portions of the play of "*Henry V.*" which are practical paraphrases, in blank verse, of Holinshed, as, for example, the Archbishop's long speech in the second scene of the first act, in Henry's speech to the traitors at Southampton, in Exeter's enumeration of the captives in the eighth scene of the fourth act, and in Queen Catherine's speech in the fourth scene of the second act of "*Henry VIII.*" A great part, indeed, of "*Henry VIII.*" simply consists of centos from Holinshed. Sometimes, however, Shakespeare seems to have used the third edition as where, in act V., scene iii., line 324, of the *Richard III.*, he copies the typographical error in Holinshed, "long kept in Bretagne at our mother's" (instead of "brother's"), cost.

Even for the comic characters, which are Shakespeare's own, and which cannot by the extremest commentatorial ingenuity be assigned to anybody else's original, Shakespeare finds details in Holinshed. Thus, when the historian tells us that a private soldier stole a pix out of a church, for which theft he was apprehended, Shakespeare assigns the theft to Bardolph. And

the dramatist often reproduces the speeches given by the historian. Thus Holinshed says that Henry answers the defiance of Mountjoy, the herald: "I wish not anie of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawnie ground with your red blood." Shakespeare merely reduces this to rhythm, thus: "If we be hindered We shall your tawny ground with your red Blood Discolor," ("Henry V.," III., vi., 169).

Against all these instances, but one instance, so far as I know, has been found where Bacon borrows from Holinshed, and it must be admitted that Shakespeare often borrows the same figures, viz: Holinshed remarks in his "History of Richard III.," "Before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea, without wind, swelleth himself before a tempest." Shakespeare paraphrased it:

"By a divine instinct men's minds distrust
Pursuing danger—as by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm."

"Richard III.," act II., scene iii., line 2.

And Bacon writes: "It is everywhere taken notice of that waters do somewhat swell and rise before tempests." And again: "As there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states."

In "Cymbeline," Shakespeare again repeats Holinshed, even to the proper names, though the orthography is revised, as, for example, Cloten for Cloton, Imogen for Innogen, Cadwall for Cadwallo, Morgan for Margan, etc., etc. But when we come to the drama of "Macbeth," Shakespeare held his imagination in abeyance, and recognizing in the story a character fit for tragedy on the Aristotelian principle (though I never, for my part, speculated as to why Shakespeare either should or should not have read Aristotle), simply dramatized his Holinshed! The circumstances under which Macbeth and Banquo meet the witches, the witches themselves, their prophecies, Macbeth's character, his wife's absolute mental control of him, the plot against King Duncan, the details of the murder (adapted from another narrative in the "Chronicles"), the drunken sleep of Duncan's chamberlains, the tempestuous night, the portents, Macbeth's terrors of conscience, the murder of Banquo, the flight of Fleance, the murder of Macduff's family, the exiles in England, the episode of Edward the Confessor touching for king's evil, the promises of the witches on which Macbeth relied, the narrative of the fight and of his death—are all given by Shakespeare in the same order in which Holinshed uses them.

In Malcolm's and Macduff's speeches in the third scene of the fourth

act, which are almost literal, Holinshed's statement that Macbeth's conscience "caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor" becomes

"This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

And the entire soliloquy at sight of the visionary dagger, "Methought I heard a voice," etc., etc., is but the poetry for Holinshed's description of the voice threatening vengeance heard by Macbeth in the dead of night and "preventing anie sleepe coming in his eies." If there were a theory that Holinshed wrote Shakespeare's plays, and if all that was necessary to prove that theory was to cite "parallelisms" between the plays and the "Chronicles," perhaps Dr. Platt would deny that Holinshed wrote Shakespeare.

IX. The plays are packed with Puns. But the significances of these Puns are found to depend upon a Warwickshire pronunciation of their vowels. And this Warwickshire pronunciation of vowels appears to be, even in comparison with other English Dialects, purely arbitrary. Thus, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I., i., 72, we have "Twenty to one he is shipped already. And I have played the sheep in following him." The pronunciation of sheep is "ship" in Warwickshire. (Mr. Ellis says that a Warwickshire farmer once asked him if he had seen a "ship on fire," which bothered him until he discovered that what the farmer wanted to know was whether Mr. Ellis had seen his (the farmer's) sheep at the fair! As there is no Quarto of the "*Two Gentlemen*," Lord Bacon—as the author of the First Folio, must have passed this pun!

But this local color is not, I think, either necessary to the plot of the Plays or appropriate to their action. That is to say, it either occurs in the by-play of clowns, or else words of it crop into the speeches of the courtly characters where a synonym in vernacular might as well be used. If the shades of Major Jack Downing and Sam Slick could revisit the glimpses of a modern New England moon, they would no longer hear a woodsman talk of "niggerin' his logs"—that is, laying his felled trees across a fire to burn off the smaller limbs, which of course blackened the trunks. And, similarly, Captain Marryat's shade will not hear the captain of a steel battleship cry: "Shiver my timbers!" But if their ghosts should hear those apostrophes anywhere in this eve of the twentieth century, they would know whence they came! Similarly, it seems apparent that, if King Henry the Fifth, in

haranguing his troops before Agincourt, or Hamlet, addressing his father's ghost or soliloquizing upon immortality, uses Warwickshire words, it could not have been because there was no vernacular word to use, or because the situation required the use of these words to make its speaker intelligible to his audience or to himself! The composer must have simply fallen into the use of the dialect word because his tongue or his ear was once accustomed to it. The persistence of dialect forms among illiterate classes, when whole generations of their betters, who imported them, have passed away, is familiar among the Southern negroes, who still say, for example, that a person is a "one-yer" (1 Henry Fourth, II., I., 81), or talk of "toting" a *ton*"—meaning a quantity of anything (Henry Fifth, I., II., 255). But, in New England, where there is no corresponding class, such Shakespeareanisms as "from smoke to smother" (As You Like It) persist, as well as dialectisms like "as easy as a cat can lick her ear," "butter my wristbands," "haul what ye hitch to," etc., in the dominant classes, or did until very recent years.

IV.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, THE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO PRODUCED THE PLAYS.

So far, the Plays seem to have had a Warwickshire source. Now—to apply the Canon, as in the case of Charles Dickens, David Copperfield and Barnaby Rudge—let us see if there is any confirmation for this apparent Warwickshire source in that floating tradition or common talk or "Report of the vicinage," which English Courts, from the days of Noy and Fortescue to our own, have recognized as most capital and vital in testing questions of Fact!

A man child, William Shakespeare, is baptized in Stratford-on-Avon; he grows up to boyhood there—is apprenticed there—plays his youthful pranks there—a license and a bond to marry are issued to him in the vicinity; he leaves there for London—returns there—purchases estates, real and personal, there; dies there and is buried there! This Stratford-on-Avon William Shakespeare (however Warwickshire penmen propose or care to spell his surname) is commonly reported within this vicinage to be a playwright and a manager of Theaters in London. Dominic Ward, Fuller and Aubrey so report the facts, the latter remarking that Shakespeare took in the humor of the (his) constable (Dogberry or, perhaps, Elbow) at Grendon-in-Bucks, which is a village on the high road between London and Stratford-on-Avon. Ben Jonson's commendatory effusion prefixed to the First Folio, however we have just discredited him,

is certainly corroborated when he speaks of the Sweet Swan of Avon transferring its flights to the banks of Thames, by his co-composers of commendatory First Folio verses. Leonard Digges, also in mortuary verse in that same volume, speaks of Shakespeare's "Stratford monument," which Sir William Dugdale says was made, along with another to John Combes, by Gerard Johnson. In the Dedictory Epistle of Ten Players to Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, the noble Earl is reminded that he and his "now glorified brother" were "patrons to the flowing compositions of the now expired Sweet Swan of Avon." In 1630, some one signing himself "Anonimos" speaks of "traveling through Stratford-on-Avon, most remarkable for the birth of Famous William Shakespeare." Sir William D'Avenant, who was proud to be known as Shakespeare's natural son (why was he proud, unless Shakespeare was Shakespeare?), connects Shakespeare with "the Banks of Avon," in verses written in 1637, and George Daniel, in 1647, writes stanzas again calling Shakespeare "the sweetest Swan of Avon." To the third Folio, again, are prefixed verses by "J. M. S." calling Shakespeare—apparently—"The Plebian Imp" (possibly an allusion to Shakespeare's inillustrious birth—which ought to make Baconians happy). And, finally, Shakespeare, Jonson and Drayton, have a merrie-meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, from the consequences of which Shakespeare contracts a fever and dies, and is buried in Stratford-on-Avon!!! (Jonson and Drayton! Two fellow dramatists! Would they have come down from London, if they had been two shoemakers, to carouse with Shakespeare? But this is not evidence, only plausible probability!) And so, at last, Dr. Platt, the London Dramatist comes to Stratford-on-Avon, and there his mortal remains—or what time has spared of them—rest to-day, whether you want him there or not!!

Here is evidence, the evidence of by-standers, and of the vicinage, of poets, vagabonds, chroniclers, actors, gossips, oafs and churls, given at a date when it was nobody's interest to bribe them to conspire to bear false witness; when Shakespeare was not the foremost man of all the world, but only a friend and a neighbor. And, as Mr. Devecmon says, if you are going to try this case before a jury, what witnesses will you subpoena except those witnesses? Who else are competent either by common law or common sense? Being dead, we unfortunately cannot cross-examine them, though, when they contradict themselves, we can still rule them out. But who have we ruled out as inconsistent with himself except poor old Ben Jonson? And yet even his testimony is, as a matter of fact, unanimously corroborated, and the result is, that William Shakespeare, of London, who writes the Plays, is revealed as

that William Shakespeare—"Shaksper," "Shaxper," "Shagsper," spelled in London, or Warwickshire, or any other fashion you please—whose birthplace, home and grave are and must remain, whether we want them there or not, at Stratford-on-the-Avon!

No true Baconian will ever forgive this William Shakespeare for applying for that grant of arms! But will Dr. Platt or anybody else tell us why a country bumpkin and a grinning yokel should apply for a grant of arms for anybody? If, however, our "bumpkin" has been up to London and caught the infection of court surroundings and has acquired the wherewithal to give that assurance of ability to support the dignity without which it certainly would not be given at all, then it would by no means have been an unusual or an improbable thing for any young man to do, then or now!

V.

ONLY A CHOICE OF DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

Frankly, there seem to be as many difficulties in the way of Shakespeare's name being Francis Bacon, as there are in the way of its being Shaksper, Shagsper or Shaxper! Perhaps one reason (and some might think it a very good one) why people are so impatient of anti-Shakespearean theories, is that, however dense and squalid and unlettered the sixteenth century condition of Stratford-on-Avon may have been, there was a tradition there that Shakespeare wrote plays and was concerned with theatrical matters; while, however cultivated and refined and intellectual the surroundings of Francis Bacon, there is no tradition that he wrote plays or was concerned with theatrical matters! In order to disbelieve in Shakespeare, therefore, these people say that we must not only explode one set, but assume to account for the absence of another set, of traditions!

Contrariwise, anti-Shakespeareans think Shakespeareans unfair in taking refuge behind the intrinsic and inherent improbability of any Shakespeare at all, whether coming from the Halls of Oxford or from the squalid neighborhoods of Stratford grammar-school, or from anywhere else! Look at the improbability of a Napoleon springing from Corsica, a Mahomet from the deserts of Arabia, an Abraham Lincoln from a hovel with a mud floor in "Egypt," Illinois! Such analogies as these the anti-Shakespeareans consider as only half-analogies, and as supremely unfair. To make them perfect, Napoleon should have returned to Corsica, set up as a country gentleman, and lived and died without mentioning armies or conquests or an Imperial throne; Mahomet should have retired an opulent owner of camels and caravans, and applied for a coat of arms; and Lincoln should have come back, improved the family property, and lived to the end of his days without ever

alluding to such things as the Presidency, or the United States, the Civil War, or the abolition of human slavery!

As to the Baconians proper, Shakespeareans claim that there are mutual concessions due them in order to arrange a platform upon which to examine, certain facts—the fact, for example, that Bacon composed, in intentional doggerel and to fit current hymn-tunes, a paraphrase of the Psalms suited to the meanest capacities, is no more an objection to his capacity to write the Plays, than is the fact that William Shakespeare wrote the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, the epitaph on Elias James, or the quatrain on David and Goliath, an objection to Shakespeare's capacity to write the Plays. So that argument is, as gamesters say, a "stand-off." Another "stand-off" is the fact that against the period of about fourteen years, from Shakespeare's disappearance from Stratford to his appearance as a poet-dramatist in London, an hiatus of about the same number of nearly coincident years (let us say that Shakespeare's hiatus was 1572-1594, and Bacon's, 1574-1590) can be set off in Bacon's life. That hiatus is found in each case to extend from a date when Queen Elizabeth made a pet of Bacon (the son of a lord keeper of England), calling him her "little lord keeper"—through a period in which she refused his advancement, and in which he lived in extreme poverty, was in prison for debt and fled to the continent to avoid creditors—up to a time when she gave him an office on condition that he would aid her Majesty in beheading his own best friend and only benefactor.

Still a third "stand off" is the fact that, if Shakespeare did not mention the Plays in his last Will and Testament, neither did Bacon mention them in his; that it is as easy to conclude that Shakespeare, when he sold out his theatrical and dramatic outfit, plant and good will, included his Plays, and so did not need to allude to them testamentarily, as it is to imagine that Bacon had been writing plays during his unrecorded years, which, in 1623 (when they had ceased to beget revenue), he edited in their collected form for their literary value merely. The only advantage the orthodox Shakespeareans would have gained by this course of reasoning is that, since there was no reason why Lord Bacon should not have claimed the authorship of the Plays in 1623 when collected for the press, the fact that he did not so claim it amounts to an acquiescence in the report that they were Shakespeare's. We must get ourselves out of the habit of thinking that because Shakespeare did not mention them in his will, these plays had become *publici juris*, or *ferae naturae*, like umbrellas, to be picked up by anybody and rewritten or otherwise tampered with by anybody! They were nothing of the sort. On the eighth day of November, 1623, Messrs. Jaggard and Blount, who had al-

ready obtained control of the copyrights of the twenty plays printed in quarto, expressly entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Mr. William Shakespeare Comedyes, Histories and Tragedyes. So many of the said copies as are not entered to other men vizt." (here following the names of the sixteen plays) ! Down to the publication of the fourth folio in 1685, the ownership of the Plays can be traced without difficulty, and, as I pointed out many years ago, the copyrights in those days were perpetual, and the Act of Anne, of 1709 (8 Anne, c. 19), not being retroactive, did not interfere with that perpetuity. If worth tracing, the present owners of the copyrights of Shakespeare's Plays might, to-day, be found.

However, in view of the doubt at the start, and of its imposing persistence to-day, I remember that lawyers tell us that there is a time to fight and a time to compromise. Believing that the last named occasion has arrived, I venture to respectfully propose that articles of peace between the Shakespeareans and the Baconians be drawn up by Dr. Platt, who is perfectly at home in the councils of both camps, and enjoys the confidence of both, and that these articles be presented for signature to the high contracting parties !

DR. PLATT. Dr. Morgan's subtle flattery is so persuasive that I should have to be either more or less than human not to make an attempt to carry out his suggestion and do something toward nominating terms for a protocol.

In conversation with Dr. Morgan some months ago I came to believe that our views were not so very wide apart after all, and his recent paper confirms me in that opinion. He has his doubts that the Plays were written by the man whose given name was William and whose surname was almost anything beginning with S. My only point of difference with him in this is one of degree. I feel quite sure the Plays were not written by William of Stratford. He feels quite sure that the Plays were not absolutely written by Francis Bacon. I do not feel quite sure that they were not ; but I see good reasons for doubting it. He inclines to the belief that they were written by different people acting together with some kind of an understanding. I think that, in a sense, this is not improbable. Dr. Morgan calls this the "syndicate theory." I should prefer to call it the "editorial theory," because I think that any such work would imply the need of an editor, and I believe that if the theory is true the editor was Francis Bacon. So we seem to be approaching the terms of our protocol.

I have never committed myself to the proposition that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays. In fact, I do not know that I have ever committed myself

to any theory on the subject. I did discover what appeared to me to be a curious enigma in one of the Plays and offered what seemed to be a plausible solution of it. No one has offered any other. It may all be an accident. I can conceive it possible that if I take a handful of those little square bits of lettered cardboard with which children play the game called "Logomachy," and throw them on the floor, they may fall in such a way as to form an intelligible sentence; but I consider that to be a very remote possibility. In this connection I wish to call attention once more to the fact that, according to my reading of the anagram in *Love's Labour's Lost* it is not stated that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays, but that they originated with him. This may be a fine distinction, but it may also prove to be an important one.

Now, having said that I have not committed myself, I will for once be brave and will commit myself. I do not believe that William Shaksper, son of John Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote the Plays or the Poems or anything else, and, what is more, I feel quite sure that he did not. In order to give my reason in full for this conviction I should be obliged to write as big a book as William H. Edwards' *Shaksper*, not *Shakespeare*, which is a good sized octavo of five hundred pages, and then probably I should not do it as well, and, anyhow, Mr. Edwards has done it already. I consider his book to be convincing on this point, and to it I refer those who wish to study fully the anti-William-Shaksper argument. If they are still dissatisfied, feeling that the author is biassed, let them read what Richard Grant White has to say on the subject. Mr. White's prejudices were surely in the other direction, but he had great trouble in making his way over the shards. He says: "The biographer must record these facts, because the literary antiquaries have unearthed, produced and pitilessly printed them as new particulars in the life of Shakespeare (meaning Shaksper). We hunger, and we receive these husks; we open our mouths for food, and we break our teeth against these stones."—*Memoirs of Shakespeare*, p. 88.

The fact is, and it is time there ceased to be any dispute about it, that William Shaksper of Stratford was an illiterate person with a talent for money getting, of which money he acquired a large amount, how honestly or dishonestly I do not know, but from some of his proceedings in Stratford I should consider the honesty questionable. However, if I were asked for a single reason which I should consider conclusive, I should offer this: I am perfectly convinced that William of Stratford could not write his own name, as is sufficiently proved by a study of the five so-called autographs, which are not written at all, but drawn from a copy, and badly drawn, as is often the case with illiterate men who acquire property. Is it not very strange

that the most eminent literary man of his time or of any time should have left no correspondence or manuscripts? Of course I know the theory of the destruction of the manuscripts in the fire at the Globe theater (which would have been an extraordinary place to keep manuscripts, anyhow, as any one who has read a description of it must recognize), but did this great literary man have no correspondence, or were all his letters collected in the Globe theater for convenience in cremation and for the purpose of puzzling future generations?

Now, I should like it to be distinctly understood that I am not confusing genius with book learning. But the author of the Plays surely had book learning as well as genius, because he shows in them vast knowledge of facts, and the objective life of William of Stratford shows distinctly entire lack of such knowledge as well as of genius, except that of the genius for money getting.

Moreover, I do not believe that any of the Plays known as Shakespeare's, as we now have them, were ever performed at the Globe theater or any other public theater of that period, for the reason that they are entirely unsuited for the comprehension or entertainment of such audiences as frequented these resorts. This, it appears to me, should be obvious to anyone who has gained the slightest information in regard to the condition of the playhouses of that period, not only from the Baconian literature, but from dispassionate historical works, such as Taine's *English Literature*, or from the works of ardent pro-Shakespeareans, such as Halliwell-Phillipps or Richard Grant White. Moreover, as the performances at these public theaters had the habit of beginning at three o'clock, it would have been impossible to have given a Shakespearean play during the remainder of the short winter afternoon in London, and in summer the players were "on the road." Of course, I know that plays with similar or identical names were from time to time produced at the Globe, but that by no means proves them to have been identical with the plays we know as Shakespeare's.

To-day, the profession of the actor is an honorable and an honored one. In the times of Elizabeth and James the strolling player or the player at the public theatre was regarded as a mountebank, a vagrant, a pariah. If unlicensed he was subject to a fine, imprisonment and branding. It is true that they were sometimes licensed—as resorts of evil repute are in some cities licensed to-day. For a succinct account of the London playhouse of that period, I refer to Taine's *English Literature*.

The Plays may, some of them, have been produced at Court or in private theaters, but, if so, I believe this was incidental. I believe the Plays were

written for the deliberate purpose of elevating the English drama, one might almost say of creating it, of enriching English literature, and ultimately, of enhancing the fame of the author, or authors—similar aims to those which have led to the production of all great works of art: in short, the good of humanity. I believe that a contemporary audience was not expected—it certainly was not had—but I believe that the Plays were written for posterity, as Bacon declared he wrote. That they were manufactured by a sordid money-getter for sordid gain is a proposition I will not and cannot accept. It is against all human experience. It is an insult to common sense, to genius and to humanity

It may be said that I am merely stating an opinion and not giving evidence. This is true, but the evidence is open to all men, and it fills a library, and this is the opinion I have deliberately formed from such study as I have been able to give it.

If the author or authors had any contemporary audience in mind, it must have been one composed of people of education and culture, and with the scantiness of both at that day it would have been impossible to have made the Plays profitable unless the author were heavily subsidized, and I never heard of any evidence or even suggestion that he was. Even at the present day, with all our advancement in education and culture, it is difficult to make a financial success of a Shakespearean play, and then only after an enormous outlay for spectacular effect.

Now for Dr. Morgan's points in favor of William of Stratford.

I. The Plays contain Warwickshire dialect. Granted. This goes to prove that the author or one of the authors was familiar with that dialect, but it does not prove that his name was William. It is easier for a man who speaks good English to learn dialect than for a man whose habitual speech is dialect to learn to speak good English. Besides, Francis Bacon was a relative by marriage of the Lucys of Charleycote. Mr. Spedding prints one of Bacon's letters to Sir Thomas Lucy himself. He was awarded by royal grant a leasehold estate at Cheltenham, twenty-five miles from Stratford. The residence of his wife's step-father, Sir John Packinton, was only a few miles from Stratford in another direction, so that it is not remarkable that he should have learned something of Warwickshire speech and of the local proper names without going far out of his way. Besides, many of these dialect expressions are current also in Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, as well as in Warwickshire.

II. Premature burial is an accident which, in the course of history, has probably occurred or has been rumored to have occurred many times, and

the possibility of it, I suppose, enters into almost everybody's head at some time. I, with all apology to Dr. Morgan, cannot help feeling that the association of Romeo and Juliet with the accident at Stratford is a little far-fetched.

III. There is little doubt that the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy is alluded to in the *Merry Wives*, but William was not the only one who knew of it. Dr. Morgan says it never ceased to be a part of Stratford history. In that case it might easily have come to the knowledge of anybody who was interested, especially of Bacon, who, as we have seen, was connected with the Lucy family.

IV. "The fool slides o'er the ice that you would break," and once a fool did it at Evesham. Well, there is a proverbial saying about skating on thin ice, and Longfellow wrote a line about the Viking skating on ice that "the poor, whimpering hound trembles to walk on." Yet Longfellow was not born at Stratford.

V. "Arent thee! Witch!" was cried by one woman to another at Stratford, and one of the witches in *Macbeth* uses a similar rude expression. At the most this only goes to show that there is Warwickshire dialect in the Plays, which I have already admitted.

VI. The Plays contain Warwickshire names. Granted. One of the inns at Stratford is, I believe, to the present day, kept by Mistress Anne Page. Anyhow, it was a few years ago when I was there, and had some of her good "bitter."

VII. A school like the Edward VI. school is held up to ridicule in one of the Plays. Granted. Schools like this were scattered all over the kingdom, and, by the way, this is the school at which, without any evidence, William of Stratford is supposed to have acquired his "education."

VIII. The *Chronicles* of Raphael Holinshed are freely drawn upon in the Plays, and Holinshed was a Warwickshire man. I admit this, but the circulation of his book was not limited to that county. Dr. Morgan says that often identities of Warwickshire dialect are found in the Plays and in the *Chronicles*. This would appear to go a long way to explain how Warwickshire dialect got into the Plays.

IX. The fact that the Plays contain puns dependent upon Warwickshire pronunciation proves or suggests no more than has been agreed upon already, that the author was familiar with Warwickshire speech, and his familiarity with Holinshed's book would naturally tend to give his own work something of that local color. Besides, it is very difficult for any one to say now just what the standard pronunciation was at that period. The

pronunciation of a word in Warwickshire to-day may have been its pronunciation in Westminster in 1600. However, I will concede that the author or an author of the Plays was to some degree familiar with Warwickshire dialect, customs and traditions, and that it has given a local coloring to some passages in the plays. The reason for his wishing to give them that coloring I do not understand, but might surmise if the author wished to pass the Plays off as the work of William of Stratford. I do not see that the pro-Stratford argument comes to more than that.

I shall not offer myself as a champion of the idea of Bacon's royal descent, but if he imagined himself to be a son of the Earl of Leicester, whose seat was Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, and who founded the Leicester Hospital in Warwick, would not that fact have an influence in associating Bacon with Warwickshire?

There is one point in the case against William of Stratford which, while sometimes noticed in the writings of the Baconians, has never received the attention which is its due. The writer of the Plays was a gentleman in the sense of a gentle man-of-the-world. He was familiar with the formal and artificially correct manners of polite society and of court circles; one to whom they were second nature. No characteristic of the Plays is more obvious than this. It permeates every pore and fibre of them. The pages are resplendent with the glory of the imperial purple and with the sheen of the royal ermine.

Genius may be innate. Book learning may be acquired in solitude. But knowledge and familiarity—intimate familiarity—with the courtesies and graces, the weaknesses and foibles, the jealousies and the chivalry, the great-nesses and the littlenesses, the intrigues and the sacrifices in the name of *noblesse oblige*, could only have been learned, understood, felt, absorbed and expressed by one accustomed to close association with that most exclusive and artificial set—by one who was a part of it. And yet all these are blazoned forth on "Shakespeare's purple page." Can any one for a moment suppose that the peasant boy of Stratford, the butcher's apprentice, afterward the holder of horses at the door of a low playhouse and then a member of a company of vulgar and despised players—that this man obtained admission to the charmed precincts of the spacious court of Great Elizabeth?

Orthodox Shakespearean scholars tell us that *Love's Labour's Lost* was written as early as 1588 or 1589—about two years after William of Stratford went up to London—*Love's Labours Lost*, full of court manners and usages, crowded with classicisms, and, as everybody knows, and Dr. Morgan will admit, containing allusions to matters in the contemporary history of Navarre

which were not prominent or important enough to be known in England till years afterward, if they ever were known! How could this have been the work of the young man who at that period was supposed to be dividing his time between holding horses in front of some theatre and improving the master works of the English drama? On the other hand, Bacon was but lately out of college, was familiar with the court and was in Navarre at the time the events happened. And here it might be noted that it is in the early plays, such as *Love's Labour's Lost*, that the classicisms are the most frequent and most obtrusive, sometimes almost overpowering the sense! In the later plays they become less frequent, and far less obtrusive. Now this is exactly what we should expect from a brilliant university graduate, who, at the beginning of his career, has the classics fresh in his mind, but, later, is more influenced by his observation of the world. Not at all what we should expect from one whose only school was the world, and whose knowledge of scholarly things, if he had any, must have been of slow growth.

In regard to the authorship of Greene, Marlowe, Montaigne, and the rest, I am not prepared to go into a discussion. One world at a time is enough. But I see no reason why, if Bacon had set himself to the task of re-creating English and other literature, as the Baconians claim, these names may not have represented some of the "able pens" of whom he speaks, or why the works appearing under their names may not have been produced under his editorial supervision. I am by no means certain that this was not the case, but, if it should be proved to be, we are still far from the solution of our main problem.

In a certain sense the idea of a syndicate is certainly very probable. It is hard to conceive that all the lines of the Plays were written by the same hand, conceived by the same brain. The brutalities of *Titus Andronicus* and the puerilities of *Henry VI.* were surely not the offspring of the same genius, unless, indeed, they represent a juvenile or adolescent period, that begot the profound philosophy of *Hamlet*, the rollicking fun of *Henry IV.* and *Twelfth Night*, the idyllic beauty of *As You Like It*, and the stupendous agony of *Lear*. All of these latter and many others and parts of still more show the master touch of that gentle, humorous, yet titanic *X* that we call Shakespeare.

In another sense the name William Shakespeare certainly stands for a syndicate. Besides the thirty-five plays published in the folio of 1623—the prefatory essays and verses to which contain the first suggestion of the identity of Shakespeare and the player from Stratford—there were published thirteen other plays with the name William Shakespeare on their title pages,

and all of these, with the exception of *Pericles*, are unanimously rejected as the work of the actor or of the author of the Folio Plays. These Plays are *Pericles*, *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Thomas*, *Lord Cromwell*, *Edward III.*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *Mucedorus*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, the *London Prodigal*, the *Puritan Widow of Watling Street*, *Arthur of Feversham*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *The Arraignment of Paris*. Some of these were adopted into the later folios. Now, this goes to show quite conclusively that somebody was or several people were, from 1593 to 1606, using the name William Shakespeare as a pseudonym. By whose authority this was done it is impossible to say. Names were used very loosely in those days. Moreover, there is no evidence to show that there ever was a man named Shakespeare until that name was adopted by William Shakesper at the time of his application for coat armor in 1596; and even after that time he was not consistent, for his Will is signed in two places Shaksper and in one place Shakspar (at least I am told so; I admit I cannot make them out at all). This is more than a mere discrepancy in spelling, for the two names not only must have been pronounced quite differently, but must have been quite different in their etymology, Shaksper being evidently a corruption of Jacques-Pierre, while Shakespeare suggests the wielder of a spear, which latter seems the more suitable cognomen for a family claiming the right to bear arms.

Who was Shakespeare? This compeller of the thunders and the lightnings of the human soul, this hurler of peak upon peak of human passion, and yet so capricious and dainty that he could touch the finest chords of the soul with the finger of superhuman tenderness? This giant—Aristophean in humor Socratic in wisdom, Godlike in strength, Christlike in gentleness—who was he? The butcher boy of Stratford, the player of the Globe theater company, which could have done hardly more than to present bombast and dumb show to the lowest dregs of London, the man who amassed four hundred thousand dollars and then tried to steal the Stratford common, the man who retired to dirty Stratford and brewed beer, and sued his neighbor for thirty-five shillings and sixpence for it; the man who died and left no evidence of ever having had a book or a manuscript; the man who tried to obtain a coat of arms by fraud, and was buried in Stratford church after leaving his wife his second best bed as her sole legacy? This man? No! God save our reason! Was it Francis Bacon? We have heard the argument pro and con. He is the man we should naturally look to, being the most eminent literary, philosophic and scientific man of his age. The man who had declared that he had taken all knowledge to be his province, and had declared

his intention of restoring the reign of enlightenment after almost a millennial and a half of darkness, and whose philosophy is almost paraphrased in the Plays. And yet we are staggered by his few acknowledged attempts at verse which do not seem at all Shakespearean. At least his attempt to translate the Psalms into meter does not, but there seems to be something about the Psalms baffling to genius. Milton's were even worse. However, Bacon's reputation as a poet need not rest upon them; this sonnet from the "Device of the Indian Prince" is not unworthy of Shakespeare:

"Seated between the Old World and the New,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;
Stories nor fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she, in holding up the world opprest;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty;
No age has ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy;
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes."

Spedding said he doubted if any five lines of Shakespeare could be mistaken for Bacon, or vice versa. Spedding is high authority, but this time, like David, he must have spoken in his haste. It would hardly be fair to collate a love song and a state paper for a comparison of style, but might not the sonnet in "The Device of the Indian Prince" be mistaken for Shakespeare or might not this be mistaken for Bacon: "Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal strings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or a scion. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of

the will." Othello I., 3. Now, it would be difficult to find in all of Bacon's works a passage more crowded with his special characteristics than this. The similes of our bodies to gardens and our wills to gardeners are eminently Baconian. The words "gender," "distract," "corrigable," "preposterous," "sect," "permission," are all used in their primary meanings—the meanings of their Latin roots—as was Bacon's custom. "But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal strings, our unbitted lusts" is as characteristic of Bacon as anything he ever wrote. Moreover, the sentiment is in exact accord with Bacon's Essay on Love. Instances of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. I will cite but one more. In King Lear, Act. I., Sc. 2, Gloster says that "these late eclipses of the sun and moon portend no good," upon which Edmund soliloquizes: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on; an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to a star."

And why should Shakespeare not have written this: "All that which is past is as a dream, and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mother, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days; whereof even this is one, and those that succeed are of the same nature."—Essay on Death.

One of the most illuminating books I have recently read is "Shakspeare Studies in Baconian Light," by Robert M. Theobald. It is mainly devoted to a discussion of the scholarship shown in the Plays as compared with that of Bacon's works. It is not the mere matter of classical illusions which might be obtained second hand, but the continual use of words in their strict classic sense and the use of classical constructions, rendering the meaning at times obscure until reference is had to Latin roots and constructions; showing that the poet's mind was moulded in classic form. I consider this vastly more instructive than mere resemblances of phrase. Would anyone unfamiliar with classical speech write:

"I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this *captious* and *intenable* sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love."

All's Well, I., 3.

How can any sense be discovered in this without reference to the Latin words, *capio* and *teneo*? The usual reading of Claudio's speech, Measure for Measure, III., 1, is—

"Aye! but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Now, *delighted* is a curious adjective to apply to a spirit under such circumstances. Cowden Clarke suggests *delated*, which means borne away, and, also *accused*, which is decidedly more appropriate in this connection. In Hamlet, I., 2, we have, "Giving to you no further personal power to business with the King, more than the scope of these *delated* articles allow." While Bacon says: "To try exactly the time wherein sound is *delated*, let a man stand in a steeple * * * it is certain that the *delation* of light is in an instant" (Syl. Syl. 209, "Shakespeare Studies, 340). The attempt to reconcile the scholarship of the plays with the actor's known lack of it, leads the critics to most preposterous conclusions. Cowden Clarke, in commenting on the words, "The ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," in Julius Cæsar, says: "It has been said that, in these glowing words, Shakespeare has anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was made in 1608. The poet's intuition taught him many secrets of nature as yet unpromulgated by science to the world, as well as many of those known only to adepts in their several branches of science; and that he had intuitive perception on the subject of the blood's course through the body, witness not only the present passage but also that gloriously expressive one in Measure for Measure, II., 4, where Angelo exclaims: "O heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?"

In regard to the following passage: "*Shallow*—By yea and nay sir, I daresay my cousin William is become a good scholar! he is at Oxford still, is he not? *Silence*—Indeed, sir, to my cost. *Shallow*—He must be in the Inns of Court shortly." (2 Henry IV., III., 2.) Cowden Clarke says: "This passage shows that a University education was a usual preparatory step in studying at one or the other of the Inns of Court, and gives ground to our belief that very probably Shakespeare may have been a collegian at one of the Universities, and may have subsequently kept terms at one of the Inns of

Court. Still, however, we are willing to allow that with one of his miraculous ability in availing himself of knowledge acquired through intercourse with others, it would have sufficed him to be acquainted with young men who had thus studied at college and at an Inn of Court to become versed in many particulars known to them by their experience."

Now, would it not be wiser, before appealing to the miraculous, to see if some working hypothesis could not be found that would account for the facts? There must be something wrong with views that reduce such an able scholar as Cowden Clarke to a position like this! Lesser critics are driven to a still more pitiable plight. The following is from Mr. Robertson's "Montaigne and Shakspeare." After speaking of Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, which he says are "simply manufactured poems, constructed for the market and to secure the patronage of Lord Southampton," he says: "And the rest of the poet's career from that time on seems to have been no less prudently calculated. Having plenty of evidence that men could not make a living by poetry, even if they produced it with facility; and that they could not count on living steadily by the sale of plays, he joined with his trade of actor the business, not merely of playwright, but of part sharer in the takings of the theatre. * * * We are thus dealing with a temperament or mentality not at all obviously original or masterly," and so on and so on. Now I ask if a theory that leads to such lame and impotent results is a satisfactory theory? Why not consider the Baconian theory merely as a working hypothesis, and see if it would not lead us out of this chaotic wilderness of ifs and perhapses? Of course, if anybody agrees with Mr. Barrett Wendell that anybody could have written the Plays simply by paraphrasing North's Plutarch and Holinshed's Chronicles, with the aid, perhaps, of a little eaves-dropping at the Mermaid Tavern, he will not need any hypothesis (working, or otherwise), because, to his mind, there is nothing to account for. But it is not likely that anybody does agree with Mr. Wendell. The truth is, the generally accepted theory of authorship does not account for the facts, and has never satisfied the ablest and most scholarly critics. It did not satisfy Coleridge, it did not seem to satisfy Cowden Clarke, nor Halliwell Phillipps, nor Grant White. And who else is satisfied with it?

In the Balcony Scene of Romeo and Juliet, as Romeo is, at the warning of the lark, reluctantly leaving through Capulet's orchard, Juliet calls after him through the darkness, "Romeo!" He stops, listens, and says—well, what does he say? According to the First Folio, he says, "My neece"! That is, of course, impossible! Modern commentators have guessed "my dear" and "my sweet"; "madame" and "nurse," etc; none of which seem to be

very satisfactory. It occurred to Judge Webb* to consult Bacon's handwriting and there he found—to his satisfaction, at least—that the word was "my name," the error arising from Bacon's habit of making the loop of the "m" and "n" at the bottom, instead of at the top. Examination of a facsimile of Bacon's signature as "Fr. Verulam" will make it clear. Here, at last, is this obscurity removed. "My name," Romeo exclaims, as he hears it called through the darkness by the girl, who has found the falconer's voice to lure the tassel-gentle back again! How simple, when suggested! How strange that Bacon's chirography should prove to be the key!

Judge Webb, by similar study of Bacon's writing, has shown that "A Table of green fields" (Hy. V., II., 3) is "A fabled of green fields"; and Pistol's reply to the French soldier (Hy. V., IV., 4), which is printed, "Qualitie! Calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman?" is really "Quality, cullion! Assure me, art thou a gentleman?" Judge Webb seems to have done a little in a practical way to answer the taunt of *cui bono?* so often thrust at the Baconians.

Mr. John Pym Yeatman, in his "The Gentle Shaksper," states that the arms claimed by Shaksper were the same as those borne by Nicholas Breakspeare (Adrian IV.) the only Pope who was an Englishman. This is interesting, if true, but, to me, in a different way from that in which it seems to be to Mr. Yeatman. He thinks it shows that the name of the great Pope, the subduer of the Barbarossa, and that of the actor, were originally identical. If the actor's name had been "Shakespeare," this might have been plausible, but it was not!

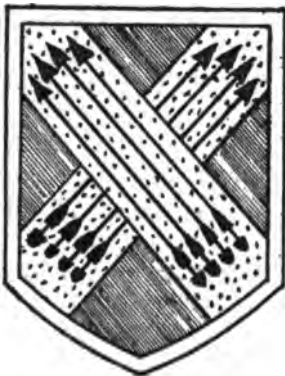
One of Halliwell-Phillipps' reasons for denying the genuineness of John Shaksper's alleged Confession of Faith, discovered in 1784, is that the name in it is spelled "Shakspeare," in which way, he says, it was never spelled at that period, which is of course true. The relation between Breakspeare and Shaxpur—which was undoubtedly the pronunciation of the latter—does not seem to be very obvious. But let us look at the matter from another point of view. In Camden's "Remaines of Britaine"—1605—which everybody admits Bacon had a hand in, we find the collocation of the names, Breakspeare, Shake-speare, Shot-bolt, and Wag-staffe. Now, Nicholas Breakspeare was a native of St Albans. Immediately upon his elevation to the papacy, he conferred extensive privileges upon the Monastery of St. Albans, including exemption from all Episcopal jurisdiction except that of Rome itself.

*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, p. 271.

Being so intimately associated as he was with the local history and traditions of St. Albans, does it not seem likely that, if Bacon wished to use a pseudonym, and at the same time associate his work with the actor Shaksper without exactly using his name, the association with the name of the great local hero, might have been what determined his choice? I only suggest this as another strange coincidence.

If this were the case, and the actor knew of it, is it not likely that this is what led to his selection of a design for coat armor when he "decided to change his name to Shakespeare and to become a gentleman" Examination of the Breakspeare arms shows them to be not exactly identical with those claimed by Shaksper, but similar. They are: vert, eight spears in saltire, or, the four in bend dexter surmounted of the four in bend sinister. The accompanying cut shows how naturally one might have suggested the other.

THE BREAKSPEARE ARMS



THE SHAKESPEARE ARMS



And you yourself, Dr. Morgan, have called my attention to the fact that the shadowy British king, Cymbeline (or Conobelinus), of whom even old Holinshed confesses that next to nothing is known except that, in his reign, Jesus Christ, the son of the eternal God, was born of a virgin, held his royal city and capitol at Verulam! But, Dr. Morgan, do you not think it curious that, whenever we scratch the cuticle of a "Shakespeare" reminiscence, we uncover an association with Francis, Lord Bacon? In any case, the relations between the known Bacon and the unknown Shakespeare must have been very close and

intimate, not only as shown by the identity of their philosophy, but by the cryptic references to Bacon throughout the Shakespeare plays, and by numberless items of circumstantial evidence which it would take volumes if not libraries to set forth. I shall not attempt to defend Mr. Donnelly's cipher reading. I have found many inaccuracies in it. I mean inaccuracies in quotations and in the relation of historic events. I do not accept his reading of the cipher and I do not understand how he reaches it. But I do believe that Mr. Donnelly has demonstrated that there is a cipher in the Plays, and that the cipher relates to Francis Bacon, and that this is confirmed by the investigations of many others, each following different lines of investigation and each leading to some connecting link between Bacon and the Plays. These connecting links are too many to be mere coincidences. To me they prove at least an editorial relationship on the part of Bacon.

Only a few days ago, in fact while this debate is going through the press, in reading Grant White's charming *Studies in Shakespeare*, I alighted upon a discussion of the reading of the gardener's speech in *Richard II.*, Act. III., Sc. 4—"We, at time of year, Do wound the bark," in which is suggested *vere* or *ver* in place of *year*, meaning, of course, at time of Spring. I had always supposed that a word had dropped out, and that it meant, "at this time of year," but, as it suggested Bacon's *Essay on Gardens*, I turned to that, and found instruction to the effect that if I set out my flowers in certain order, I might have "*ver perpetuum*"! O Dr. Morgan!

In fact, how can there be any question about Bacon's editorial relationship to the Folio when it is remembered that at the time of its publication Ben Jonson was secretary to Bacon and that Ben Jonson was the only man of ability or literary attainments who is palpably seen, by his verses under the Portrait, and his commendatory verses, to have been concerned in the production of the work, Heminge and Condell being obviously lay figures? Moreover, in Jonson's introductory verses, he describes the author of the Plays in the identical language which he elsewhere applies to Bacon—that his work exceeded "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth." Why, Dr. Morgan, the whole mass of evidence in favor of William Shakesper is not enough to offset these simple facts! So much for the Folio.

Now let us glance at Bacon's acknowledged volumes and see if we can find any light in them. The posthumous collected edition of Bacon's works, edited by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, is inaugurated by a number of obituary verses collectively called "*Manes Verulamiani*." These are almost entirely devoted to eulogizing Bacon as—what, a statesman or philosopher?—no, but as a poet. In the course of them occurs this passage:

"Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
 Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
 Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini
 Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat."

Which I take to convey the idea that he found that the arts associated with Pegasus were insufficiently rooted and languishing, and that he trained them to grow to a bay tree as did the spear of Quirinius. The verses are crowded with references to Parnassus and Helicon and the Muses, and to the poetic arts, but this passage seems peculiarly significant, or at least queer, by reason of the phrase, "hasta Quirini," the spear of the spearsman! I suppose I shall be told that that is an allusion to the myth of Romulus, which I admit, but it is certainly a reference to Bacon, and why should Bacon be called the Spearsman? We know why Romulus was. Ovid says somewhere: "Hasta quiris prisca est dicta Sabina"—"hinc Romulus dictus est Quirinus," adds the Dictionary. I am willing to admit that in a eulogy of Bacon he might be called "Shakespeare" and "the leader of the Muses" as a joke, or by mere accident. But it is one of those accidents the like of which occurs so frequently as to awake the suspicion of *deus ex machina*.

A few pages further on we find this:

"Qualis per umbras ditis Eurydice vagans
 Palpare gestiit Orpheum, quali Orpheus,
 Saliente tandem, vix prius crispa, Styge,
 Alite fibras lyraeti tillavit manu;
 Talis plicata philologon aenigmatibus
 Petiit Baconum vindicem, tali manu
 Lactata cristas extulit philosophia;
 Humique soccis reptantem comicis
 Non proprio ardelionibus molimine
 Sarsit, sed Instauravit. Hinc politius
 Surgit cothurno celciore, et ORGANO,
 Stagirita viribus reviviscit NOVO."

Here is a rough translation:

"As Eurydice, wandering through the shades of Dis, delighted to soothe Orpheus, as Orpheus touched with his hand the strings of his lyre which before had scarce sounded; just as the Styx leaping at length when fed; even so was

sought Bacon, the restorer, in the enigmas of the learned; and philosophy lured by such a gentle hand exalted her plumes. Not with a private project (i. e., not for his own selfish ends), among busybodies did he patch up the thing crawling on the ground in the socks of comedy, but he Instituted. Hence, it rises refined and with a statelier buskin, and in his *Novum Organum* he revives with power the work of the Stagirite."

What this means I confess I do not know. What there in the exoteric career of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord Chancellor of England, that has to do with the buskin and the socks I cannot imagine. If it had not been explained to me by the "scholars" that when he said: "Of these the first is to set forth examples of inquiry and invention according to my method, exhibited by anticipation in some particular subjects; choosing such subjects as are at once the most noble in themselves among those under inquiry, and most different from one another; that there may be an example of every kind. I do not speak of those examples which are joined to the several precepts and rules by way of illustration (for of these I have given plenty in the second part of the work); but I mean actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and process of invention from the beginning to the end, in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable should be set before the eyes. * * * To examples of this kind the fourth part of this work is devoted," he meant anything or everything except what he said—I should have thought he had been disregarding Lady Anne's behest and had been having to do with the things of the mummers. Moreover, I should have thought that when he catalogued among the deficiencies of his time the great potential educational value of the stage and contrasts that idea with the actual sodden and vulgar condition of the stage,** I had a clew to the meaning of his eulogist. Perhaps the very "clew of Gnossus."*

Is it not strange that all the facts and traditions regarding William Shakesper should be of such a sordid nature? Poaching, writing a scurrilous lampoon, his obtaining a license to marry Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton one day and executing a preliminary bond to marry Anne Hathaway of Shottery on the following day? (A lady widely known for her intelligence

*Manes Verulamiani — Francisci Baconi Opera Omnia — London, MDCCXXX.

**De Augmentis—L. II. Cap. XIII. Spedding, Vol. VIII. p. 439.

and culture, upon hearing this story, remarked that William must have been something like the darkie who, after obtaining a marriage license, found that the clerk had inserted the name of the wrong woman, and that it would cost a dollar to make the correction. "Oh, well! dar ain't no dollar's wuth of differ'nce 'tween Rosy and Sal. I'll just take Sal.") As there is no record of any marriage ceremony, it is yet uncertain which Anne got the second best bed. Then we are told that he got drunk at Bidford and spent the night under an appletree, and in the end died as the result of a debauch. Of course, these stories may not all be true, or, if true, any one might have occurred in the life of a man of genius. But is it not strange that nothing has come down to us about this man but that which, if not absolutely base, is at least sordid? Not one tradition of a good, noble or generous act?

Now for Dr. Morgan's syndicate hypothesis. I cannot conceive of a syndicate of genius. There may readily have been many people engaged upon what might be called the hack work of the Plays—the many "able pens"; but we are still confronted by the phantom of the titanic X—the gentle and the godlike, the tender and the thunderous, the humorous and the ever human Shakespeare. He could have been no syndicate, though he may have had helpers. Was he William the play actor and brewer? No. Was he Francis Bacon, the philosopher? It may be, and evidence at present seems to tend in that direction. Was he some great genius yet unknown to us by name. It is possible.

As yet we can see but dimly through the mists of history and tradition, but it is to be hoped, and, I believe, that it will not be long, before the mists will roll away and we shall stand face to face with this glorious protagonist, not only of our race and language but of all humanity.

This is not the place to discuss the relations of Bacon to Essex, but, as Dr. Morgan has called attention to the matter, I will suggest that if Bacon had allowed the favors he had received, years before, to influence him in the discharge of his official duty, he might justly be accused of bribery. Brutus's sacrifice of his sons might be criticized as unnecessarily harsh, but I do not see how it can be considered treacherous. In the matter of Bacon and Essex, I refer to James Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer," in which Bacon's traducer, Macauley, is, to use Grant White's words, "slowly ground to fine dust." Let Dr. Morgan beware!

I propose the following as terms of peace:

I. The Plays and Poems known as Shakespeare's were not written by William, the son of John Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon.

II. They were issued under the editorial supervision of Francis Bacon.

III. There is strong circumstantial evidence to show that they were actually written by Francis Bacon.

IV. If they were not written by Francis Bacon, they were written by some genius unknown to us by name, with Bacon's coöperation.

V. The spirit of the whole series of Plays and Poems is dominated by one man, though he might, and probably did, have helpers and coadjutors.

Will Dr. Morgan sign this protocol?

DR. MORGAN SUGGESTS AMENDED ARTICLES.

I.

DR. MORGAN. Few people, indeed, possess Dr. Platt's happy art of concise statement, and of placing himself and his readers, without prolegomena or parentheses, at once *in medias res*.

For my part (as Horace, I think, says all ordinary people do), "when I labor to be brief I become obscure." Dr. Platt, indeed covers the entire anti-Shakespearean and Baconian case. For, on careful reading, I am unable to note that he has omitted allusion to a single phase of either theory, in his admirable rejoinder to my propositions.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* of the *New York Times* lately asserted that no one ever thoroughly and patiently examined the anti-Shakespearean case without becoming a convert. Perhaps the reason why there are so few converts is, because anti-Shakespearean protagonists write such bulky books that they frighten readers away—that life is too short, and pressure of current and less recondite literature too strong, to give more than one reader or so in a million the requisite time for such thorough and patient examination as would make him a gentle convertite. Perhaps another reason is, because the anti-Shakespeareans write with such confessed feeling, that few, unless naturally attracted to destructive criticism, will deliberately peruse books which at the outset demand that their readers become "offensive partisans."

Perhaps they print too many "parallelisms." Instead of relying upon a few strong ones which would compel assent, they present thousands, in which the sought-to-be-converted man invariably picks out the weakest and so kicks successfully against the pricks and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely!

If anti-Shakespearean writers could state their case with Dr. Platt's absence of feeling—with his insouciance (I might almost say, his abandon)—I am afraid converts would be as plenty as blackberries.

The pity of it is, that after saying this much, I must be my own object lesson and frightful example. For, although having already gone to such unwarranted lengths, I find myself unable to even send back Dr. Platt's protocol with amendments, without further trespass. But I will endeavor to put what I have to say under Dr. Platt's five Theses.

Taking them inversely, then:

1. To Dr. Platt's thesis V. I cordially subscribe.
2. I am afraid Dr. Platt's theses I., II., III., and IV. call for capitulation rather than compromise. Dr. Platt should not exactly ask me for unconditional surrender. I would rather surrender to him than to any man I know. But, as lawyers say, "there are innocent parties who must be protected." Fortunately, I am only representing myself and cannot, if I would, give away the entire body of Shakespeareans and their case. But I admit that those were the days of "ciphers." As Delia Bacon says:

"It was a time when the cipher, in which one could write 'omnia per omnia,' was in request—when even 'wheel ciphers' and 'doubles' were thought not unworthy of philosophic notice. It was a time, too, when the phonographic art was cultivated and put to other uses than at present, and when a *nom de plume* was required for other purposes than to serve as the refuge of an author's modesty or vanity or caprice. It was a time when puns and charades and enigmas and anagrams and monograms and ciphers and puzzles were not mere sport and child's play: when they had need to be close and solvable only to those who should solve them."

Not only was this true, but those were the times when rhetoricians and teachers of rhetoric, like George Puttenham and others, offered elaborate directions for constructing these devices; times when, we must remember, there was no inviolability of mails or despatches, and spies and "cheaters" were everywhere. I admit, further, that I have been shown so many curious things, claimed to be "ciphers," in the First Folio, in all of which the words "Bacon," or "Francis Bacon," appear, that I have more than once beaten a retreat and refused to see more, simply because I had no means of confuting and did not wish to believe. But, even if they are conceded, these ciphers are only in the First Folio, published after Shakespeare's death, and not in the Quartos, published during Shakespeare's life, when he could have protested against his work being seized by some one else—had he cared to do so. I admit that this sounds like a *pis aller*. But it is the most and the least

I dare to say; except that, if I concede, as Dr. Platt urges, that "there are too many coincidences" pointing to Bacon, he must also concede that (as I showed) there are also "too many coincidences" pointing to William Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare, from what I can gather from the records and the opinions of his contemporaries, was a mighty good fellow and boon companion—a successful manager, actor and playwright, all in one, like the late Dion Boucicault (who, by the way, when he took off his eyeglasses, bore a striking resemblance to the mortuary bust in Trinity Church, Stratford). I probably never will again know so brilliant a man in his countless lines as Mr. Boucicault was. But he took what he wanted—on the principle of Mr. Kipling's "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre," etc., I suppose. I once remarked to Mr. Boucicault that, in one of his plays, I recognized Byron's "curse," in Manfred, and a speech of Jaffier, in Otway's Venice Preserved. He admitted it, and seemed very proud that I had recognized the passages. He could, on a pinch, go into rehearsal of a morning, with a play in his head, describe it to his company, go on at night and make the house rise at him, and create a run so tempestuous and continuous that he would not have time to write the play on paper. His plays, hundreds of them, bristled with everything that he had ever heard or seen acted. Lester Wallack said "The Shaughran" contained "a piece of every play that was ever put on a stage." Boucicault was not only a wit, but the cause of wit in others, and I often told him, and said it in print, that he was like what I believe Shakespeare to have been. Now, when actors tell me that the First Folio Shakespeare plays can be acted as they stand—that every rule is observed to possess the audience with the action at the proper time, and to hold its interest up to the dénouement, that every carpenter's scene is in its place, and every situation practicable—I must confess that I cannot assign the plays in their entirety to a jurist and an inductive philosopher. And when my library tells me that among technical people in every other walk in life—physicians, alienists, lawyers, soldiers, engineers, and all the rest—each finds his own specialty accurately handled in those wonderful plays, I must cry pardon if some such an universal sort of genius for helping himself to the unsuspected best that was in his predecessors as Mr. Boucicault was, arises in vision before me!

Poor Green, at least, did not think Shakespeare an innocuous illiterate! The "upstart crow beautified with our feathers" was, as he sadly confessed, too much for his competition at least. Poor Ben Jonson did not despise the rivalry of Shakespeare, whose genius left Jonson's plays only empty houses to be played to, and himself unable to even pay for a sea coal fire. Indeed,

Jonson threatened to "go leave the loathed stage," where the "mouldy tale, like Pericles, and stale," touched by the magic hand of Shakespeare, filled theaters from pit to dome and went through six editions in quarto. (He seemed, indeed, to have been the original raiser of the cry about "the deterioration of the stage," which we hear every little while to-day, when a newcomer finds himself outclassed or superseded by a new arrival, or some outsider proposes to kindly "elevate" it!) If Jonson's patron, Lord Bacon, wrote Pericles, his lordship might not have felt or been very gracious to his hanger-on, Jonson, under this fire!

While I never had a very high opinion of Ben Jonson's commendatory verses as evidence, we must concede that his not being afraid to ask those who had known Shakespeare, "the sweet swan of Avon," (i. e., William son of John) to recognize him as the author of that lofty First Folio (enriched by thousands of new lines and embracing sixteen entire new comedies and tragedies), proves something as to the reputation which that one Mr. Shakespeare of the Avon had left behind him.

The burning of the Globe theater, the great fire of London, the correspondingly large fire at Stratford, and the razing of New Place by that delightful clergyman, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, would rather effectually have removed any books or manuscript records which otherwise Baconian theorists would have had themselves to account for. And they supplement the work of the above named destroyers by throwing out of court not only the testimony of those we enumerated a moment ago—Fuller, Ward, Aubrey and Oldys—as to Shakespeare's intercourse with his fellow dramatists, but that of Drayton, Greene, Marlowe, Chettle, Basse, and a score of others who, in one way or another, were among Shakespeare's personal literary acquaintances. If Dr. Platt could only annihilate Ben Jonson as well, he would succeed in removing a considerable stumbling-block to the Baconian theory. Baconians will find it very hard work to prove that Ben Jonson's quarrel with Shakespeare (when he found his own plays unable to pay for a sea coal fire while Shakespeare's filled the theaters) was really Jonson's quarrel with his employer and patron, Bacon. And, when Ben Jonson survived both Bacon and Shakespeare, his tender regard for the memory of his rival was equalled only by Coke's magnanimity to his bitter rival, Bacon. For either Coke or Jonson by a word could have destroyed his rival's good name among men by announcing him the imposter who hired Shakespeare to write his plays for him!

If, as the Baconians claim to have themselves demonstrated, Ben Jonson lampooned Shakespeare in "Poet Ape," "The Poetaster," "Bartholomew

Fair," "Timber or Discoveries," "Ode to Himself," "Every Man in his Humour," and elsewhere, then it was again Bacon, and not Shakespeare, who was Jonson's enemy. And when sometimes Shakespeare would reply through his own plays, between whom stood the quarrel then? As when Jonson taunts Shakespeare with writing plays like the son of a fishmonger, Shakespeare good-naturedly retorts that he "would he were so honest a man," and (when Jonson makes one of his characters a farmer who had spent his savings in buying up the entire supply of corn, hoping for a bad season, and who, when he sees that the crop is going to be plentiful, and his "corner" opened, hangs himself), Shakespeare makes his drunken porter in Macbeth recognize, among those who knock for admission at Hell-Gate, "a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," between whom are these pleasantries passed? Between Bacon and Jonson, or between Bacon and Shakespeare? And when, in Hamlet, Shakespeare alludes to Jonson's surrender to the Children's Companies, is it Bacon's surrender that he means?

But, if Bacon really inspired the First Folio, we have a new series of facts to contend with, which cannot be dispossessed by the fainéant proposition that Ben Jonson, who admits a part in it, was at that time Bacon's secretary. These facts are as follows:

First, the Editors put forward are John Heminge and Henry Condell. These two men were partners of Shakespeare, Heminge being himself Warwickshire born. They are mentioned (the Stratford-on-Avon man named) in Shakespeare's Will, where he leaves each of them "twenty-six shillings and eight pence apiece to buy them rings." Their language with reference to him, seven years after he died, is affectionate and reverent. To them, the writer of Shakespeare's plays was Shakespeare, their old friend, their fellow player, their comrade. Heminge, when the Folio was published, with his sanction, was sixty-eight years old—a time of life when the judgment is mature and when a man knows the world. Did Bacon deceive these men, and not only these, but I. Jaggard, E. Blount, William Smithwick, and W. Ashley—who sign the colophon—with whom they were associated in the publication of the Folio, or did he bribe them? Let alone any theory that a secret cipher, a thing dependent on absolute accuracy, either would, or could, be intrusted, by a scholar or by anybody, to a book containing thousands of typographical errors, even printing the names of performers for the characters they personated, is not the least stumbling-block encountered. But, assuming that Bacon did obtain access to this Folio, how did he manage it? And why did he forge the Dedication and, in the Address of Heminge and Condell, use such words as "It hath been a thing, we confess, worthy to

have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them." If this sentence were written to throw dust in our eyes, I must admit it very cleverly does.

But Dr. Platt says the name of THE PLAYER was never written "S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e!" How about that "Petition from the Lord Chamberlain's Players to the Right Hon. the Lords of thier Majesties most Honorable Privee Counsell"—dated 1596? The first five names are: "Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Heminge, Augustine Phillips, William SHAKESPEARE [*sic*]!"

And so little impression did the spelling of a man's name make in those days that even careful chroniclers disregarded it. For example: William Camden, a precisian, in his "Remaines concerning Britaine" spells it SHAKESPHEARE! The difference of opinion between the elder and the younger Weller as to whether their joint patronymic began with a "Ve" or a "We" was the monition of a later date. "Shakespeare" with two "h"s was good enough for William Camden! In the Folio Edition of Ben Jonson—1616—we find at the end of Every Man in his Humour, the following note: "This comoedie was first acted in the yeere 1598 by the then L. Chamberlayne his Servants. The principall Comoedians [actors] were Will Shakespeare, Aug. Philips, Hen Condel, Will. Slye, Will Kempe, Ric Burbadge, Joh Henings, Tho Pope, Chr. Beeston, Joh Duke, with The Allowance of the Masters of Revells." At the end of Sejanus, the entry is: "This tragœdie was first acted, in the yeere 1603 By the King's Majestie's servants. The Principall Tragoedians [actors] were Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Philips, Will Sly, Joh. Lowin, Will Shake-Speare, Joh. Hemings, Hen Condel, Alex Cooke, with the allowance of the Master of Revells!" Clearly, this orthography proves too much! Especially when the last and enacting signature to the Will seems to be (at least as I read it) "*Shakespeare*"—S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e. But if Dr. Platt insists: I must call his attention to the fact that the ununiform spelling occurs in entries made in the London theatrical records, as well as in the personal records in Warwickshire. For example (*inter alia*), Malone found the record, "MESURE FOR MESUR, BY SHAXBERD," as of 1604-5. If the writer of that entry spelled Measure for Measure, "Measure for Mesur," not even spelling the word "measure" twice alike in one entry of three words, why should his contemporaries hesitate about spelling Shakespeare, the name of an unknown or unimportant man, a word "not in the dictionary," as we would say now, in any haphazard or convenient way? In the name of the

Prophet—Figs!!! I fail to see even what difference spelling the name “Shagsper” (as it sometimes appears in the Stratford records) would have upon the questions, “Who was Shakespeare?” “Was he Francis Bacon?” Nor has Dr. Platt so far in this Debate vouchsafed me any light as to what difference it can possibly make!

And how about the two noble brothers who accept the Dedication of a Fraud? What of Pembroke and Montgomery? They had personally known Shakespeare. They had been kind to him? Why? Could they not tell whether he was a clever man or an idiot, or a good fellow and nothing more? They had not only approved the plays; they had favored “the author.” What author had they favored? When Heminge and Condell spoke thus to them about a man whom they had once known and personally favored, and called him by name, and deplored him as dead, to whom did they suppose this reference to be made? Surely not to the Viscount of St. Albans, who was then still living! How does it happen that in a book in which Bacon was subtly laboring to record and transmit to posterity a vital secret with respect to himself, he should have taken, or allowed to be taken, such extraordinary precautions to tempt men of rank and substance to protest against being used to bolster up a fraud?

Baconians cannot be permitted to use an argument to triumph over Shakespeareans and refuse to allow Shakespeareans to employ that same argument in reply. But this is exactly what they all do. For example, while insisting that his evidence is cumulative (or, as he prefers to naively put it, shows “too many coincidences”) Dr. Platt whistles down the wind, one by one, my nine propositions pointing to William Shakespeare of Stratford. Just as I might whistle down the wind, one by one, all the points made by Dr. Platt. Whatever their strength, in either case, it is like the bundle of brittle rods, which, bound together, Jupiter himself could not break.

As to Mistress Shakespeare, née Anne Hathaway, I am surprised that so chivalrous a gentleman as Dr. Platt should breathe a word against her fair renown. That she was an attractive lady is proved, not only by the circumstance of her winning a Shakespeare, but by the fact that she was not long permitted to remain his widow, but within a decent time after his demise, became Mrs. Richard James, and a second time consort of a Stratford burgher of substance and good repute!

Of course, the whole question at issue—the very one I offered to try and compromise on—is restated in Dr. Platt’s first postulate, or thesis, viz: “The plays and poems known as Shakespeare’s were not written by William, the son of John Shagsper of Stratford.”

Is it not enough that I admit that there are fifty thousand items in the Shakespeare plays to which the "William son of John" could not have had access, even at second or third hand? To some of these items he would hardly have found access to-day, except by patient labor and considerable expense. Is it not enough that I myself suggested a compromise on this very proposition? What Dr. Platt asks is capitulation and not compromise!

And, again, Dr. Platt, how about the some sixty or seventy editions of Quartos printed in Shakespeare's own lifetime? How about the fifty-one printers and publishers of them? Did Queen Elizabeth and her entire administration threaten these fifty-one with the block? How about all the compositors and workmen employed by these printers and publishers? How about all the attachés of all the theaters in London (rival theaters, by the way, not in a theater trust, but at each other's throats all the time)? How about all London, the town where Shakespeare lived and moved and had his being?

No, Dr. Platt, you and your Baconians prove yourselves out of court. You prove entirely too much when you prove William Shakespeare to have been an oaf who could not write his own name—a letterless clown, a "chump," a yokel and a grinning idiot. In the first place, no sane man, Bacon nor anybody else, would have selected a notoriously dull fool for a tool or substitute! To have done so would have been to have exposed himself beyond denial. In the second place, these above enumerated publishers, et al., could not have been fooled. It is all very well to say the Shakespeare plays were not known to be works of immortal genius in Shakespeare's own day. I have rung the changes on that proposition myself for many years, and it is as true as Holy Writ. But, all the same, the Shakespeare plays were appreciated enough to pack the theaters, to show to a profit "on the road" (vide Dr. Platt), to be published in quarto form by publishers, and to be peddled and sold by the thousands in London streets. And yet we are to admit that all London was made to believe that what they thronged to see and what they bought was the work of a man who did not know how to write, even mechanically, who never owned a library or a book, and could not read a book if he had one: an idiot, a bumpkin, a "chump," a grinning yokel!

As to the ciphers—Mr. Donnelly's, Dr. Owen's, Mrs. Gallup's, in the First Folio, and Mr. Black's, Dr. Bucke's, and Mr. Donnelly's in the "Good Friend for Jesus' Sake," etc., carved on the slab in

*See list in Vol. XIV. of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, page xlv.

Stratford Church, I am afraid I am not built to believe in that sort of thing at all. I don't want to speak slightly of the late Mr. Donnelly, but when, in his last book, "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," I read such sentences as these: "Clearly, before Francis Bacon put pen to paper to write these plays he had mapped out the cipher story, and had his pages blocked off in little squares, each square numbered according to its place from the bottom or top of the page. He next adjusted the length of his columns and their subdivisions, to enable him to use significant words like "written," "playes," "Shakst," "spur," etc., over and over again; and, when all this was in place he proceeded to write out the plays, using his miraculous ingenuity to bring the right words in the proper positions." (page 191), to say that I do not believe anybody will believe this, is to say all that I feel would be decorous to the memory of the late Mr. Donnelly. And, if one cannot swallow the above statement, it would be useless to strain at the further statement (p. 100) that "the cipher depended upon the pagination of a contemplated folio which was not published until after the death of Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth and Cecil." Imagine anyone writing thirty-six plays, averaging four thousand words each, in which a cipher should run up and down and across (until Mr. Donnelly confesses, p. 193, that its vastness oppresses even him), and be revealed by the paging of a book to be printed some forty years later!

As to the cipher on the tombstone in the incantation, "Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear," etc., Mr. Donnelly was clearly in error in stating, on page 131, that "the original stone was removed." The "blest be the man that spares these stones" was quite as potent as the "curst be he who moves my bones," and, when the original stone sank beneath the pavement of the chancel step, the new stone was simply placed above it.

Mr. Donnelly was also in error, I am sure, in stating (p. 361) that Shakespeare's grave was made "seventeen feet deep!" in order to accommodate the manuscripts of the Plays, or other documents revealing the truth as to their composition. That depth would have carried it from ten to twelve feet below the level of the river Avon, which flows directly in the rear of Trinity Church, and but a few feet distant. To have gone to such a depth would have required the work of hydraulic engines inside the church, which we know never were introduced there! Nor could such an operation (which would have required weeks, if not months, with the machinery at hand in Stratford-on-Avon in 1616) have been performed between the day of Shakespeare's death and the day of his funeral; and his grave was not dug in anticipation of his death at a merrymaking with Drayton and Jonson! I

am aware that, as to the loss of the first tombstone, and the depth of the grave, Mr. Donnelly apparently follows the high authority of Dr. Halliwell-Phillips. But upon the appearance of these statements in one of the early editions of the Outlines, others besides myself called his attention to them, and he admitted to me that the authorities he (Dr. Halliwell-Phillips) followed must have been in error, or, at least, that the "seventeen foot" story was incredible.

A COMPROMISE SUGGESTED.

Is it beyond human possibility that a certain nobly born scholar and man of leisure, of literary instincts and dramatic tastes, in London, in and about the spacious courts of great Elizabeth, may have been attracted by the series of plays coming from an unknown playwright before which even the star of Marlowe paled, at whose presence lesser lights grew dim? Could not Francis Bacon perhaps have known Marlowe, or seen Marlowe's plays performed? and if Marlowe's, why not Shakespeare's, which surpassed them a thousand-fold, not only in supreme excellence, but in the public demand? Would it have been so very remarkable if Francis Bacon, who, in his youth proudly proposed to "take all knowledge as his province," had sought out this William Shakespeare of whom all London was talking! Would it not have been something still more remarkable if he had not? Shakespeare, with whose name the town rang! Shakespeare, whose reputed dramatic pieces fifty-one publishers found commercial profit in pirating! Francis Bacon could at least read and hear! His detractors will probably concede that much! Did this Francis Bacon, for Shakespeare's accommodation, become all at once blind and deaf and dumb? Against my will, surely against my inclination, I have been slowly forced to some such conclusion as this. To find thousands of lines, and these the noblest in written speech—lines that we certainly know were not necessary to the action of those plays—lines that would not have appealed to the audiences of those days, but would have actually wearied them and jeopardized the plays' success—that would have swelled the plays to a length impossible to be performed within "the two hours' traffic of our stage"—to find these thousands of lines added to the first Quarto versions, how is it possible to escape from some such conclusion? To play Hamlet as we have it in the First Folio—where it is even shorter than it is in the second Quarto—even with the swiftest "business" requires a full four hours! And yet it was not only repeated in long runs in those days, but we have the log of the ship *Dragon*, off Sierra Leone, in September, 1607, that it was played by a ship's company (a record which, besides being the earliest mention of private theatricals, is invaluable as showing that

Shakespeare's plays were popular, and so must have been commensurate with the tastes of the day!). For almost twenty years I held to Grant White's theory that the first Quarto was a rapid stenographic abstract of the real play as acted. But in the teeth of the facts now known, we must now, most reluctantly, I fear, abandon it!

But this I know from my own brief experience, viz: That if Mr. X paraphrases Mr. Y's book and prints the result as his own, he will, as sure as the sun rises and sets, appendix to his paraphrase a "List of works consulted," and from this list, while parading every dead and gone authority therein, he will most carefully and studiously omit the name of Mr. Y or any remotest reference to the book or the author he has paraphrased, followed, stolen *en bloc*! I am obliged to confess that, to my mind, the very fact that Lord Bacon never, by any accident, in all the voluminous memorabilia he has left behind him, so much as by a syllable mentions his most immortal contemporary, William Shakespeare, is confirmation strong as holy writ that he knew him very well indeed!

But, be this as it may, would it have been an impossible thing that, after the death of Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, finding that these incomparable plays were neglected or forgotten, himself attempted to restore them to his countrymen? Who else was there alive, at a date (1623) when all interest in dramatic matters was dead or in abeyance—when Puritan influences discouraged any attempt to resurrect it—who would undertake the labor and the disbursement?

How are we to escape, for example, these three "coincidences," if you please?

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| I. <i>The First Quarto Hamlet</i> , 1603. | <i>Second Quarto Hamlet</i> , 1604. |
| Doubt that in earth is fire, | Doubt thou the stars are fire, |
| Doubt that the stars do move. | Doubt that the sun doth move. |

Now, it appears that, between 1603 and 1604, Bacon wrote a pamphlet, *Cogitatione de Natura Rerum*, in which he combated the theory that the earth is fire and molten at the core, and asserted that it is a cold mass. That he disputed the Copernican system everybody knows.

- | | |
|--|---|
| II. <i>The Second Quarto Hamlet</i> ,
1604. | <i>First Folio Hamlet</i> , 1623.
(Omitted). |
| Sense, sure you have, | Restored in modern editions. |
| Else could you not have motion. | Act III. Sc. IV., 71. |

It also appears that, in the 1605 edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, Bacon held to the doctrine of the old philosophers, that everything that moves has sensibility, or is capable of sensation, but that, in his 1623 edition, he expressly declared the doctrine untrue, and that there could be motion in inanimate and insentient bodies—as, for example, in the planets.

III. *Othello* was first published, in 1622, in Quarto (Shakespeare having died in 1616). In 1623 it was reprinted in the Folio, with many important additions, among which was this passage:

“Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
To the Propontic and Hellespont.”

A short time previously Bacon had been studying the phenomena of tides and currents, and had discovered the fact that the current in the Bosphorus always runs from east to west. He derived it from George Sandy’s *Travels*, published in 1615, and used it in his posthumous treatise, *De Fluxu et Refluxu Maris*, written after 1615, and before 1623. (The fact that Sandy’s book was published the year before Shakespeare died does not deprive this specification of its value as a coincidence). We are not at present asking where anything came from, but how something got into something else!

What has always led me to seriously contemplate a possible connection of Lord Bacon with the appearance of the First Folio, in 1623, is the fact that, at that date, its appearance at all is hardly explicable, except upon the theory that some one (not of Shakespeare’s family, who did not own the copyright to a single one of the Plays, and who indicated no interest in his renown as a dramatist or playwright), or of Shakespeare’s fellow actors (who were not persons of means), went to the large expense of getting it out, precisely in the year (1623) when Mrs. James, sometime Shakespeare née Hathaway, died, so that any residuary term under the will in her, or any secret trust deed in her, would have lapsed as to her claim to literary property in the Plays. It was rather a costly book. Allowing for an edition only five hundred copies the outlay must have been, in our present values, from \$9,700 to \$13,900.00*, accordingly as we take Halliwell-Phillips’ estimate of from twelve to twenty times for the purchasing value of money in those

*NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. II., page 27.

days—that is, as it then was, from four to seven thousand dollars. As no trace can be discovered of any interest in Shakespeare, or even of a mention of his name, except inferentially by one of his family or of his late confidantes, between the years 1616 and 1623, there certainly was no commercial demand to justify the outlay. Nor did the First Folio operate as a “boom.” The Second Folio was probably a “remainder” from the First, as, except that the hopeless pagination of the First Folio was corrected therein, it is page for page and line for line a duplicate. Mr. DeVinne tells me that the type of that day was so heavy it would have been practically impossible to keep the matter “standing” for seven years. But whether a new impression or a remainder, here it is. We know there were no processes for stereotyping. It by no means follows, of course, that Lord Bacon was the person, not of Shakespearean lineage and not one of his fellow actors, who advanced this considerable sum of money to launch the First Folio. But, fully allowing for the non-sequitur, he was liberated at that date from his chancellorship; had been interested in theatrical matters; had a theory that stage plays should be encouraged as making “History visible” to the people (thereby inculcating patriotism and divers other desirable things), and the probability is not one to be passed without consideration, especially as he had put into prose, in the year 1621, a History of King Henry the Seventh, the only sequent king whose reign had not been used by Shakespeare as a dramatic theme!

Such are some of the coincidences which shower upon me whenever I stir abroad without my umbrella! Here is another!

Taking up a copy of “Falstaff in Equity,” by my good friend, Judge Charles E. Phelps, of the Supreme bench of Baltimore, I believed myself safe; for I knew he, at any rate, was no “Baconian.” But this is what I read on page 130:

VI. “One of the famous controversies of the day, the decision of which settled the action of assumpsit upon a firm basis, was Slade’s case, reported by Coke. The Courts being divided in opinion, the case was twice argued before all the judges of England. Francis Bacon was of Counsel, and associated with him as attorney on the same side was a lawyer named John Halstaff. The case was pending from 1596 to 1602. When the author of the First Part of King Henry the Fourth found himself obliged, in 1597, to find some other name to substitute for the offensive Sir John Oldcastle, and to find it in a hurry, did he get it from the name of John Halstaff?” Seriously, I do not believe even so ardent a Shakespearean as I am can refuse an invitation to save William Shakespeare by a compromise, when, in the house of his friends, his loyalists are constantly being irritated with such bombshells as these!

I, therefore, return Dr. Platt's protocol (saving and reserving to myself the right to claim, at another time, that I have never discovered, or heard of anybody demonstrating, any internal evidence in the Poems and Sonnets to show that they were written by the same man that wrote the Plays—i. e., by either Shakespeare or Bacon), amended as follows:

I. The plays known as Shakespeare's were produced in London as William Shakespeare's between the years 1584 and 1616, and were repeatedly printed and reprinted as his, in quarto, without cavil or demurrer from anybody, except Richard Green, and perhaps a few other rival playwrights.

II. As they stand in the First Folio, the Shakespeare plays are the product of either the growth, or the augmentation by their author or authors, of the Quarto versions, and contain thousands of eloquent lines and twelve out of sixteen entire plays, which, so far as any record can be discovered, never saw the light in Shakespeare's lifetime, or until seven years after his death.

III. There are so many thousands of identities of thought, opinion, circumstance, error and simultaneous correction of error, in the literatures we call respectively "Shakespeare" and "Bacon," and so many coincidences between Bacon's known circumstances, doings and studies, and the material of certain Shakespeare plays, that it is a well-nigh successful demonstration that Bacon had more or less to do with the issuing of the first folio edition of the Shakespeare plays.

IV. The Baconian theory, so called, has arrived at a point where it cannot be longer safely ignored. It is a monster of such frightful mien as, to be hated, needs but to be seen. But seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace. The only safety is to look the other way; or to say: "There is absolutely nothing in it."

V. (Dr. Platt's V.) The spirit of the whole series of Plays is dominated by one man—though this man might have had, and probably did have, helpers and coadjutors.

(As to the last article, I would like to add, that the most successful part refutation of the Baconian, or any other, anti-Shakesperean theory, is that which shows that all Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporary playwrights stuffed their plays with legal terms. That proposition, to my mind, amply shows where Shakespeare got his law, so that we are not driven to Bacon to find, for the legal terms in the Plays, at least, "helpers and coadjutors.")

DR. PLATT. I think Dr. Morgan is in error in saying that the whole question at issue is restated in my first postulate, viz: "The Plays and Poems known as Shakespeare's were not written by William, the son of John Shaksper of Stratford." There can certainly be no compromise about that; they were or they were not!

All those dreadful names that Dr. Morgan piles upon the actor are his, not mine. I did not call him a yokel nor a grinning idiot. I dare say he was quick-witted and a boon companion as tradition says he was, "a jovial actor and manager," and I fail utterly to be impressed by the mystery of the secret being kept by the fifty-one printers and publishers of the quartos, or to see any need of their being in the secret at all. Perhaps Dr. Morgan can tell me who wrote the Letters of Junius, which raised a hundred times the commotion in their day that the Shakespeare Plays raised in theirs. Of course the Plays were produced as William Shakespeare's. Why not? Just as "The Innocents Abroad" was produced as "Mark Twain's," and "Adam Bede" as "George Eliot's."

As I have not based my argument upon Shakespeare's supposed legal attainments, I do not know that I am called upon to defend them, but as Dr. Morgan has quoted Judge Allen's work in support of his position, I will say in passing that it appears to me that Judge Allen has entirely missed the point of the contention. That Shakespeare should have sometimes used legal terms and used them correctly proves nothing. Anyone having intelligence enough to write the Plays could easily have picked them up one by one as needed. The point is that he uses them continuously and seemingly unconsciously, as though they were part of the language in which he thought. This fact seemed to be sufficiently apparent to Lord Chief Justice Campbell.

I congratulate Dr. Morgan on his gift of intuition by which he is able to determine that the scrawl at the end of the Will spells "Shakespeare." I will not dispute it. It may spell "Snodgress," for anything I can make out of it. But this I know: in the body of the will, the name, as written by the scrivener, who probably knew what his client was called, is written "Shackspeare." Now, how that can be pronounced "Shake-speare," I cannot imagine.

As for the seeming chaff, back and forth, between Jonson and the author of the Plays, the pleasantries to which Dr. Morgan alludes when he asks me if I think "this quarrel was between Jonson and Shakespeare, or between Jonson and Bacon," I answer that I do not think there was any quarrel at all, but that, if Bacon were the author, he was just having a little fun chaffing himself and throwing dust into the eyes of the commentators

yet to be—for which I do not blame him. If he ran both sides of the controversy there would not be much trouble in leading or driving it where he pleased. As for Heminge and Condell, I think they had their own good and sufficient reasons for putting their names to what they were requested to, and I fail to see that they were harming anyone in so doing. The fame of their deceased friend, the actor, was not tarnished by it, and if it was done at the request of Bacon, why, so far as he goes, *Volenti non fit injuria*? Of course, as Dr. Morgan says, "It was very cleverly done"; who would expect it to be done otherwise? As for Pembroke and Montgomery, they were friends of Bacon, but where is the evidence that they were friends of Shaksper, except upon the assumption that he wrote the Plays and Poems? And that assumption begs the whole question. As for fraud—there is no question of fraud in the matter. If I choose to write under an assumed name, that is not fraud. If I write under the name of another man, with his consent, again *non fit injuria*? Who is defrauded?

I have felt some little hesitation in falling in with Dr. Morgan's suggestion to bring our debate down to date, because it necessarily involves a discussion of the "Cipher," and any mention of "Cipher" invariably lashes the opponents of the Baconian theory into such a fury that the spectacle causes pain to gods and men. However, Mrs. Gallup has proceeded with her cipher interpretations, and Mr. Mallock has reviewed them in two numbers of "The Nineteenth Century and After," and the matter has now reached a state where it can no longer be ignored. It must be faced and proved or disproved. Ridicule will not kill it. It should be observed in the first place that the "cipher" announced by Mrs. Gallup differs from all other alleged "ciphers" in the fact that there is no possible doubt of its existence and no possible doubt of its invention, or at least of its recognition and adoption, by Bacon. His own full and explicit account of it is all there is to be said on that branch of the subject*. The only branches of the subject open to discussion are, does this cipher exist in the Shakespearean Plays and other works of the Period? and, if so, has Mrs. Gallup interpreted it correctly?

The principle of the cipher is very simple and is inherently the same as the Morse telegraph code. A is represented by five dots, thus, B by - - - - -, C by . . . — ., D by . . . — — and so on through the alphabet. It is very easy to see that a cipher code is established, not at all difficult

*De Augmentis, Lib. VI. Cap. I. Spedding's Ed. Vol. II. p. 421, or, in translation, Vol. IX. p. 116, et sec.

of application. All that is necessary in printing is to select two fonts of type, call one of them dots, and the other dashes, and arrange them accordingly in any printed book, and the thing is done. Now Mrs. Gallup claims to have discovered that this is precisely what has been done in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, and in various other works of about that period, but only in the parts of the works which are printed in *italics*! Now this is not a matter to be dismissed by ridicule nor by argument based upon any inherent improbability of this cipher being introduced into the works. There is no mystery about the thing, nothing has to be assumed. Bacon's description of the cipher and the method of applying it are sufficiently clear. Mrs. Gallup tells where she finds it, and describes her method of deciphering it. Obviously, the only thing to do is to apply her method, and learn by experiment if her results follow. This is what Mr. Mallock has been attempting, and has clearly shown one thing at least; that is, that the difficulty lies not in Mrs. Gallup's theory, but in the practical obstacles in the way of its application. These are mainly due to the general irregularities of the typography of the period and to the slight differentiation of the letters upon which the cipher depends. Mr. Mallock has been over a portion of Mrs. Gallup's work carefully, with the aid of lenses and enlarged photographs, and has succeeded in verifying, in such portions, about two thirds of her results.

A somewhat similar case to this was the deciphering of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics by means of the Rosetta Stone in 1822. A stone is found bearing inscriptions in Hieroglyphics, Demotic and Greek. It is assumed as a working hypothesis that the Greek inscription is a translation of each of the other two. Now we will suppose that upon applying this key to the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments it is found to lead to a rational and coherent interpretation two-thirds of the time; would any sane man assert that the coincidence of the key and the Hieroglyphics in two-thirds of the cases was the result of accident, and the failure to interpret, or the existence of a doubt of correct interpretation, in the other third is equivalent to the failure of the whole hypothesis? I think not. I think the sane man would say that the hypothesis was demonstrated to that extent, but that, either owing to errors in their inception or to the ravages of time, one-third of the record is obscure, and hence great allowance must be made for errors in interpretation. Am I not right, Dr. Morgan? Let us take another and more far-fetched example—all the better for being far-fetched. There has been a good deal of talk lately of a "Message from Mars," which passes for a semi-humorous flight of the imagination suggested by recent astounding achievements of science. Suppose some clear night when the telescopes in the observatories are turned

have deciphered is not exactly what we should have expected from Bacon. It has incoherencies, which may be due to errors on the part of the originator of the cipher, of the printer, or of the decipherer. But what are we to say to this to which Mr. Mallock calls attention: "Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even thus, and it was flattering to the youthful love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, insomuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required most true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course of businesse. Soe with mine interested, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amyias to that sunny land of the South I learned so supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope of advancement, to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to the delight of the country by itselfe; for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautiful young sister of th' king (married to Henry th' gallant King of Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart; and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keep her like the angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted during many years, and, not until four decades or eight lustres o' my life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memory—rather I should say hath banished her portrait to the walls of memorie only, where it doth hang in th' pure undimmed beauty of those early days." Mr. Mallock well says in reference to this passage: "If it be a forgery, it is one of extraordinary ingenuity; so full does it seem to me of pathetic and dignified beauty, and so strongly does it bear the marks of genuine and acute sincerity." Does Mr. Morgan believe that Mrs. Gallup, a Michigan lady, had either the secret information or the poetic faculty to compose that passage?

But we must be prepared to meet paradoxes in any view of the case.

In 1679 there appeared a small volume with this title page: "BACONIANA—or Certain Genuine—REMAINS—OF Sir Francis Bacon—Baron of VERULAM—AND Viscount of St. ALBANS—In Arguments *Civil and Moral, Natural—Medical, Theological* and *Biographi—cal*; Now the First time faithfully Published.—An ACCOUNT of these *Remains*, and of all of his—*Lordship's* other *Works* is given by the *Publisher*—in a Discourse by way of INTRODUCTION. LONDON.—Printed by J. D. for Richard Chiswell at the Rose—and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1679."

The "Discourse by way of Introduction" is headed "An Account of all of the Lord Bacon's Works," and extends to p. 104. The publisher of the

book is said, on the title page, to be Richard Chiswell, and the Introduction is stated to be by the publisher, but, instead of being signed Richard Chiswell, or R. C., it is signed T. T. Who "T.T." is, does not appear. It will be remembered that that mysterious dedication of the sonnets to Mr. W. H., their "only begetter," is also signed T. T. This latter T. T. is supposed to be Thomas Thorp. But Thomas Thorp could hardly be responsible for this edition of Baconiana, published seventy years later. But not only do the same initials appear without anything to explain them, and in defiance of the statement on the title page, but they are reproduced in exact fac-simile of the initials on the title page of the 1609 Quarto of the Sonnets and in type differing entirely from the rest of the book. Now, this in itself seems odd; but this is not all! On p. 27 of this Introduction is this: "The fairest and most correct edition of this Book in *Latine* is that in Folio, printed at *London*, *Anno* 1623, and whosoever would understand the Lord *Bacon's* Cypher, let them consult that accurate edition. For in some other editions I have perused, the form of the Letters of the alphabet, in which most of the *Mysterie* consisteth, is not observed; But the *Roman* and *Italic* shapes of them are confounded."

So, in 1679, somebody thought there was a mystery associated with the bi-literal cipher, and it seems to be Mr. T. T., returned from the dead to make the announcement! Well, I see no reason why the orthodox Shakespeareans should have all the miracles, any more than the devil all the good music!

Dr. Morgan admits that "those were the days of ciphers"; yes, and of anagrams and of emblems and of "talking pictures," and of all sorts of curious methods of conveying information without making positive statements. There is no doubt that Bacon was greatly interested in these matters, not only because of his reference to ciphers in the *De Augmentis*, but because we know him to have been connected with the production of other works bearing on these and cognate subjects. In two exhaustive and convincing papers in the January and February (1903) numbers of *The Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. W. H. Mallock offers evidence which goes to show that Bacon not only was interested in these cryptic matters, but was believed by his contemporaries and immediate followers to have had some intimate association with much of the literature of the period not publicly associated with his name. I have permission to quote freely from Mr. Mallock's articles referring to the plates here reproduced from that article.

THE SECRET SYMBOLISM OF PICTORIAL TITLE-PAGES.

"The significance of the facts with which I am about to deal [says Mr. Mallock] is cumulative. Each, if it stood alone, might be looked upon as meaning nothing—as being no more than odd; and any meaning which is suggested might be reasonably dismissed as a fancy. But when a number of odd facts occur of a similar nature, which are fraught with suggestions of a precisely similar kind, and which, taken together, throw light upon one another, then the belief that there lies some meaning behind them at once becomes strong, and tends to become irresistible. The facts or documents of this kind to which I shall refer are those contained in the pictorial title-pages of certain books which were published during Bacon's lifetime or shortly after his death, and of some of which he was the avowed author.

"Such title-pages are common in books of the period. They are generally supposed to be purely decorative, and in most cases they very probably are so; or at all events such symbolism as they possess is of a simple and obvious kind. In certain cases, however, the title-page turns out to be an elaborate hieroglyphic, every detail of which is intended to tell some story to such enlightened readers as are able to find the clue.

"We will begin with the third edition of Florio's translation of *Montaigne*, which was published in 1632*. The title-page of this volume represents a classical gateway, through which is seen a vista of buildings and broken arches. The details are peculiar, are drawn with extreme care, and exhibit eccentricities of perspective. To this title-page is appended a poem, in which the reader is informed that every "leaf and angle" contains some secret meaning of a highly important kind. He is invited, by careful study, to find out the precious mystery; and the writer, having urged him to diligence, concludes with these words—"if than (i. e., then) you understand not, give him room that can."

"Let us now turn to three other works, not for the sake of their title-pages, but of the light which they throw on the uses to which pictorial title-pages were put. They all deal with the same subject—namely, the symbols or emblems of which, for the most part, pictorial title-pages were composed. The authors are Alciatus, Baudoin, and a certain R. H., who published in 1660 a continuation of "*The New Atlantis*." The work of Alciatus was published in 1531. Baudoin was a contemporary of Bacon's, and translated Bacon's *Essays* into French.

*Plate I.

"Baudoin's 'Recueil d'Emblemes Divers' was, as he says in his preface, suggested by Bacon himself, who also urged him to have no hesitation in publishing it. It was published in Paris twelve years after Bacon's death. It was partly founded on the previous work of Alciatus, and is illustrated with a large number of emblematical figures, to each of which is assigned a definite meaning. Thus, a woman holding a bridle with a bit means one thing; and a similar woman holding a bridle without a bit means another. The following few words from the preface indicate the character of the work; 'Thus,' says Baudoin, 'considering the marvellous adaptability of this sort of dumb expression, which the Chinese call "talking pictures," I venture to say that there is very little in philosophy which cannot be represented by means of symbols or emblems. Here, O reader! I have attempted to deal with the principles of the matter, aided by the explanations given by the learned Chancellor Bacon.'

"The continuation of 'The New Atlantis' is a very small volume, dealing with many subjects other than the one before us. The passage which deals with emblems does not occupy more than a page or two. None the less, it is of the very highest significance. The following extract and abstract will be sufficient for our present purpose. 'We (i.e., the citizens of the New Atlantis) have a species of heraldry, not made specious with ostentative pied coats and titular achievements which . . . in Europe any fool may buy and wear for his money. Here in each province is a register to record the memorable acts, extraordinary qualities, etc. . . . of the more eminent patricians, where, for the escutcheon of pretence, each noble person bears the hieroglyphic of that virtue for which he is famous: e. g., if eminent for courage, the lion; if for innocence, the white lamb; if for chastity, the turtle; if for charity, the sun in his full glory; if for temperance, a slender virgin, girt, having a bridle in her mouth.' Then follows a catalogue of other emblems, of which the following show how the meaning of the figure of the virgin may be varied. A virgin with a sword in the right hand and scales in the left is Justice. A virgin holding a lamp is Prudence. A virgin holding a 'salt' is Wisdom. A virgin holding a scroll is Poetry. We shall see presently how such emblems appear in use; but what I have said thus far will at all events show the reader this—that to attribute to the title-pages now in question a secret meaning of the most definite and elaborate kind is no idle fancy. We see that the idea of such hieroglyphics—of such talking pictures—was familiar to the learned world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; that rules had been carefully formulated for putting the idea into practice; and that Bacon himself had devoted much thought to the question.

"We begin with the title-page of Florio's translation of Montaigne, Plate I. alluded to, because it is accompanied by a poem which insists on its hieroglyphical character, and declares that in every part of it is some secret and important meaning.

"Let the reader examine carefully the reproduction of it which is here given, and ask himself what meaning or meanings it can possibly have been designed to convey? So long as he considers the problem, according with accepted theories of the literary history of the time, he will probably tell himself that this title-page can mean nothing. There is one theory, however, which, whether true or no, does, if we adopt it, at once afford us an explanation. That is the theory, to which I have referred already, that the literary activity of Bacon was far more extensive than he acknowledged, or than has yet been recognized; and that in the production of this volume he played some leading part. What that part may have been it is unnecessary to discuss here; but it may be mentioned that this theory, in respect of the present volume, finds some confirmation in a quite independent quarter. A law book, 'The Attorney's Academy,' by Thomas Powell, was published four years after Bacon's death, and contains, on the title-page, a dedication to him. The dedication runs thus: 'To the true nobility and tryde learning, beholden to no Mountaine (i. e. Montaigne) for Eminence . . . Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans.' If we assume that Bacon had some connection with the production of Montaigne's works, Powell's words would have the very natural meaning that Bacon had other and higher claims to distinction. Apart from some such assumption, the allusion has no meaning at all. However this may be, let us adopt the assumption as a hypothesis and apply it to the elucidation of the title-page.

"Certain meanings begin to emerge at once. The two broken arches are recognized as inverted F's. In the poem the reader is instructed to look at the page with a 'glauncing eye,' which suggests that he should look at it from different points of view. If, acting on the suggestion, we look at the page sideways, the two arches at the end of the street give us the letter B. We thus get at the initials F. B. The buildings beyond the arches are standing in the sea. If we 'glance' at the plate obliquely, the left-hand arch opens; and the building in the sea, together with the spire, assumes the aspect of a lighthouse, or, has been suggested, a beacon—a word which was pronounced Bacon, just as the tea of 'Great Anna' later on was pronounced *tay*. The curious structures which form the left side of the street consist, first, of a round building with a semi-globular roof, behind which rises something which would be set down as a chimney, if it were not that

the top of it is entirely occupied by a globe; and, secondly, of a roofless and incomplete hall attached to the circular building and seeming to form a vestibule to it. By the wall are two stone steps, which have evidently not yet been put in their proper place. The suggested explanation of this is that the circular building represents the Globe Theatre, and the building in front of it the author of dramas acted there—or, if we prefer to say so, the fame or reputation of the author—which is dark and incomplete. On the left-hand side of the great gate is a niche, waiting for a statue, thus repeating the foregoing suggestion that half of Bacon's fame—that of a poet—is hidden: whilst what seems to be a niche opposite to it is not a niche at all, but is an aperture through which a stream of light—the light of philosophy—is admitted. And now let the reader turn to the title which surmounts the gate. He will see that this, instead of being cut in the stone, and thus forming part of the building, is carefully represented as being written on a movable sheet or banner, affixed to the building by a nail which is not driven home, and suggesting that beneath it is the true title concealed. One more peculiar feature yet remains to be noticed; but I will deal with it in connection with another title-page. Here, then, we have what we know to be a hieroglyphic—a 'talking picture'—every part of which contains some secret; and here is an interpretation which on certain hypotheses, formed originally without the remotest reference to it, is perfectly coherent and intelligible. Whether the hypotheses are tenable on other grounds or no is a different question. Let those scholars who hold that they are not, find another interpretation more, or even equally, plausible.

"In this paper, let me repeat, I am myself upholding no hypothesis, except the general one that Bacon's literary activity was wider than he himself acknowledged, or than has thus far been recognized. The more precise theories of the Baconians I use provisionally, without defending them. I shall merely ask the reader, as occasion arises, to consider how far they correlate and explain facts that seem otherwise inexplicable, and how far such facts consequently corroborate them.

"I mention this point because the next title-page we shall consider will oblige us to adopt one of the Baconian hypotheses which have aroused amongst the professed Shakespeareans the greatest indignation and derision."

I admit that this explanation is not very clear to me, and I should not have quoted it were it not for the fact that by reason of the accompanying verses it clearly demands some explanation, and that no other is forthcoming, and, moreover, it is followed by other examples which seem much clearer.

His discussion of the next title-page plate is much clearer. It is the title-page to *The Fairie Queen*, 1611.

"No historian denies that during Elizabeth's lifetime it was whispered more than once in Court and diplomatic circles that the Virgin Queen had children. But the following curious passage from a little-known book shows that this gossip was at once more precise and more general than has been supposed.

"The book in question is 'Simboleography,' by William West, published in 1618. Little as the title might suggest the fact, this book is a collection of legal cases; and amongst them, on page 141, there occurs the case of some obscure person, who, 'not having the fear of God before his eyes, but misled by the instigation of the devil,' on 'the fifth day' of a certain month, in a certain year, and at a certain place, 'narravit et publicavit de dictâ dominâ, reginâ nunc, hæc falsa, seditiosa et scandalosa verba Anglicana sequentia,—viz., *That the Queen hath had by the Lord R. D.* (prenobilis garterii miles) *Two or Three Children*, in magnum scandalum et contemptum dictæ reginæ et dignitatis suæ'—the 'R. D' referred to being obviously Robert Dudley. Now, as all readers of Mrs. Gallup's much ridiculed volume know, the latest theory with regard to Bacon is that he was, or believed himself to be, the eldest of these two or three children; that, moreover, he believed his parents to have been secretly married, and himself to have been the rightful, though unacknowledged, heir to the throne. Apart, then, from certain details with which Mrs. Gallup encumbered her theory, there was in the theory itself no *à priori* absurdity, as the 'falsa, seditiosa et scandalosa verba Anglicana' just quoted show. It is at all events a theory which tentatively we may employ for the purpose before us—namely, an examination of the title-page of the edition of Spenser's poems published in 1611. We shall have, moreover, to adopt the further hypothesis that in some way or other Bacon was connected with its production. Mrs. Gallup and her supporters maintain that certain of the poems were written by him. On this hypothesis we have no need to insist. It is enough to assume that he was connected with their production in some way.

"Turning, then, to this title-page, which is here reproduced, let the reader take note of the following singular details. On the top is a hog, with a halter round its neck. On the right of it is one of the royal supporters; and on the left is another supporter, which is a bear; whilst at the bottom is a hog with its snout towards a rose-bush, and across the bush is the motto 'Non tibi spiro.'

"Let us now see how these symbols are to be interpreted. First let us glance for a moment at another picture of a hog. It is Bacon's crest, as it appears on the contemporary vellum binding of a book relating to him, which

appeared soon after his death (see Plate III.). Next let us consider the following anecdote, as given in a small seventeenth-century volume, entitled 'Witty Apothegms,' and containing a number of such apothegms 'collected by Lord Verulam.' 'Sir Nicholas Bacon, being appointed a judge for the northern circuit . . . he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned to save his life; which, when nothing else did avail, he at length desired his mercy on the ground of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, how comes that in?" "Why, if it so please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog; and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred, that they are not to be separated." "Aye," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon unless it be hanged."'* (Plate III.) In the light of this story it is impossible not to see an obvious meaning in the hog with the halter on the title page. It is a 'talking picture' of Bacon, the hog hanged. And next as to the supporters: what they are is equally clear. One belongs to the Queen, the other to the Earl of Leicester. On the hypothesis that Bacon believed himself to be the child of these two, this group of 'emblems' becomes at once coherent and intelligible; whilst the hog at the bottom of the page has his snout toward the Tudor roses, and the motto on the bush shows he is hopeless of having his birth recognized.

"Apart from any difficulty involved in the hypotheses of Bacon's belief regarding his royal birth, and his having some connection with the production of Spenser's poems (Plate II.), the meaning of this title-page is, on these hypotheses, self-evident.

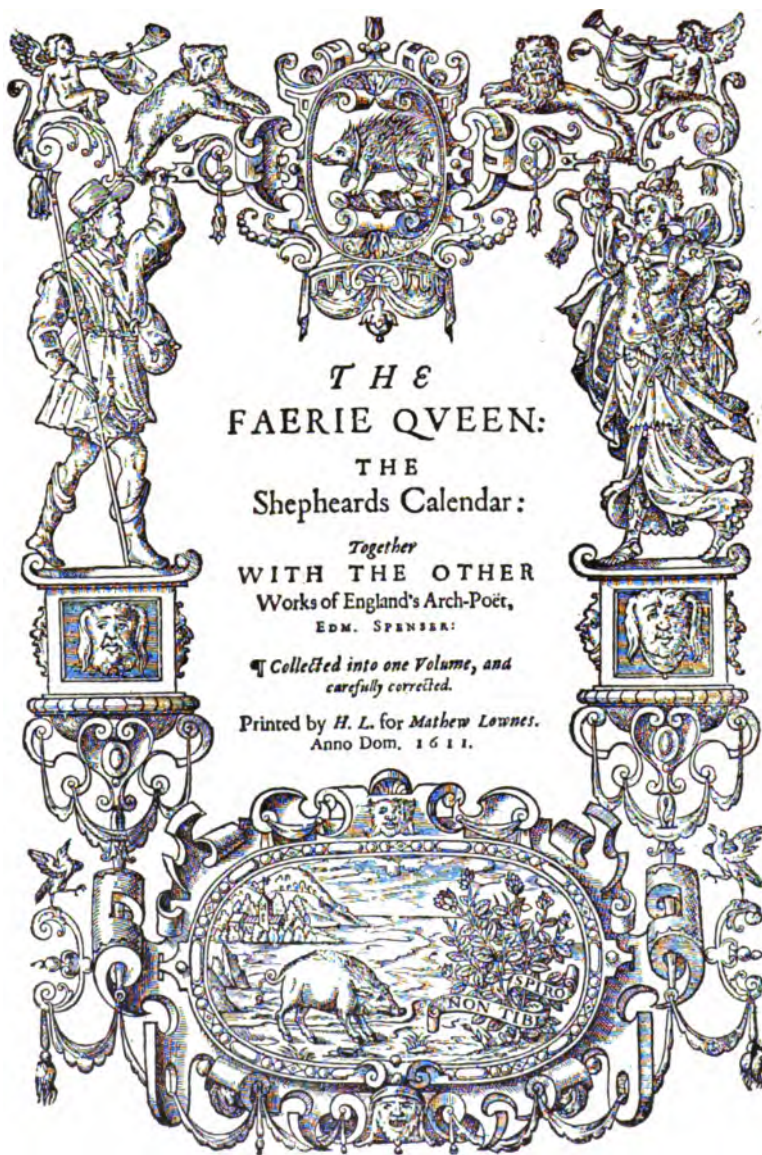
[I have just seen an abstract of a paper in the *Tablet*, in which Father Thurston explains that the animal at the top of this title-page is not a hog at all, but is really our old friend, the fretful porcupine! Well! Well! I did not know that the wind was in such a quarter that I could not tell a hawk from a hand-saw, nor a pig from a porcupine! No wonder, child, the fretful porcupine is wild, to be depicted like a hog! But I will waive that point, and agree to call it a squirrel or a weasel or a whale or an ornithorhynchus paradoxus. Whatever the paradoxical little beast may be, he continues to be held aloft by the Royal Supporter on one side and that of the Earl of Leicester on the other!

*"Hang hog is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV., I., 50.

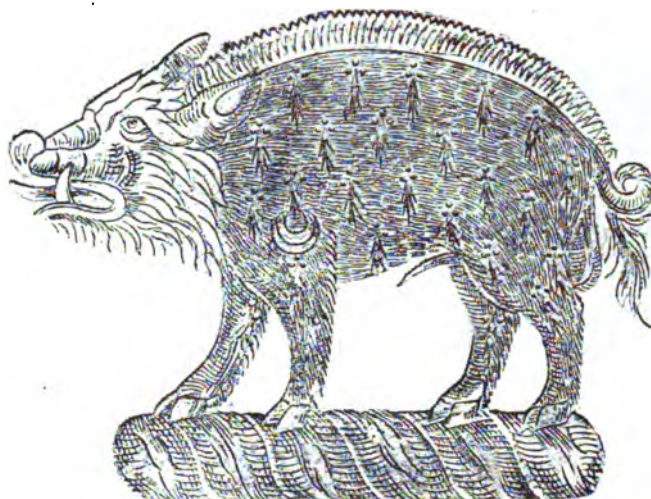


Title-Page to Montaigne's Essays.

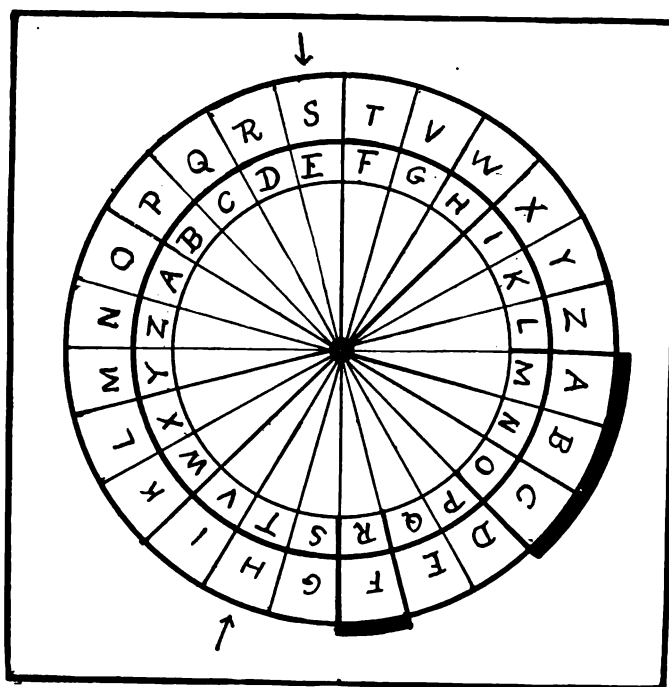
Plate I.



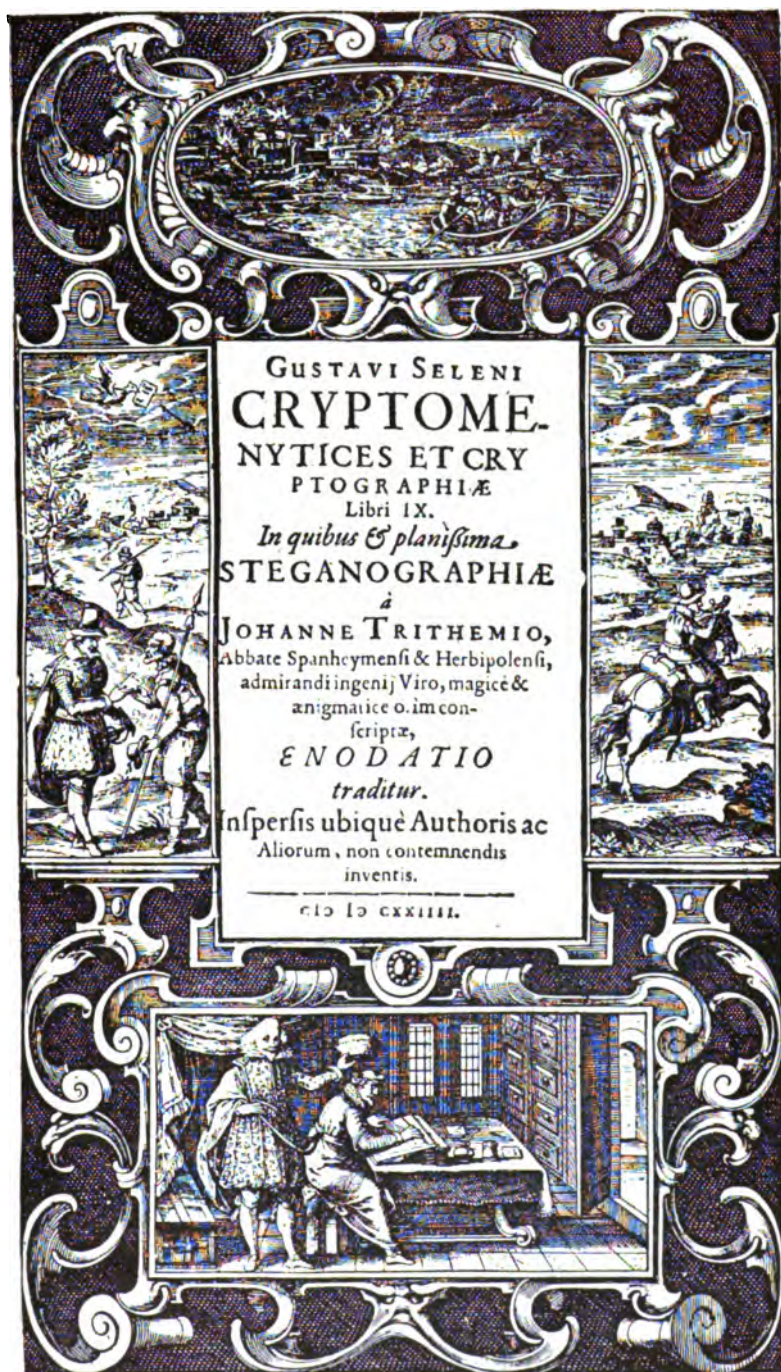
Title-page to "The Faerie Queen."



Basen's crest.
Plate III.

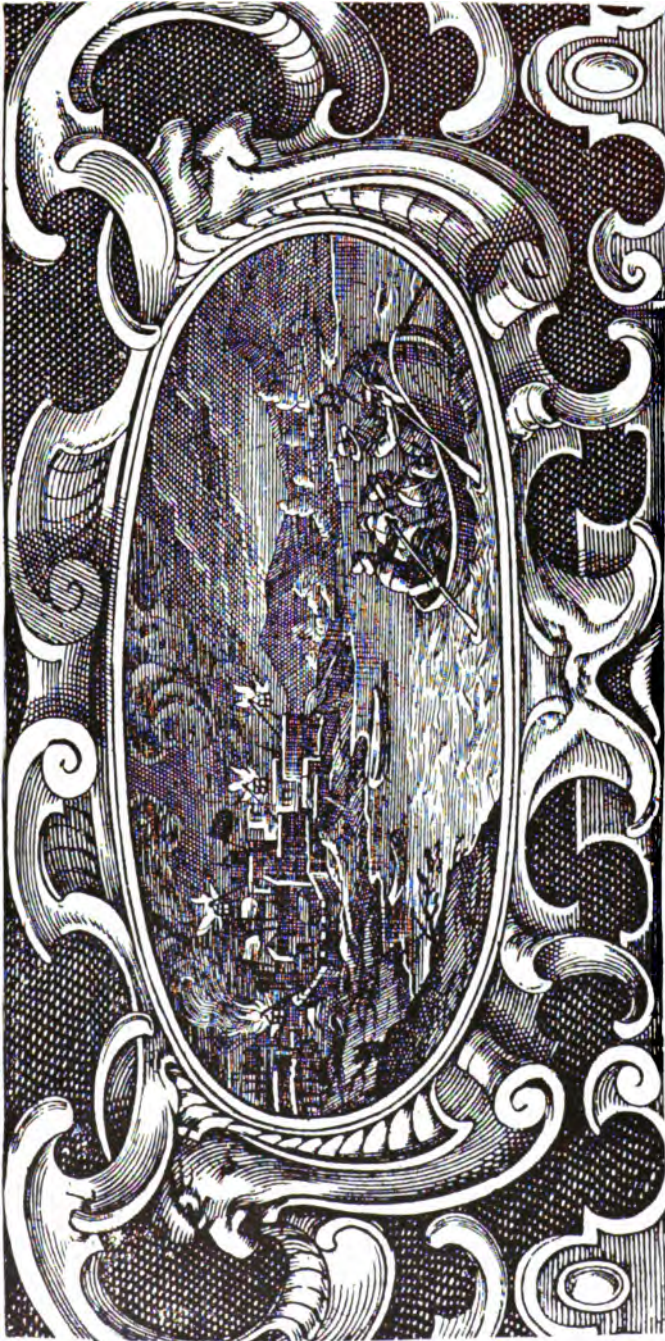


A Wheel Cipher.
Plate III-a.



Title-page to work on cyphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Plate IV.



Enlargement of the beach picture from the title-page of the book of esphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Plate V.



Enlargement of the square picture at the bottom of title-page of the volume on cyphers by "Quintus Selenus."

Plate VI.



Enlargement of left-hand panel from title-page of the book on cyphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Plate VII.



Plate VIII.



Plate IX.



LVGD. BATAVORVM
Apud Franciscum Moiardum,
Et Adrianum Wijngaerde. *Anno 1645.*

Plate X.

Father Thurston says that this porcupine was the Sidney crest, and that this same title-page did duty for Sidney's "Arcadia." It is true that a porcupine is the Sidney Crest as given in Burke's "Complete Armory," but if this was used on the title-page of "Arcadia," we have still more trouble ahead of us, and shall be obliged to account for these remarkable emblems appearing in Sidney's works, as well as those of Spenser! If it is retorted that the printers of those days were irresponsible, and put anything they chose on title-pages, I merely ask, in that case what becomes of the evidential value of the name William Shakespeare on the title-page?

A porcupine! Is the creature looking at the rose bush another porcupine?]

"Of the purely literary hypothesis I will say no more here; but with regard to the other, let us consider once again whether it is really as absurd as many people fancy it. Turning back to the title-page of Montaigne's *Essay's*,—let us note again that the writer of the verses which accompany it makes special note of some peculiar meaning which is to be found 'within these angles and amongst these leaves,' 'wherein,' he adds, 'the rash spectator' would discover nothing at all. Now in the whole page there are no leaves of any kind except those which appear at the top of the row of columns in the foreground. Those which pertain to the capitals may possibly not mean anything, though they seem to be conventionalized into a certain likeness of a crown; but above these is a feature altogether peculiar: and this is the rose by which each capital is surmounted. Taken in connection with the roses and their motto in the other title page, the suggestion that both have reference to the Tudor rose is inevitable. But could Bacon really have supposed that this emblem had any genealogical relation to himself? Is there any other evidence of a fact which seems so unlikely?

"Here are two evidences, one of which, I believe, has never been publicly noticed, and is probably known to very few persons; whilst the other is known so little that it may be called practically new. At Gorhambury, the existing house, which is modern, was constructed partly out of the materials of the house occupied by Bacon; but certain fragments of the original structure remain, and include the principal entrance, which is surmounted by the Bacon arms. The present Lord Verulam a little while ago pointed out to me that whilst one of the supporters belongs to Bacon, the other is Royal. This is one fact. The second is of a similar nature; and this, too, is supplied by a house—Canonbury Tower in Islington—which was once occupied by Bacon. On one of the walls of this building was an inscription in very unclassical hexameters, giving a list of the Kings and Queens of England.

The lines will be found in 'The History, Topography, and Antiquities of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, by John Nelson, 1811.' It is enough to quote those which name the sovereigns from Henry VIII. to James I. The lines are these:

HENRICUS

OCTAVIUS, POST HUNC EDW: SEXT, REGINA MARIA

ELIZABETHA SOROR: SUCCEDIT FR JACOBUS.

"With the exception of the two first letters, the word beginning with FR has been obliterated. What can this mutilated word stand for, unless it stands for Francis? Taken in connection with the other facts before us, is not the inference that it does stand for this inevitable? Do not this inscription, the coat-of-arms at Gorhambury, and the emblem on the title-pages, all point to one, and to only one, conclusion?"

Of the next title-page, Mr. Mallock's interpretation is this:

"The consideration of this volume again involves the hypothesis that Bacon's literary activities were far wider than has been supposed, and that they extended—as there are many direct evidences to show—throughout the learned world of Europe, as well as England. It is an edition, published immediately after the first Shakespeare Folio, of a work on Ciphers, by the then Duke of Brunswick, who wrote under the pseudonym of Gustavus Selenus. The title-page, as the reader will see, contains four pictures in panels (Plate IV.). The oval picture at the top—consult the enlargement (Plate V.)—represents a boat being rowed towards a town; and this town is represented as blazing with beacon lights. The word *beacon*, as has been said already, was then pronounced *bacon*; and that the pun on the two words was actually well known at the time is shown in the line, 'Bacon, great beacon of the State.' A careful student of contemporary symbolism declares that the frame of this picture represents 'the magic circle of imagination,' and that the three heads are emblems of tragedy, comedy, and farce. But, however this may be, an allusion to Bacon as a light and guide, if it be not incredible, is unmistakable. But still more singular than this is the square picture at the bottom. Here—consult the enlargement (Plate VI.)—we have represented the philosopher seated at his desk; and at his back stands a figure who is taking a cap of maintenance from his head. This figure is dressed in ostentatiously gorgeous costume. The ruff is elaborately frilled, the doublet and hose are flowered; and the face, with its pointed chin and abnormally high forehead, will strike the most careless observer as a conventional representation of Shakespeare. Is it possible to explain this pic-

ture in any other way than as an image of Shakespeare (the actor become rich and a gentleman) appropriating the philosopher's fame?

"Let us continue our examination and turn to the two side panels. In the foreground of the panel on the left—consult the enlargement (Plate VII.) we have a man well but soberly dressed, giving some document to another, who receives it in the attitude of an inferior. Now let the reader look at the peculiar sleeve of the former. He will see that it exactly resembles the sleeve of the philosopher at the desk. The two figures, therefore, are evidently the same person. If the one is Bacon, the other is Bacon also. But how are we to interpret the figure to whom the document is being given? The face certainly bears no resemblance to Shakespeare's. We find nothing to help us there. Let us, however, turn our attention to the features in the background of the picture. In the middle distance we see the same figure, with the same hat, leggings, and boots, and the same buckled strap. But his spear is now carried over his shoulder, he has a bundle on his back, and, moreover, he is now using a walking stick. Further, in the sky there is an eagle, receiving a document in its beak, and a heavy arrow which has been aimed at these is almost on the point of touching them.

"And now, bearing these particulars in mind, let us turn to a book which at first sight would fail to promise any connection with them. The book is 'Camden's Remains' (1614), with which Spedding says that Bacon had much to do. This book contains a chapter on surnames, which are divided into various classes. Some, it is pointed out, are derived from places, whilst others are words which signify ordinary acts or objects. As examples of this class the writer gives 'Bacon' and 'Creeping'; which a little further on he supplements by four others. These four form a very curious group. They are 'Breakspeare,' 'Shakespeare,' 'Wagstaff,' and 'Shotbolt.' Let us now go back to our picture. The figure in the foreground with the spear in his hand becomes 'Shakespeare'; the same figure in the distance with the stick in his hand is 'Wagstaff'; and above, following the writings which he has received from the hand of another, we have Shakespeare and Wagstaffe metamorphosed into a 'shot-bolt,' whilst the writings have been carried to an eagle whose claws are lightnings. The picture in the right-hand panel forms a sequel to this. The same figure—again to be identified by his hat—is no longer a Wagstaff, but a cavalier, and is riding away, blowing a horn in triumph, towards the same town in the direction of which in the opposite picture he is trudging.

"I do not say myself that these interpretations are correct; but I do say—and I cannot conceive how any unprejudiced critic can doubt the fact—that

these title-pages we have been considering were designed as 'talking pictures'—were intended in all their details to embody some secret meaning. I say also that, on the hypotheses which have been adopted, a meaning is at once discoverable, which is coherent in all its parts, which in many parts is obvious, and in no part is more forced or far-fetched than might under the circumstances be expected—as those familiar with the symbolism of modern acrostics will admit; while the least obvious of these happen to be precisely those for which the most curious confirmation is to be found in a variety of collateral evidences.

"It is perfectly true that, even if we admit all this, we have not proved that Bacon was the actual author of Shakespeare, but we shall, at all events, be compelled to believe, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that Bacon had some wide, and hitherto unacknowledged, connection with the literature of his time, and that in the literature with which he was then connected Shakespeare's plays are included."

[As the report of this Debate is going through the press, I am in receipt of a private letter, offering another explanation from a gentleman who has examined the correspondence between the Duke of Brunswick and the engraver in regard to this title-page of the *Gustavus Selenus* book. In this correspondence it is stated that the man sitting at the table is Johannes Trithemius, author of an earlier work on ciphers, one largely incorporated by the Duke in his own. The man standing behind him is the Duke himself. The other figures are intended to represent the postal system of those days. This, however, would not seem to be a very satisfactory explanation. In the first place, it is not at all likely that, if the Duke were engaged in making cryptograms, he would have explained their esoteric meaning to the engraver; in the next place, it is not very clear why the postmen of the period should have carried spears—pistols would have been a better protection—and why should the claws of a carrier-pigeon grasp thunder bolts? And how is the sky full of beacons explained? Moreover, if the standing figure in the lower panel is a portrait of the Duke, he must have borne a striking resemblance to the conventional portrait of Shakespeare.]

Then follows a discussion of three title-pages of books of acknowledged Baconian authorship, viz.:

"The title page which we shall examine first is that of an edition of Bacon's *History of Henry VII.**

*Plate VIII.

"On the left hand of the picture are two figures—one robed like a philosopher, the other wearing a helmet—helping to support a woman who is balancing herself on a globe. The two male figures are repeated on the right side of the picture. We recognize the philosopher by his cap, his beard, and his clothing; and his companion by his crested helmet. In seeking to discover a symbolical meaning in this picture, a clue is at once given us by the woman who is standing on the globe, for she holds in her hand two of the symbols described in the books and passages referred to in my first article, which deal with the subject of 'talking pictures'—of hieroglyphical or pictorial writing. These symbols are the salt-cellar—or, as it is called in the continuation of 'The New Atlantis,' the salt; and the bridle without the bit. A woman holding a bridle with a bit stands, as Alciatus tells us, for Nemesis; a woman holding a bridle without a bit stands, as Baudoin tells us, for Fame; and a woman holding a salt stands, as we are told in the continuation of 'The New Atlantis,' for Wisdom. Now, if we had only this figure to deal with, its meaning and appropriateness would be at once apparent to everybody. It would be an obvious emblem of Bacon, of his fame and his wisdom as a philosopher. The other emblems, however, do not speak so plainly; and yet it is impossible to doubt that they have their meaning also. Let us examine them carefully, and see if we can get any hint of it. Let us begin with the helmeted figure, which seems to be that of a soldier. As he appears on the left, he is more than half hidden by the philosopher; but on the right we have a full view of him, and if we scrutinize him as he is drawn there, we shall discover some curious details, which show that he is not meant to represent a soldier at all. Over his jerkin he wears a lace collar; he has only one spur, and his sword is on the wrong side. He is not, therefore, a soldier, but a counterfeit, dressed up to resemble one. He is, in fact, a very presentable emblem of an actor. And what is the actor doing? The fingers of one hand are extended so as to touch the globe, which supports the image of fame and philosophic wisdom; whilst the other is shaking a spear, which the philosopher has guided between the spokes of a curious wheel. With regard to the globe, this, as in a former picture, has been read by a student of emblems as meaning the Globe Theatre: nor, if we admit the value of emblem writing at all, is there anything in this interpretation which is intrinsically unlikely. And lastly, as to the wheel itself, how are we to interpret this? A casual observer might suppose it to be the wheel of fortune, and the figure who grasps the handle might be taken as Fortune herself. We know, however, from the key that has been given to us by two writers on emblems that this figure is *not* Fortune, but Wisdom and Fame united.

The wheel, therefore, which she is touching cannot be Fortune's wheel. Accordingly, it has been argued that its meaning is to be sought in the nine emblems surrounding it, five of which are simple enough. They represent the various orders of men, from the monarch to the husbandman or the grave-digger. The remaining four have been interpreted as the jester's bells, a bowl (of doubtful purpose), the rod for the fool's back, and the mirror that is held up to Nature. The wheel with its adjuncts will thus stand for dramatic and imaginative literature, and the suggested connection of Bacon with Shakespeare will be complete."

[I am not prepared to accept the interpretation of the globe as meaning "The Globe Theatre." I think it much more likely to be "Mundus Intellectualis," a favorite emblem of Bacon's. Neither do I feel at all sure that the staff the philosopher holds is a spear, as I can see no spear-head, nor can I feel sure the other man is "shaking" it. But there is enough left to make the plate curious and suggestive.] Mr. Mallock continues:

"If we provisionally accept the hypothesis that this connection was a fact, the foregoing interpretation of the title-page now before us is plausible. It gives a meaning to the whole which accords with the style of contemporary symbolism; and there are minor details, such as the four ships in the distance and the difference of the levels on which the two groups stand, which may possibly be found to fit in with this meaning and complete it.

"Still, in spite of all this, it does not seem to me that, however strongly we might be inclined to believe in the reality of the Shakespeare-Bacon connection, this title-page could, if it stood alone, be looked on as more than a very doubtful confirmation of, or allusion to, it. It does not stand alone, however. Another title-page exists of another of Bacon's works, published a year earlier, by which the interpretation of the former, as just given, is corroborated.

"This is the title-page of Fr. Baconi De Verulamio Sermones Fideles (Plate IX.). Of the three figures on the left, no interpretation has, thus far, been suggested; but the figure on the right undoubtedly represents Bacon. Before him, on a table, is a clasped volume and an hour-glass. The clasped volume, it is suggested, represents Bacon's works as a poet, and the hour-glass the sands that must run before his fame as a poet is recognized; and this interpretation is based on the female figure in the clouds, who stands, like the similar figure in the other title-page, on a globe. Now, the figure in the other title-page, as has been pointed out already, conveys a meaning with regard to which there can be no doubt. She is two emblems in one. She is the virgin holding the bridle without the bit,

and this is the virgin holding the salt. The meaning of the former—namely, Fame—is given us in a work with which Bacon was avowedly connected. The meaning of the latter—namely, Wisdom—is given us in the continuation of the 'New Atlantis.' But the 'New Atlantis' mentions also another cognate emblem—namely the virgin with a scroll; and since we are authorized to look for a figure of this kind, it is hard not to believe that we have this emblem here; and the meaning of this, as we are told in the same book, is poetry. Hence, then, if we accept the facts just stated, we have an obvious emblem of Bacon pointing to his own fame and work as a poet, and the globe, the hour-glass, and the closed volume become intelligible in the sense that has just been indicated.

"There is yet one title-page more, also reproduced here—that of the *De Augmentis* (Plate X.). It is one which was reproduced repeatedly in the Dutch editions of Bacon. Here again we have a figure which is that of Bacon himself; here again we have a volume doubly clasped, and this volume he has committed to an enigmatic figure beside him. This figure is curious in a high degree, and from what we have seen of the use of emblems at the time, it is obvious that this figure must have been intended to represent something. The following interpretation of it has been suggested: If its garment, and more especially the folds of its garments, are examined carefully, we shall see that this garment is a goat-skin. This figure, moreover, though it has the face of a man, has the false breasts of a woman. Accordingly, in respect of its goatskin garment, it represents the tragic muse; whilst in respect of its face and breasts, it represents an actor with false breasts, playing a female part. Thus this hybrid emblem, together with the clasped volume, is taken to symbolize Bacon's concealed connection with the Muse, and the fact of his having committed his concealed work to an actor."

I have quoted Mr. Mallock thus fully because I have felt that any attempt further to omit or condense would unavoidably lead to unintentional garbling, and do injustice to him and to the subject. As he says, granting his interpretations to be correct, they do not prove that Bacon wrote the Plays, but they do show that Bacon had something to do with much of the literature of the period other than that passing under his name, and including something that went by the name of Shakespeare. If his interpretations are disputed, he is not unreasonable in his demand that others should be offered as good or better. He has made out an *a priori* case, and has thus succeeded in shifting for once the *onus probandi* upon those who dispute.

It cannot be too often repeated that all circumstantial evidence like this

depends for its force upon its being cumulative,, and I shall therefore mention a few other curious matters which may not be of much importance in themselves, but which may tend to strengthen the "bundle of rods" which Dr. Morgan so aptly alludes to, which Jupiter himself could not break.

The first of these is one to which my attention was called some years ago by Mrs. Pott. Among the ciphers enumerated by Bacon (*De Augmentis*, Lib. VI., Cap. I., Spedding's Ed. V. II., p. 116) are *Ciphrae Rotae* or "Wheel ciphers." Now, every treatise on ciphers describes the wheel cipher, which is one of the simplest forms of cipher imaginable. It consists of a disc of cardboard attached by a pivot in the centre to another piece of cardboard; around the periphery of the disc are arranged the letters of the alphabet in regular order. On the other cardboard are again arranged the letters of the alphabet in like order, forming a circle concentric with and outside the first. (In other words, it is the familiar combination lock of the present day, except that for additional security we turn the wheel to several single combinations before the words finally yield.) Now, it is evident that if the disc (see Plate IIIA) is revolved upon the pivot, any letter of the inner circle may be brought into juxtaposition with any letter of the outer circle, and that this will establish a fixed relation between each letter of the inner circle and a corresponding letter of the outer circle. In order to use this wheel, the correspondents were each supplied with a key or some secret way of communicating one, the key consisting of any two letters, which were to be placed in juxtaposition, thus setting the wheel. In preparing his cipher message, the writer would set his wheel and in place of each letter of his message would use the corresponding letter in the outer circle. His correspondent would decipher by comparison with the wheel set by the same key letters. Now, in the First Folio, at the end of *OTHELLO*,—and nowhere else was it thought necessary therein—p. 339, there are given the names of the actors, and below the words "The Names of the Actors" there are three asterisks and two colons, all enclosed in a parenthesis. The accompanying figure (Frontispiece), which is here reproduced from the Tilden Folio in the Lenox Library, shows that asterisks, colons and parenthesis all point on one side to the letters *e s* and to the letters *T. H.* on the other side. If the wheel be set with *e s* as key letters, *T. H.* will also be found together, so that either pair may be used as a key. Upon setting the wheel by the key indicated as shown by the diagram, it will be seen that the following juxtaposition of letters occur:

F	A	B	C
R	M	N	O

M. FR. BACON.

This may be a cryptic hint, or, of course, it may be pure accident, but then there are so many accidents! This is one of many similar combinations to be found in the works under discussion.

The 1603 edition of Florio's Montaigne has three title-pages, one at the beginning of each book, and in each occurs a similar arrangement of asterisks and letters. In the first the asterisks point directly at F and B, but the line extended from the stars on the right indicates B o. Now

The first Booke.

(* * *)

by reference to the cipher wheel, it will be seen that this combination will again bring the letters of Bacon together. In the second book, the letters indicated on the left are s e, and on the right B o.

The second Booke.

(* * *)

Again the combination is set. In the third book, on the left, the letters are t h, on the right B o.

The third Booke.

(* * *)

Once more the lock is set at BACON. Accidents again, very likely! but why do the accidents always spell Bacon? Always Bacon, Bacon, Bacon! Never, by any chance, Raleigh, nor Sidney, nor Queen Elizabeth, only Bacon. It would seem to be the only word the starling had been taught!

It may not be out of place here to call attention once more to the apparent enigma referred to in a former part of this discussion, as it seems to fall into line with other matters here referred to.

In 1897 I sent a note to *The Conservator*, showing that the curious "Hog-Latin" word *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*, occurring in Act. V., Sc. I., of *Love's Labour's Lost*, is an anagram of "*Hi ludi, tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati*," which may be translated "These plays originating with Francis Bacon are protected for themselves"—that is, by reason of their worth. As the word had been used before its appearance in this play, the existence of the anagram would have little significance were it not for certain concurrent facts.

In the first place, the word in a slightly different form appears on the cover of the Northumberland manuscripts, which consist of part of a manuscript book which was discovered in 1867 in Northumberland House, in London. That it was in the library of Bacon is an acknowledged fact. It is well known, but let me recapitulate it here. The table of contents is as follows:

"Mr. Francis Bacon.
of tribute or giving what is due.

The Praise of the worthiest Virtue.
The Praise of the worthiest Affection.
The Praise of the worthiest Power.
The Praise of the worthiest Person.

Earl of Arundell's letter to the Queen.
A speech for my lord of Sussex tilt.
Leicester's Commowearth, Incerto. auth.
Orations at Gray's Inn's Revels.
By Mr. Francis Bacon.
Essays by the same author.
Richard the Second.
Richard the Third.
Asmund and Cornelia.
Isle of Dogs, frmnt.
by Thomas Nash."

Assuming that the volume had originally corresponded with the title-page, the latter part was missing; the missing part including the two Shakespeare plays.

On the blank spaces, including the margins of this title-page or table of contents, there are written a number of sentences, phrases, words, and

parts of words, a part carefully, and in the same handwriting as the text; a part carelessly, giving the impression that the writer was merely scribbling or trying his pen. So far as legible, these scribbles are as follows:

"Anthony....Mr. Francis

Francis Bacon

Francis

Multis annis jam transactis

Nulla fides est in pactis,

Mell in ore, verba lactis;

Fell in corde, fraus in factis.

honorificabilitudino

Baco

Bacon

Asmund and Cornelia

spear

revealing day

through every cranny

peeps

Shak. Sh. Shak. William Shakespeare

Sh hakespeare

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare

Willi william"

At first sight this seems to show little, except that, in the mind of some one, of or near the period of Bacon and Shaksper, the names of the two men were associated; though the references in the Latin verse to the compact, which is no longer binding on account of the lapse of time, and to their having been deceit in the deed, are suggestive. Then the line, "Revealing day through every cranny peeps," is from "Lucrece," but with the last word changed. The feature of the page, however, which particularly attracts attention is the word "*honorificabilitudino*," and the fact that, considered as "Hog-Latin," it is nearly translated by the title of the first paper listed on the title-page "of tribute or giving what is due." Of course, "*honorificabilitudino*" suggests the word in Love's Labours Lost, and, upon examination, itself proves to be an anagram of *Initio hi ludi Fr. Bacono*. The word is not scribbled, but is written carefully.

Turning to Love's Labour's Lost, we find the scene (V., 1) interlarded with Latin phrases. Taking them by themselves, in translation they run as follows:

"That which sufficeth is enough."

"I know the man as well as I know you."

"Do you understand me, Sir?"

"Praise God! I understand well."

"Do you see who comes?"

"I see and rejoice."

"Wherefore?"

Then comes our long word,

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.

"Wherefore rejoice," indeed? "By the power of the making for honor."

Now, the reasons that I feel that this anagram is intentional, and not accidental, are, in the first place, its occurrence on the Northumberland manuscripts; secondly, the way it is led up to by the preceding Latin phrases; thirdly, what follows immediately after it:

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn book. What is *a b* spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *puericia*, with a horn added."

Now, *a b* spelled backward, with a horn added, is evidently, as Mr. Mallock noticed, a pun on "Bacon." But *a b* occurs almost in the middle of the long word, and if we go on spelling backward we get this: *B A C I F I R O N O H*. *Fr. Bacono* stares us in the face: "By Francis Bacon. Then, taking the remainder of the word, ILITUDINITATIBUS, we have come out, each in the direct sequence of the letters: *Iudi, tuiti, nati*. The remaining letters form *hi, sibi*. Now, all I maintain is, that it is remarkable that this thing should be pointed to by so many hints, hints which go almost to the extent of telling us how the riddle is to be solved.

But this is not all, though it is perhaps merely a coincidence that there seems to be an association of ideas between the opening lines of this play,

the sentiments expressed by Bacon in his letter to the Bishop of Winchester, and a passage from Bacon's works relating to ciphers, and that the former seem so appropriate an introduction to this revelation—if revelation it be. "But I count the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man and not to go along with him" (Letter of Bacon to Bishop of Winchester). "The pretense thereof (the enigmatical method) is to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledge, and to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil" (Bacon's "Advancement of Learning").

The play opens with these lines :

"Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
And there grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When spite of cormorant, devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity."

The sentiment is not unusual, but this at least shows that it was in the mind of the author when he wrote the play.

Now, I am not claiming that this proves that Bacon wrote the Plays, but I do claim that, with the other things of like nature, it is sufficient to excite a lively and reasonable suspicion that he had something to do with their origin.

And now, thanking Dr. Morgan for the points which he has brought out on my side of the argument, which I think are quite as strong, if not stronger, than those for his own side, and retracting nothing which I have said in the course of this discussion, and seeing no reason why it should be supposed that the printers of the Quartos should have been taken into the secret of their authorship, and believing that Ben Jonson would have been a party to and cognizant of such secret, and consequently reticent in his expressions, I subscribe to the protocol as amended by Dr. Morgan.

DR. MORGAN. As to these title-pages of which Dr. Platt makes profert, I must admit that they render it still more difficult to escape the inference that Lord Bacon, in his later years, devoted portions of his time and means to securing the publication of works worthy, in his opinion, the preservation

of print, but which, in his day, there was no commercial warrant or inducement to publish. And I wonder what, for example, the world would say if it should find itself obliged some day, instead of cursing the name of Francis Bacon for a pirate and a plunderer who was trying to usurp the name and immortality of William Shakespeare, to thank him for having preserved the immortal Plays to posterity, that without him we might never have possessed at all! As to Dr. Platt's suggestion that this particular Duke of Brunswick must have resembled the conventional portrait of Shakespeare, who knows but we may have run into a scent to account for that mysterious Bust found in the rag-shop at Mayence by Dr. Becker in 1849, and traced to the possession of Count Francis von Kesselstadt? Perhaps this Kesselstadt Bust may have been Martin Droeshout's model for his engraving, instead of the Stratford Bust (which otherwise could have been the only thing accessible in 1623 for Droeshout to work from). Nothing appears to be "to consider too curiously" in this field. I have even heard of Baconians who claimed that an effigy of Francis Bacon was furnished to Gerard Johnson, the "tomb-maker" who executed that Stratford Bust! The origin of both the Stratford Bust and the Droeshout engravings are utterly unaccounted for.

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 MET HIS FATHER'S GHOST:—TO COMMEMORATE THE
 THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
 CREATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S
 "HAMLET."



"WHY MAY NOT THAT BE THE SKULL OF A LAWYER?" *Hamlet V, 1, 107.*

Window in the residence of William G. Peckham, Esq., of the New York Bar, at Westfield, N. J.



NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. II.

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NO. 4.

MR. MALLOCK'S TITLE PAGES.

[In the April-July issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA Dr. Isaac Hull Platt, in his debate with Dr. Morgan, reproduces and refers to the fac-similies of old title pages discussed in this Paper. I wish to premise that this article was written before I had the pleasure of reading Dr. Platt's reply to Dr. Morgan, pages 106 to 120 in that issue, in which he largely quotes from Mr. Mallock's explanations of those title pages to which I refer. It will be understood, therefore, that my article is in no respect a reply to Dr. Platt, whose article I had not read, but only to Mr. Mallock's articles in the Pall Mall Magazine. Nor had I seen Mr. Greg's valuable reply to Mr. Mallock in the April *Library*.]

It is, I think, rather pleasing to those who cherish the memory of William Shakespeare as that of a loved personality, to find that the ablest assailants of our belief not only wish to throw down the figure of the Actor Poet from its pedestal in our hearts and set up in its stead that of the great lawyer and man of science, Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, but going further, claim for their hero the laurels of Marlowe and Spenser as well, and also seek to build up for him a royal pedigree at the expense even of scandal about Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Mallock, in his very entertaining articles in the Pall Mall Gazette (which I have a lingering fear I may perhaps err in taking seriously, as they may be only a brilliant *jeu d'esprit*), goes yet further, and would seem to desire to give Lord Verulam credit for the composition of some of the master pieces of French literature. Mr. Mallock's primary deduction from his interesting title pages, that Bacon had some connection with the productions referred to, is so vague, as well as modest, that it is rather hard to discuss. If Lord Verulam gave a few pounds to aid a needy author or publisher to produce an edition of a book, he would

doubtless in a sense have some connection with its production, but hardly enough to be commemorated on the title page. And Mr. Mallock's modest suggestion must therefore be treated as having deeper significance.

The first title page he discusses is that of the third edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* (Plate I). His conclusion as to this is that it shows that Bacon's literary activity was far more extensive than has been recognized, and that he played some leading part in the production of that volume. This third edition appeared in 1632, six years after Lord Verulam's death, and his connection therefore cannot be with that edition. Mr. Mallock further claims that the white shield containing the title, being on a dark structure, is but a banner hung over the true title, and therefore a fiction, ultimately to give place to the truth. If he is right in this, even if Bacon in his youth had translated Montaigne's *Essays* into English, it would not account for the fictitious banner, for this shield contains no translator's name, nor any name but that of the author Michel de Montaigne with the proper additions. Therefore, this argument as to the shield either means nothing or is intended to claim for Lord Verulam the authorship of Montaigne's *Essays*. Now we know that Bacon was born in 1561, that he was at Cambridge between 1573 and 1576, that in the beginning of 1577 he went to France, a sickly lad, in the suite of Sir Amyas Powlet, and under the charge of a tutor, Mr. Duncombe. His stay in France came to an end in 1578, when he was summoned home by his father's death, and it is abundantly clear from his letters to Essex, in 1598, that he never went back to that sunny land. In 1580, two years after Bacon's return to England, appeared the first two Books of Montaigne's *Essays*. The Chevalier Michel de Montaigne was then forty-seven years old, and a man of eminence and distinction. The Third Book of the *Essays* was published a few years later. These charming discourses have ever since been one of the delights of French Literature, and have won universal admiration, not only for their beautiful humanity of spirit, and the profound experience of life which they display, but for their idiomatic and characteristic style, revealing in each chapter something of the noble and fascinating personality of the author. To suppose that they could, even to the smallest extent, be the composition of a sickly lad of seventeen, just out of Cambridge, is manifestly absurd. That Bacon, while in attendance on Sir Amyas at Tours, may have met Montaigne is possible, and it is possible he may have been interested in the *Essays* when they appeared in French two years later. It is also quite possible Bacon may have had some part in Florio's translation of the *Essays* into English. On the other hand, his pecuniary circumstances, from

the Lord Keeper's death, in 1578, until Essex presented him with Twickenham, in 1592, were too narrow to have enabled him to help Florio much in bringing out his first edition. If, therefore, by his mysterious emblems on the 1632 title page, the publisher, Richard Royston, intended to convey the statement that Bacon had any further connection with Montaigne's *Essays* than possibly having translated some of them, or given some slight pecuniary aid to their publication, we would be driven to the conclusion that Royston was a wilful falsifier. But I think the theory of any reference to Bacon in the title page rests on the slenderest foundation. The white shield may well be of marble, set into the dark stone that the inscription may be more easily read, like the white block in the base. Even if a banner, it does not follow that it is a fiction or that it is intended to indicate a fiction. To make out the initials F. B., Mr. Mallock has to construct a small f, turned so as to read from right to left out of a broken arch, while his capital B is supine, and made imperfectly of two arches. To ordinary eyes the so-called beacon seen through the arch may as well be any other building. The little prison or guard house to the left seems to me square in form, though surmounted by a cupola. This structure, and its little chimney or spire surmounted with a ball, are perhaps somewhat Saracenic in appearance. The ball is certainly not a globe, for it is brought into a point at the top. The rose, if it is a rose, on the capital of the columns, is too common an ornament to have any significance. The Rose of Provence, so common in early decoration in Southern France, is as likely to be meant as the Red Rose of Lancaster, or the White Rose of York. The reference to the dedication of Powell's Attorney's Academy does not seem to me to help Mr. Mallock's argument. The words, "To the true nobilitic and try'd learning beholden to no Mountain for eminence," seem to be clear enough without the aid of the supposed pun. That a brilliant light does not require to be set on an eminence to be seen, seems sufficiently plain without importing Michel de Montaigne, then dead forty years, and who never had anything to do with lawyers, into the dedication. Mr. Mallock does not give us the prefatory poem which he tells us enjoins such careful study of the title page; but the short extract from it, which urges the reader to turn and study each leaf, would seem to refer rather to the *Essays* than to their title page, since the latter had no leaves, while every page of Montaigne's *Essays* deserves and will repay careful perusal.

The next title page discussed by Mr. Mallock is that of an edition of Spenser's poems published by Lownes in 1611 [Plate II]. As this was in Bacon's lifetime, he might have had something to do with the publication,

which could not have been the case with most of the title pages treated by Mr. Mallock, belonging, as they did, to books published after his decease. This is certainly a curious and rather obscure title page, but Mr. Mallock's interpretation of it seems to me so forced and unnatural that I would hesitate to accept it, even if no other significance could be found for its figures or emblems. Mr. Mallock seems to deduce from these two conclusions: First, that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, and wrongly deprived of his royal inheritance; second, that Bacon was also the author of the poems we know as Edmund Spenser's. Spenser's unhappy and forsaken death, twelve years previously, had been deplored throughout England and was feelingly alluded to by Shakespeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Sonnets*. In this very title page the poems are attributed to England's "Arch Poet," Edmund Spenser. Even if he did not, as is generally believed, hold the office of Poet Laureate, he was certainly recognized and formally rewarded for his poetic merit by the Queen. It would be somewhat strange for the pictorial part of the title page to embody a direct contradiction of the authorship asserted in its text. Two poems are mentioned by name on the title page—the Faery Queen and the Shepherd's Calendar. Now, if we accept it as the natural purpose of a title page to express pictorially the contents of the volume, we have a clear and natural meaning for the supporters on either side of the page. The figure on the right hand is an armed lady, that on the left an unarmed peasant carrying a scrip and a staff or crook. Can there be a reasonable doubt that the armed Lady is either Gloriana, the Faery Queen, or Britomart the Lady Knight, while the peasant is Colin Clout, the shepherd, indicating the other poem named on the title page? That Leicester, a great noble and a soldier, should be portrayed as a peasant, with a wallet and crook, seems impossible. Next, I doubt if the boar in the uppermost panel can have any relation to the boar which the Bacon family had long borne as their crest. This figure, in fact, bears a stronger resemblance to the heraldic boar of the Harpurs, of Calke, in Derbyshire, than to that of the Bacons. Mr. Mallock's Plate III. is an excellent enlarged reproduction of the Bacon boar. It will be observed that this animal is rather smooth-haired, but has a standing ruff of bristles on his back; he is spotted with fleurs de lys and one crescent. He has no collar whatever, and is standing still. The boar of the upper panel is covered with projecting spines like a hedge-hog, is passant, has a marked collar, and has no fleurs de lys or crescent. In all these respects he is the Harpur, not the Bacon, boar, if he must have a heraldic meaning. On the other hand, the animal in the lower panel seems to me an ordinary swine, in the com-

mon recalcitrant attitude of his race, and not a boar at all. He is almost smooth, and is facing to the right instead of the left. Mr. Mallock does not discuss the scene presented by this lower panel except with respect to this hog and the flowering plant. The picture seems to me to show two countries severed by a narrow sea. The region to the left and rear is mountainous and shows a church and a forest; I should take it to indicate Britain. The country to the right is flat, but with some jagged rocks, and, I would suggest, means Ireland, the sea between being the Irish Channel. This right-hand country shows also a flowering bush from which the hog is holding back with aversion, having on a scroll *Non tibi spiro*, which I translate, "I breathe not (that is, give out no fragrance) for thee." Mr. Mallock understands this as meaning that the hog cannot attain the flowers which he calls Tudor roses. It seems to me, however, that the picture shows it is the hog who is rejecting the flowers; I am not clear that they are roses. The bush may be a laurel, indicating Ireland's rejection of the laureate, but, even if a rose bush, it would still seem to me to indicate Ireland's rejection of English culture, represented by the national flower (which the rose was long before the days of the Tudors), as shown by her hostility to England's arch poet; and this idea gives us also, I think, the true meaning of the upper panel, viz.: the destroying or wasting wild boar, the savage Celtic peasantry who burnt Spenser's house, destroyed his plantations and caused the death of his wife and child. If Bacon had intended to lay claim to Tudor ancestry, it would seem to me strange for him to introduce the hereditary crest of his putative father at all, particularly to personify himself as the boar, the familiar designation of Richard III., the enemy of the Tudors!

If Bacon had ever intended in this, or in any other title page to even hint at a descent from Queen Elizabeth, why did he remark, in his beautiful Latin Eulogium *In Felicem memoriam Elizae*, on the fact that the great Queen left no offspring, and compare her in this respect with illustrious personages of the past? It would be strangely inconsistent for Bacon, if he had any belief in his alleged royal origin, to commit himself definitely to a statement directly contradicting its possibility, as he did in this Encomium, which, by his Will in 1621, he expressly ordered to be published.

Mr. Mallock next introduces to us [Plate IV.] the title page of a book on ciphers and cryptograms printed in Germany in 1624. He tells us that Gustavus Selenus, the nominal compiler, was the pseudonym of the Duke of Brunswick. I can conceive no reason why we should fancy the title page of this book should have any reference to Bacon whatever. It was pub-

lished in Germany three years after Bacon's fall. The title page is in Latin, and the book is also. We have no knowledge of any relation between the Duke of Brunswick and Bacon, or that the Duke was familiar with the English language or with Camden's remains; it is unimportant whether or not Bacon had anything to do with that work, and I do not find that Spedding says he had. Spedding's only remark on the subject is a suggestion that Camden may have derived his knowledge of certain facts from an anonymously published letter which Spedding attributes to Bacon. Why, therefore, because Camden speaks of Bacon, Brakespeare, Shakespeare, Wagstaff, &c., as names taken from familiar objects, should we connect this remark with Francis Bacon, or import any of it into the title page of *Gustavus Selenus*, the nominal compiler, the pseudonym of the Duke? Why should we imagine that he had ever heard of Shakespeare as actor or poet, or that, if he had, that he should devote his title page to an irrelevant story about foreign authors, to the neglect of the subject matter of his own book? If we proceed with a common-place expectation that the title page will be found to be a foreshadowing, or rough index, of the book's contents, I think we will find its interpretation comparatively simple. We know from the text of the title page that it deals with abridged and occult signs and writings, and mysterious modes of communication and that it undertakes to explain the enigmatic system of John Trithemius, Abbott of Spanheim, &c. We may naturally, therefore, expect to find in the title page illustrations of such devices and their usefulness, and perhaps a reference to Abbott Trithemius, the originator of the system. Now, if we look first at the upper panel [of Plate IV. and Plate V.] we find a fortified town on a bay or river lit up with numerous lanterns, which cast a light over the harbour, where a boat, containing several rowers and apparently one person of distinction, is being brought to a stop. The natural translation of this picture would seem to be that the lights are prearranged signals, guided by the meaning of which the personage in the boat is about to disembark. Mr. Mallock contends that the lights are beacons and intended to suggest Lord Verulam's name by an English pun. This seems to me very unlikely. The lights, while doubtless signals, are hardly "beacons" in any sense in which that word is ordinarily used. But, granting that they may be fairly called beacons, what is more improbable than that *Gustavus Selenus*, writing a Latin treatise in Germany, should introduce this picture for the sake of an English pun on the name of the fallen chancellor! This interpretation is also quite unnecessary, since the indication of one kind of signalling, viz.: by a system of

lights, seems sufficient. Descending the page, we have to the left [Plate IV. and Plate VII.] a representation of a richly dressed officer handing a written paper to an elderly soldier armed with a spear. The officer, probably a general, is giving careful instructions about it to this soldier, who listens attentively. In the background is a walled city; between it and the interlocutor paces a sentinel; above flies a bird with a letter in its beak, against whose breast an arrow is directed. The meaning seems to me simple enough. The general is trying to send a cipher letter to a besieged city; a carrier pigeon is also taking a cipher letter thither; the letters being in cipher will be safe from discovery, though the arrow slay the pigeon and the sentinel intercept the soldier messenger. Mr. Mallock would have the general mean Bacon intrusting his plays to Shakespeare, though he admits the old soldier has no resemblance to the actor poet, and though a military guise is the last one in which we could expect to find Bacon. He would turn the carrier pigeon into an eagle whose claws he says are lightnings. I confess I do not see the lightnings, and, unless the idea is of wireless telegraphy, I do not perceive their relevance or application if they are visible, nor does the bird resemble an eagle. In the arrow Mr. Mallock finds Camden's "shot-bolt," regardless of the fact that a bolt is a quite different missile. Mallock also identifies the soldier messenger with the sentinel, another figure in the same picture, though they in no way resemble each other, and the sentinel is heavily and the messenger lightly, armed and equipped. It seems, therefore, that we are asked to take a difficult, inconsistent, irrelevant explanation instead of one simple and direct and cognate to the subject matter. Passing to the right-hand panel [Plate IV.] we have again in the background a fortified town, but, in the front of the picture, a soldier on a powerful steed, galloping toward the city, blowing a horn as he rides. I would interpret this picture as illustrating the plan of signalling by musical notes or tunes. The horseman, by a pre-arranged system of sounds or calls, is giving notice of the approach of an enemy, perhaps, so that the country folk may in good season take refuge within the city's gates, or, perhaps, is conveying some important news to friends within the city. Mr. Mallock, however, conjectures that the horseman, despite total dissimilarity, to be the soldier messenger of the left-hand picture, and to signify Shakespeare, who, rejuvenated and having stolen the writing confided to him by the elderly general, is claiming it as his own production, which is indicated by his blowing his own trumpet! What possible connection this could have with John Trithemius or a book on ciphers is not explained. Last comes the panel at the foot of the page [Plate IV., magnified Plate VI.]

which contains the picture of a student, wearing a monkish gown, belted at the waist apparently over a rich habit, seated writing at a desk set on a table. The scene is a comfortable but rather dark room on the ground floor, resembling the parlor of a monastery, and opening on a cloister. The student is a young, vigorous and handsome man with a suggestion of a tonsure. He bears no resemblance to the elderly officer in the left hand side panel, but Mr. Mallock concludes him to be the same because of an ornamented sleeve, and identifies both with Bacon, to whose portraits they have no resemblance. Back of the writer stands a figure richly habited—I should say, a monarch or great noble—holding over the student's head a furred cap such as Polish or Hungarian nobles wear on the stage. Mr. Mallock thinks this standing figure resembles Shakespeare and claims that the rich garment shows him to be an actor. (We shall see shortly that he thinks other figures in later pages indicate histrionic characters for opposite reasons.) As to the supposed resemblance, it seems to me purely imaginary. The picture is of a rather slight and frivolous person with a narrow forehead covered with curled hair, and possessed of a distinctly pug nose. Every portrait, real or supposed, of Shakespeare makes him bald, his high-domed forehead ascending without hair. Certainly neither face nor figure bear any likeness to the bluff square English face of the Stratford bust, and the face is equally unlike the rather sad face, with the long straight nose, of the Droeshout etching. Nor can a resemblance be claimed for it to the poetic and Latin looking face of the Chandos or Jennens portraits. It is highly improbable that this German publisher should attempt to portray Shakespeare at all, but, if he did, we might expect to see a copy of some then existing likeness. Mr. Mallock finally interprets the picture as depicting Shakespeare depriving Bacon of what he calls the cap known in heraldry as "a cap of maintenance." This panel also seems to me to admit of a far simpler interpretation. The student I take to be the Abbot John Trithemius, the originator of the system discussed in the volume, engaged either in the composition or translation of a secret writing. His costume, partly ecclesiastic and partly knightly, confirms this view. The other figure is, I think, that of a great prince, perhaps of a Duke of Brunswick, rewarding his skilful invention by the cap in question, which I think he is placing on the student's head. Even if I am in error in this, and the cap is being removed, the Prince may well be removing a disguise from the cipher writer, so that disguise in dress as well as in manuscript may be referred to. Were we familiar with the text of Gustavus Selenus' book, or with Trithemius' life and writings, the explanation might be apparent.

In Mr. Mallock's second paper he deals with the title pages of three of Bacon's books [Plates VIII., IX. and X.] republished in Leyden a number of years after Lord Verulam's death. We might more naturally expect to find something personal about Bacon in these title pages than in those of books to which he apparently had no relation; but that they should be intended to express emblematically a secret until then concealed, about his life and writings, seems intrinsically improbable when we consider that while these books were published in Holland in 1641, 1642 and 1645, we have no knowledge or suggestion of any of Bacon's friends or servants, who were likely to be possessed of such secrets, going to or residing in that country. There appears to be no reason why, fifteen years after his death, Bacon's claim to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays should not have been made openly instead of covertly and emblematically. Charles I., still on the English throne, had remained friendly to Bacon even in his darkest hours, while still but Prince of Wales. Charles was also a passionate admirer of Shakespeare, and in all probability would have been delighted to find that his old friend Bacon was the author of the dramas he loved. Bacon in his Will gave what he well called "the durable part of his memory, his books and writings," to his brother-in-law, Constable, and his friend Bosville, who were to take care that of all his writings, both English and Latin, there should be books fair-bound and placed in the King's Library and certain other libraries in the universities. Now, if Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays, his literary executors either knew or did not know it. If they knew it how can their falseness to their trust be accounted for? If they knew it not, how and from whom could the information reach these Leyden publishers, and why should Francis Hackius, Francis Moiardus and Adrian Wyngaerde have been anxious to perpetuate the secret on these mysterious title pages, and yet have wrapped it so carefully in emblems that it has not been discovered until more than two hundred and fifty years have passed? The first in date of these pages [Plate IX.] is that prefixed to the Latin edition of the Essays described as "Ethical, Political and Economic," with an alternate title: "The Inner Nature of Things." This description of the contents is found on a white table cloth hanging from a table occupying the center of the picture. On this table are a clasped book and an hour glass; to the right stands a figure (which I agree with Mr. Mallock is meant for the author Francis Bacon) richly habited, on the other side of the table are three figures strongly contrasted; the first who is seated is evidently from his dress and carriage a person of lofty and perhaps royal rank. The next is a handsome gay cavalier, evidently a soldier,

while behind them stands a plainly dressed elderly man, probably an artificer. In the clouds above floats a nude damsel using as a sail a species of scroll and with her feet on a globe. Bacon is looking towards this lady, towards whom he points his index finger. It does not seem to me that the interpretation of this title page is very difficult. Bacon is evidently explaining to all sorts and conditions of men, represented by the prince, the cavalier and the workman, that by careful use of their time, represented by the hour glass, and the study of these discourses, represented by the book on the table, they can seize fortune's or time's forelock, streaming in front of the damsel's head, and the world will be at their feet. If there were any doubt about this meaning I think it would be removed by the concluding words of the title: "*Accedit Faber Fortuna*," which may be freely rendered: "The diligent worker will attain fortune." This translation has certainly the advantage of explaining the three figures to the left, of which Mr. Mallock says no explanation has yet been suggested, and seems to me much easier than Mr. Mallock's view, which is that the closed book represents the Shakespeare secret, the hour glass the period to elapse before its revelation, the nude damsel poetry, and the ball at her feet the Globe Theater in London! The book, like many books in those days, is merely clasped, not locked, as a secret book would be; it is hard to see how an hour glass can represent a prolonged period, and it is not explained what connection the long streaming forelock can have with poetry, or why she should be flying through the air, nor how Francis Hackius knew anything of the Globe Theater in London, which had been burned thirty years before. It seems to me that by all rules of interpretation we ought to accept the simple meaning indicated by the words of the title page and relevant to the subject matter of the volume rather than follow the exuberant flight of Mr. Mallock's fancy.

The second Leyden title page [Plate VIII.], the first discussed by Mr. Mallock, is prefixed to the *Life of Henry VII.*, which is rightly characterized as a truly "politick" work. This also was printed by Francis Hackius, in 1642. The nude damsel with the forelock streaming in front of her, now occupies the center of the page; she is standing again on a turning globe, but has grown two wings since her last appearance. She holds in her right hand a large classic vase, which I should consider a cinerary urn, but which Mr. Mallock calls a salt cellar, and something which he calls a bitless bridle, but which I think a purse. With her left hand she is turning the handle of what is evidently fortune's wheel. It would therefore seem that the lady must be still more certainly fortune, than in the title page of the

previous year, but Mr. Mallock, who calls the naked damsel in the earlier picture "Poetry," calls her, on this occasion, "Fame and Wisdom united." On each side of the damsel are two figures. These are in each case a soldier, and a statesman or philosopher. While the left hand figures are supporting the lady, and helping her to retain her rather perilous foothold on the revolving globe, the right hand figures seem to be trying to upset the damsel, or, at least, to hamper and interfere with her action. The soldier is trying to change the revolution of the globe, while the sage or statesman is pushing a long pole (without a spearhead), which they both hold, between the spokes of fortune's wheel. Mr. Mallock does not discuss the left hand figures at all, or notice the distinction between the left and right hand soldiers, as to their dress and armour, but assumes that the right hand soldier is, because of his imperfect equipment, an actor; and, because he holds a long pole, that he is Shakespeare. If, however, we take as our guide to the title page the subject matter of the book, its elucidation presents no great difficulty. The life of Henry VII. is a truly "politick history." He was renowned as a most politick King, and Bacon shows how well he deserved this reputation. The nude female figure of fortune therefore denotes the fortune of this politick prince, maintained by policy through many dangers and vicissitudes. True and wise policy, civil and military hold his fortune firm, while imperfect policy and rash valor, represented by the badly armed soldier, in vain seek to overthrow her equilibrium, or put a spoke in her wheel. The cinerary urn signifies his peaceful death and posthumous renown, and the purse the wealth his care and frugality accumulated.

The only important thing to be discussed in the third Leyden title page [Plate X.] is, I think, the youth climbing the steps of Parnassus, who hardly, I think, needs interpretation. Mr. Mallock will have it that he, too, is an actor, because he finds, in the picture, what I fail to discover—a padded breast and a goat skin over his other garments. Thus, this image of Bacon's lofty-climbing genius, is again converted into Shakespeare and a clasped volume is again made to denote the plays we know as his. Mr. Mallock has thus, in three of the title pages, made out three persons to be actors, one because he is gorgeously dressed, one because he is shabbily equipped, and a third because he has a reasonably full chest, and is supposed to wear a goat skin. I doubt if he is right in this conclusion as to any of these figures. Certainly none of them resemble Shakespeare in the slightest degree.

R. L. ASHHURST.

SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN DAVIES.

In the discussion of the appreciation of the actor-poet William Shakespeare by his contemporaries, it seems to me that hardly enough importance has been given to what was said of Shakespeare by John Davies of Hereford. It seems to me that with the single possible exception of Ben Jonson, Davies brings us a little closer to the man as well as the poet and actor than any other writer of the period, and that his three direct mentions of Shakespeare, which occur in three separate poems written at different periods, deserve more careful attention than they have usually received.

John Davies was born at Hereford, a little town on the borders of Wales, in 1568, and died in London in 1618, so that his span of life almost synchronized Shakespeare's, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616. Hereford is not very far from Stratford-upon-Avon, and the road to London from both places lay through Oxford. We have many traditions of Shakespeare's frequent sojourns at Oxford on his journeys between Stratford and the capital, particularly in connection with his stay at the Crown Tavern kept by John Davenant. Davenant was not only renowned for the excellence of his wines, but was personally estimable and highly respected: and the Crown Inn was a place to which members of the University might with entire propriety resort, and where the Fellows of Magdalen could meet on common ground with the travelling Actor. Davies was by profession a writing master until he took orders in 1608, and resided in Magdalen College, Oxford, from about the time of his reaching twenty-one until that year. Wood says he was educated in Oxford, and Robert Benhill, in some lines prefixed to 1635 edition of Davies' "*Microcosmos*," speaks of him as *Oxoniae Vates*; but it does not seem to be generally accepted that he took a degree at the University. His residence at Magdalen, however, is quite certain. Among his poems is an address "to my much honoured and entirely beloved patroness, the most famous University of Oxfröd," and two of his Sonnets are in praise of Magdalen College. Davies was reputed the most skilful penman and teacher of the art of writing of his day; and was a very voluminous, though rather tedious, poet. His scholars included many of the most distinguished persons of both sexes during the period of his life in Oxford. Among these pupils seem to have been Prince Henry of Wales, Shakespeare's patron the Earl of Pembroke, and his family, the family of the Earl of Northumberland, and the Countess of Derby and her daughters. His first published work, which was printed at Oxford in 1602,

was a philosophical poem entitled "Merum in Modum, a Glimpse of God's Glorie and the Soule's Shape," a quarto dedicated to Shakespeare's patron William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, Sir Robert Sidney, Knight, and the Right Worshipful Edward Herbert of Montgomery (afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury). In the following year appeared, also at Oxford, Davies' poem "Microcosmos," "the discovery of the Little World with the Government thereof," quarto 1603, with dedicatory sonnets, to the king and queen. This is the first of his books in which mention is made of Shakespeare. Appended to this work was, among other tributes, an English poem by Nicholas Deible, inscribed: "In love and affection of Mr. John Davies and admiration of his excellence in the art of writing." In 1605 appeared also at Oxford what seems to have been Davies' ablest production, "The Triumph of Death or the Picture of the Plague." This vivid though prolix and melancholy poem was dedicated to his pupils Algernon Lord Percy and the Ladies Dorothy and Lucy Percy. In the same year appeared the "Humours of Heaven and Earth with the Civil Wars of Death and Fortune." In this poem occurs a stanza with important reference to Shakespeare.

In 1608 he received the living St. Dunstan the Less, in London, and from that time until his death in 1618 he lived in St. Martin's Lane near his church. During this period he was three times married and produced numerous works, the most important of which to us is "The Scourge of Folly consisting of Satyirical Epigrammes, and others, in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our land." London, 1611. Among these epigrams and sonnets are some addressed to Daniel, Ben Jonson, Marston, Hale and Fletcher, but, most valuable to us, one, No. 159, "to our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare." Davies' celebrated book on handwriting, "The Writing Schoolmaster or the Anatomy of Fair Writing," did not appear in print until 1633, many years after his death; it contained engraved specimens of various kinds of writing. Davies seems to have been a worthy and respectable person who was accepted by the great and noble in the position of somewhat humble companionship, which was as high a social position as the merely literary person of plebeian origin could hope to attain in those days. His permanent residence in Magdalen College, Oxford, however, as well as his high excellence in the art he taught, probably gave him a better position than that of a tutor, residing in great houses, and his dedications to successive generations of a family, particularly the ladies of certain great houses, such as the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, the Ladies Percy, the Countess of Bedford and her daughter, Elizabeth Lady

Cary, and others, would seem to show that Davies was *persona grata* to the Great Ladies of the time.

We may therefore fairly approach Davies' literary treatment of the actor Shakespeare with the presumption that he is likely to have expressed an opinion with regard to him which would be pleasing to his noble patrons rather than such as would be offensive or repellant to them. Now, we find that our friend, the writing master, discusses William Shakespeare as being both an actor and poet on no less than three occasions in three different poems published at three different times, two printed in Oxford during his residence at Magdalen, and the last in London while holding the charge of St. Dunstan's. Like most of the poets of his day he wrote in a somewhat obscure and artificially complex manner; but kinder to us than most of his contemporaries, he affixed for the most part to his poems marginal and sometimes terminal notes, telling us whom he meant, and explaining such obscurity as there might be in his allusions. The first of these references to Shakespeare is in the "Mirocosmos," published in 1603. It is in a stanza of nine lines. I have put the marginal notes as near as may be opposite to lines two and three where they belong.

	Players, I love you and your qualitie,
c	As ye are Men, that passtime not abus'd;
d	And some I love for painting, poesie,
	And say fell Fortune cannot be excus'd,
	That hath for better uses you refus'd,
	Wit, courage, good shape, Good Partes, and all good,
	As long as all these goods are no worse us'd;
	And though the stage doth stain pure, gentle blood,
	Yet generous you are in minde and moode.

and at the end: "Roscius was said for his excellency in his qualitie to be only worthie to come on the stage and for his honesty to be more worthy than to come thereon." The marginal "c" is made to refer to the initials R.B., W.S. (evidently meaning Rich. Burbage and William Shakespeare, and the marginal "d" refers to this note, viz.: "Simonides saith that painting is a dumb poesy, and poesy a speaking painting."

This stanza and its notes seem to me the most instructive to be found in the literature of that day. We have first an expression of love for actors and their profession (the almost universal meaning of "quality" in the books of the time being the profession of an actor). Then in the second line we have a limitation of this affection to the players who do not

abuse the pastime of the stage, whom he then proceeds to particularize, as men who also were to be admired for painting and poetry; and to prevent our having any doubt as to whom the actor poet and actor painter were, he gives us their initials, R. B. and W. S., in the margin, following this mention with Simonides' graceful association of poetry and painting. Davies then goes on to express sympathy for these friends, because fortune had unhappily cast them in so unpropitious a sphere for their talents as the stage, and proceeds to laud them for their moral, mental and physical traits, above all praising them because, though the stage was apt to corrupt even those of gentle descent, they, R. B. and W. S., remained generous in mind and mood. His terminal note, speaking of the opinion held of Roscius in classic days, is the more pointed because Burbage was universally called, in the literature of the day, "the English Roscius," (modified by John Marston to "Roscio"). But there cannot be a doubt that R. B. is Shakespeare's fellow-player at the Globe, Richard Burbage, and W. S. the actor poet, Will Shakespeare. It is well known that Burbage, besides being the greatest actor of the time, was a successful painter in oils. Overbury said of him in his "Characters:" "He is much affected to painting and 'tis a question whether that makes him an excellent player, or his playing an excellent painter."

Middleton's epitaph bears the heading: "On the death of that great master in his art and quality, painting and playing, R. Burbage." The Warwick Castle manuscript of the elegy bears the further title: "On Mr. Richard Burbage, an excellent both player and painter." The poem contains also the statement that Burbage "could the best both limn and act my grief."

At Dulwich College is preserved an undoubted painting by Burbage presented by the actor Cartwright in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, and described by him in his own Catalogue, preserved among the College MSS., as "a woman's head on a board, done by Mr. Burbage ye actor." Cartwright's gift also contained a portrait of Burbage, supposed by some (but without sufficient authority) to be by himself. It was engraved in Hardinge's *Shakespeare illustrated*, 1793, and resembles the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare, which also, without sufficient ground, has been attributed to Burbage. It is clear, therefore, that John Davies knew whereof he spoke in celebrating R. B. as a painter as well as player; can there be any reasonable doubt that he was as well acquainted with W. S.'s merits as a poet? The stanza seems to me to show clearly an intimate personal acquaintance with both these actors, whom we know to have been

friends and comrades, and a distinctive appreciation of their superiority to the general company of their fellows. Even the praise of their personal appearance is interesting, and shows to my mind that Davies, and presumably his patrons, recognized that Burbage and Shakespeare were personally presentable and would have been acceptable in the best society but for the unfortunate drawback of their profession. Perhaps we may reasonably draw from the expression "good shape, good partes" a contradiction of the theory of Shakespeare's lameness which some critics have thought they found suggestion of in the Sonnets. If Shakespeare, so far from being a man of parts and culture, had been an ignorant rude clown, writing his name with difficulty, it cannot be that the writing master would not have taken notice of it. It is important also to recall in this connection that this stanza was written (as shown by the title page to the First Quarto) soon after Hamlet had been produced by the company of which Burbage and Shakespeare were members at the University of Oxford, so that Davies and many of his pupils had doubtless recently seen Burbage play Hamlet and Shakespeare the ghost of his murdered father. That the opinion expressed of Shakespeare and Burbage was not a floating expression, but a sober and fixed conclusion in John Davies' mind, is shown by his repetition of its substance in a stanza in his "Civils Wars of Death and Fortune," 1605. In this eight-line stanza, to which he added the marginal explanation: "Stage Plaies, showing the vices of the time," Davies seems to be more particularly occupied with the ill deeds and behaviour of many actors, but he was particularly to except from the condemnation his two old friends, whom he again designated by initials in the margin.

<i>W.S., R.B.</i>	Some followed her by acting all men's parts, These on a stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall, And made them Mirrors, by their acting Arts, Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small; Yet some she guerdon'd not, to their desarts; But other some, were ill-action'd all; Who, while they acted ill, ill staid behinde, (By custome of their manners) in their minde.
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It is curious that Davies seems to have thought these players, whom he found to be bad men infected with the vices of the time, to be also bad actors. There is also a curious parallelism between nature setting players on the stage as mirrors of men's faults, and the more familiar description of the stage holding a mirror up to nature; but the most interesting line,

to us, is Davies' renewed expression of his opinion that Shakespeare and Burbage had been ill-treated by fortune and deserved more at her hands.

The most interesting reference of all, however, is in Davies' "Scourge of Folly," which appeared in 1611, after the writing master had been settled for three years in London as parson of St. Dunstan's; and where, from his residence in Martin's Lane, access to the Blackfriars or even the Globe would not have been difficult. This book of our friend Davies was defined on its title page as "Consisting of Satyricall Epigrammes, and others in honour of many noble and worthy persons of our land." In this collection, among a series of epigrams addressed to Daniel, Ben Jonson, Marston, Fletcher and others, is an epigram inscribed "To our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare." This address in itself would remind us of the frequent use of the abbreviation "Will" in the Sonnets, and imply a certain intimacy, which is made, I think, very clear by the language of the Epigram, which is again an eight-line Stanza.

Some say (good Will) which I, in sport, do sing,
Hads't thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst bin a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort.
Some others raile, but raile as they think fit,
Thou hast no rayling but a rainging wit;
And honestly thou sow'st, which they do reape,
So, to increase their stock, which they do keepe.

This seems to me a very important contribution to our knowledge of Shakespeare. It shows, first, a distinct intimacy, confirming what we had learned from the previous poems composed at Oxford. Second, it shows again the high esteem and affection entertained for Shakespeare the actor by Davies, who calls him "good Will" and praises his use of his wit for better purposes than railing, and praises it as well as his honesty. Third, it distinctly shows it was the player Shakespeare whom Davies considered the English Terence. Fourth, it gives us an interesting suggestion, which I have not noticed elsewhere; that, in his later years is the Theater, Shakespeare may have frequently taken the parts of kings on the stage. Fifth, we have the assertion from one who knew him well that "Will" Shakespeare's social and intellectual qualifications were such that, but for his unfortunate profession, he would have been a companion for kings and a king socially among all holding inferior rank. Now this tribute comes from one who not only knew Shakespeare intimately, but was, from his Oxford

life, familiar also with the nobility and highest gentry of England. The whole epigram is somewhat difficult of construction, but the last two lines are almost enigmatical. What is the honesty which Shakespeare sowed, and others reaped, thereby increasing their stock? It seems to me the reference may be to Shakespeare's dramas, which he honestly "sowed," that is, gave to the theaters, where others, that is, the managers and proprietors, reap the profits of their production, and added them to the stock of plays which they accumulated. We know that the property in the plays produced was by the custom of the day vested in the proprietors of the theater, and it would seem to me that Davies may be complimenting his friend on his honest adherence to his bargain, and leaving the theater owners peaceably to reap the great subsequent gains from his plays, which they added to their stock, without attempting as others did to reap for himself part of the profit by surreptitious editions or unauthorized productions. If I am right in the interpretation of these lines, we have here a contemporaneous explanation of Shakespeare's supposed neglect of his plays, a neglect which has so much puzzled some modern writers; and the explanation is the simplest possible, viz.: that Shakespeare was a scrupulously honest man. With many of his plays he did not meddle or attempt to have them printed, merely because they did not belong to him but to the theater where they were produced, and his friend Davies praises him for this honest forbearance, in the same epigram in which he also compliments Shakespeare for his abstention from returning railing for railing, like so many of his contemporaries, and knowing how to use his wit for nobler purposes.

It is the theory of some modern writers that the actor, William Shakespeare, received in pecuniary and other gains a greater guerdon from fortune than his merits deserved; but John Davies, who knew him, thought otherwise, and his opinion was that the actor's intrinsic nobility of nature was such that, but for his unhappy profession, he would have attained the highest possible position, and that the money harvest his supposed writings brought him was an entirely inadequate reward for his merits and services to the world. Davies does not again mention Shakespeare by name. This is not remarkable, as the "Scourge of Folly" was published in the year of the burning of the Globe theater, and we know that, a year or two later, Shakespeare went back to Stratford for the last time, so that there was little opportunity for Davies having further intercourse with him. In the same year, however (1611), Davies, in another poem called "Paper's Complaint," makes pure white paper complain of the uses to which it is put; among others of being made a promoter of amorous passion by having

Venus and Adonis printed upon it; but he does not allude to the authorship of that poem.

Davies survived his friend, good Will Shakespeare, two years only, and died in London in 1618. His third wife survived him. He had remained unmarried while at Oxford, which was of course, necessary if he were a fellow of Magdalen, but he made good use of his liberty, after taking orders, as he seems to have taken to himself three wives in the space of ten years.

R. L. ASHHURST.

DEPARTMENT OF LITERARY CRITICISM

Conducted by EDWARD MERTON DEY, ESQ.

[Contributions to this Department need not be typewritten. Correspondence should be addressed to Mr. Dey, Box 1063, St. Louis, Mo.]

(Halliwell-Phillipps said: "The true restoration of a single line in Shakespeare is well worth the best volume of any other English writer." Serious students of the actual text of the Plays have for one of their aims the correction of erroneous readings or explanations. Facilities for thorough research have greatly increased in recent years and it is hoped that this Department will be an additional means of fostering painstaking study through the interchange of opinion. Such editions as the "Cambridge" and the "New Variorum" discourage hasty conjecture, but the wealth of information which the labors of Wright and Furness have placed within the reach of all makes satisfactory study possible and is the greatest aid to independent thought.—E. M. D.)

I. "ROMEO and JULIET," III. iii. 26.—

hath rusht aside the Law,
(Folio)

Dowden's note on "rush'd" is as follows: "Capell conjectured *push'd*; Collier (MS) has *brush'd*. Schmidt explains 'rush'd aside' as *eluded*, comparing 'Measure for Measure,' I. iv. 63; 'have run by the hideous law.' The illustration does not fit the case. "*Run by* (eluded) the hideous law" is said of wrongdoing that has escaped punishment, while "*rusht aside* the law" is said of the prince who suspended the operation of the law. Retaining the

idea in "aside" (to one side), I believe there is a more plausible conjecture for "rusht" than either "push'd" or "brush'd," and that we should read *thrust*, the error, for the most part, to be explained by the theory of absorption, "hath thrust," through a mishearing, taking the form of "hath rusht." After *th* of "thrust" had been merged with the preceding "hath," the remaining *rust* was transformed into "rusht."

E. M. D.

II. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," I. iii. 68—

Examined my parts with most judicious oeillades.

This apparently is no misprint, as it is used again in "Lear," IV. v. 25:

She gave strange oeillades and most speaking looks.

This strange word in both contexts assumes a precisely equivalent meaning, viz.: illicit or improper glances. Bartlett, in his Concordance, assumes that there is a singular of this plural, and gives the word as "oeillade." If an accidental misprint for "eyebrows," it is all but incredible that such an accident should have occurred precisely alike, at two such remote distances, twice in the course of the plays. And to conjecture, as does Pope, that it may be a misprint for "Iliads" is, in my opinion, quite too absurd. By giving this singular plural as singular, Mr. Bartlett has still more perplexed us. Will New Shakespeareana please throw some light on the matter?

William Frisbie Jennings.

Boston, Mass.

Your correspondent who inquires about "oeillades" in the "Merry Wives" and "Lear" uses a modern edition. In the First Folio Falstaff says "illiads" and Regan says "eliads." The most frequent spelling in the quartos is "aliads." Pope is said to have thought that perhaps Falstaff meant *eyelids*. But Rowe, the first editor proper, recognized the French *oeillade* and printed "oeiliads" for Shakespeare's way of Anglicizing. In French the word is familiar. In old Cotgrave's French-English dictionary it is defined: "Oeillade; An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustful iest, or passionate cast of the eye, a Sheepes eye." It is from French *ocil*, eye, like *ogle* from Dutch *oog*, eye. Shakespeare's word is in all the great American dictionaries. The Stanford dictionary gives five examples of its use in English, of which the first is from Greene, A.D. 1592: from him Shakespeare may have picked it up; we shall see when the great Historical Dictionary reaches it.

F. A. March.

Lafayette College.

Pope's spelling *oeiliads* as "iliads" strikes Mr. Jenings as "too absurd." It might seem less so if he had noted that it is identical with the form of the word in all but one of the first four folio editions, and that, in Furness's variorum, the same vocable is shown printed by different editors in nine different ways. The singular of the word is a real entity and Bartlett had therefore good reason to "assume it." Lexicographers are wont to start with singular forms. Bartlett's orthography is *oeillades* because copied from the "Globe" edition of 1891 which is his standard as he tells us.

Many Shakesperian terms—especially if like *oeiliads*, of foreign extraction—were Greek to the groundlings in his theater, and to some who sat higher. Expressions of this sort are accordingly preceded or followed oftentimes by others which bring out their true inwardness. If "she gave strange *oeiliads*" is a dark saying, the clause "and speaking looks" leaves it no longer obscure. Thus words are known by the company they keep and an author is his own best interpreter. But what is the genesis of *oeiliads*? or how did Shakespeare hit upon it? is a natural question and is one of a class which has multiplied ever since 1846 when Mrs. Clarke's Concordance demonstrated Shakespeare's vocabulary to be more multitudinous than that of any other author. The word *oeiliads* had been used before 1602 when it was uttered by Falstaff in "Merry Wives," as by Greene who died in 1592. If Shakespeare did not adopt the term from Greene, or learn it of some player from abroad, he must have read it in some French book—probably in the French Plutarch (Life of Sylla) which he could not have failed to consult many times in the elaboration of his four classical dramas.

James Davie Butler.

Madison, Wis.

I do not think the quotation presents great difficulty. "Oeillade" is the French expression for a furtive glance given discreetly or with some timidity or hesitation. The plural presents a somewhat different idea. "Oeillades" signifies what is meant in English by the word "ogling" accompanied by some impertinence or at least boldness.

"Lancer une oeillade" is known in colloquial English as casting sheep's eyes;

"Lancer des oeillades," ogling impudently, as stated.

Without stopping to comment upon this illustration of Shakespeare's marvellous selection of the proper word to express his thought, in choosing the plural rather than the singular from, let me say that this reading is quite in keeping with Falstaff's character; his boasting vanity leading him

to think that a mere look from a woman meant that she was in love with him, and for that reason he would be likely to say to his companions that Mistress Page, in glancing at him, had done so with boldness and suggestion. I think this interpretation is borne out by the context, where Falstaff says (although speaking of Ford's wife),—

“I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation.”

His speech following the quotation given by Mr. Jennings supports this view:

“O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass!”

I am at a loss to understand how it may have been thought that “oeillades” could be misunderstood, either as a typographical or translated error for “eyebrows.”

S. A. Boyle.

Philadelphia, Pa.

III. ‘Macbeth,’ I. vii. 2-4.—

If th' Assassination

Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe:

Liddell (‘Elizabethan’ edition), while covering other points in the passage, neglects to notice in his comment the last word. This, I believe, is one of the instances in Shakespeare where “success” means *succession* (‘Winter’s Tale,’ I. ii. 394; 2 Hy. IV., IV. ii. 47). Macbeth is balancing the chances for and against his securing by the meditated deed the succession of the crown to himself and his line.

E. M. D.

IV. ‘The Tempest,’ II. i. 231-8.—

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Morton Luce (Dowden edition) gives the following note on "only Professes to persuade": "more forced than usual as the gloss on a former phrase ('For he's a spirit of persuasion'); we may interpret, 'To persuade is all his art, as it is all his office'? But here again is a difficulty—perhaps unsolved, and perhaps insoluble. With the play as it stands the reference is to Gonzalo; but it was the single-speech Francisco who tried (lines 113-122) to persuade the king that his son was alive."

The object, of course, of Antonio's entire speech is to discredit the evidence of Ferdinand's having escaped drowning. Francisco has told of Ferdinand's apparently successful efforts to reach the shore, and it is this account which Antonio attacks in "this Lord of weak remembrance,"—that is, did not remember the facts as they really were. Then comes the sneer at Francisco's position—the world would remember him with as little accuracy when he was gone ("who shall be of as little memory when he is earth'd"). This latter could hardly have been said of the "Noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo"; nor could the former, as Gonzalo had merely tried to comfort and divert the mind of the king, not to persuade him of the unreality of his loss. Antonio then says that Francisco is a mere "spirit of persuasion," whose end and aim is persuasion, having no substance of fact—"only professes to persuade." And in this I do not believe Antonio questions that Francisco sincerely desires to persuade the king, and so relieve his distress, but that he "only professes (asserts a belief in order) to persuade."

E. M. D.

V. "The Tempest," II. i. 275-280.—

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest:

After briefly reviewing previous conjecture, Luce concludes: "I think the simplest solution is to take 'candied' in the sense of 'Candied tongue' in 'Hamlet,' III. ii. 65, where it means 'the tongue of the flatterer'; a tongue 'honeying at the whisper of a lord'; then 'melt' merely completes the metaphor."

Antonio means, "There are a twenty consciences [of those high in state, whom it was necessary to win over] that stand 'twixt me and 'absolute

Milan,' but they are reduced to a condition of torpor, and must become active ere they molest me." Antonio first disposes of the question as to his own conscience, and then turns to that of consciences in general—that is, disclaims any such inconvenient possession, and offers his success in wholesale corruption as proof that he is not singular in this respect.

In the word "candied" there is doubtless a hint as to the method of treatment—the opposite of acerbity—by which these consciences were reduced to the desired state.

E. M. D.

VI. 'King Lear,' III. vii. 59-65.—

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscribed:

W. J. Craig (Dowden edition) pronounces for "dearn" of the Quarto instead of "stern," the Folio reading on the ground that the latter is the weaker term. The selection seems unhappy in view of the description given in the text. There is no explanation of the crux that has occasioned the most discussion on this passage: To what does "else" refer? As stated in 'Notes and Queries,' the late Dr. Spence agreeing with me in the main, I should read, "All cruels (cruel things, agents of cruelty) else (other than the cruelty of that stern time) subscrib'd (forgiven)." The idea to be brought out is the extreme cruelty of the storm, which is done by saying that every other form of cruelty in comparison, even that of wolves, at such a time shrinks into insignificance, and that they are entitled as living creatures to shelter. The point of the comparison is lost if we do not refer "else" to "that stern time." Also compare IV. vii. 36-8:—

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

Regarding the question whether we shall understand the address to the porter to be "Good porter, turn the key, All cruels else subscribe" (following Furness, and reading "subscribe" of folios), or take the address to be "Good porter, turn the key," and read "subscrib'd" of the quartos, as "else"

would seem to refer to another part of Gloucester's speech ("that stern time") not included in the address to the porter, it would not seem proper to include in that address the line "All cruels else subscrib'd."

E. M. D.

VII. 'King Lear,' IV. iii. 31-3.—

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd.

Craig explains, under "clamour-moisten'd": "having her emotion calmed by a flood of tears, as the storm is assuaged by a shower of rain. See 'Macbeth,' I. vii. 25:

'And pity . . .
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.'

If we do not hyphen the expression, we must take 'moisten'd' as the past tense."

I believe Capell directs us to the proper explanation when he says, "'Clamour' may stand for the exclamation preceding which Cordelia 'moistens' with the tears which followed them instantly," although the remainder of his remark, in substance, "allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into clamour, as winds are allayed by rain," shows he missed the complete thought. While "clamour" and "tears" are different manifestations of the same grief, the former was not in keeping with Cordelia's manner, which was to bear her grief in silence, and she immediately *sanctified* her resentment by *moistening* the clamour with "the *holy water* from her *heavenly* eyes." The word "shook" will also have a peculiar significance for those familiar with the ceremony of Asperges at High Mass. The references in these lines appear unmistakable.

E. M. D.

VIII. 'Julius Caesar,' I. ii. 72.—

Were I a common Laughter,
(Folio)

Under "laughter" N.E.D. gives the variant "lawter." I believe that the compositor supposed he heard the word "lawter," and accordingly set up "laughter." See Ingleby's "Shakespeare Hermeneutics," page 157, where the words are given as interchangeable—"laughter, lafter, lawter"). Neither "laughter" nor "lawter," with the meaning assignable, is appro-

priate—"common laughter," a laughing stock; "lawter," a setting of eggs laid at one time—or any allusion derivable therefrom. Cassius is trying to prove his sincerity in praising Brutus; as Wright says, "he appeals here to what Brutus knows of his habits of speech,"—he is not a common praiser. I believe that for "laughter" (lawter) we should read *lauder*.

E. M. D.

MARGINALIA

SERIOUS MATTERS AND THINGS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON. "We have no Minister to whom that Department of Human Activity is assigned" said Premier Balfour when a member of Parliament called attention to the demolition on Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, of certain ancient dwellings to make room for a Carnegie Library in that town. Commentating on the failure of British conservatism—which perpetuates the candlestick, the toilsome staircase and the cellar dining-room, and such like institutions of its forefathers—to conserve matters of national taste or history, the *London Globe* remarks: "If the government could interpose to prevent vandalism, or if there were a Minister of Taste, at the Head of a Department of Taste, to whom could be referred questions constantly arising as to things and places worthy of careful preservation, national monuments, famous pieces of national scenery, objects of the greatest historical importance might be cared for by an educated public opinion." But how would the grand old British Constitution survive a minister *de gustibus*! It is in the nature of things—rather, perhaps it is the means of educating "an educated public opinion"—that these things must be. Precisely the same agitation (it continued, if we remember rightly, for the better part of twenty years), produced the Birth-place trust, engineered to final success by Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, of blessed memory. The New York Shakespeare Society encountered the same annoyances in attempting to save the Poe cottage, and its measure of success in establishing Poe Park—and at least preventing the demolition, if it did not itself succeed in purchasing for a public shrine, the cottage itself—is proof that no effort is thrown away, even if there be no national bureau of taste.

Two "desecrations" have been, and yet are, rocking Shakespeare's Stratford-upon-Avon to its base. Heretofore these "desecrations" have been contented to arrive one at a time.

The first arises from the circumstance that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has lately presented to Stratford one of the chain of libraries with which his munificence has enriched so many localities. We do not believe that Mr. Carnegie had the slightest idea or dream of interfering with, much less supplanting, the halo of Stratford-on-Avon, the Mecca—for we know of no better term than the stereotyped one—of English poetry, romance and national pride. Said Mr. Carnegie himself in a recent address to the townsmen:

“When we come here we feel in this gentle, quiet atmosphere that it is this and not America, that produced Shakespeare, our common king. Shakespeare has been more to me than my Bible. The birthplace of Shakespeare is to me the most sacred spot in the world, more sacred than the Holy Sepulchre itself. Shakespeare taught me more than all other books put together. I have dreamed of that birthplace all my life.” And one report goes on to say “Mr. Carnegie indignantly repudiated the charge made by some enthusiasts here that he was profaning Stratford-on-Avon by his scheme for building a library here. This scheme will not only involve measures for securing Shakespeare’s house against fire, but, according to Mr. Carnegie, ‘will make the sacred birthplace more beautiful,’ which is his desire.”

But meanwhile the late Mayor of Stratford, who had accepted Mr. Carnegie’s gift for the municipality, had, it seems, designated a site for the library edifice on Henley street, adjoining the house known and accepted by all christendom as Shakespeare’s birthplace. To do this certain other houses were, of course, necessarily designated for demolition in that narrow little thoroughfare. Among them, one, which has now ascertained to have been built not later than the year 1563, though at first supposed to be only “early Victorian.” At any rate, in that year, the year before Shakespeare’s birth, the dwelling was occupied by one Gilbert Bradley, glover; in 1577, it passed to one William Wilson, and, a small part of it being damaged by fire, this individual got a “renewal of lease,” on easier terms, to enable him to put the place right again, on December 16, 1595. On August 17, 1610, it passed to a Thomas Greene, of Bishopton, yeoman, and it is suggested that this personage may have been Shakespeare’s own cousin, who was also a Thomas Greene. In 1615 and 1618, the same Thomas Greene, with Elizabeth, his wife, renewed the lease of the house, and on July 6, 1662, we find it in the possession of “Thomas Greene, the elder, gent.” The place has, therefore, the merit of having stood where it is now, through the whole of Shakespeare’s lifetime, and deserves to be spared. This house, as

is often the case with houses of the date, further appears to have been built over or about, or to have incorporated still older dwelling, and possesses a finely timbered roof of massive black oak beams centuries old, some of the rafters being from a foot to fourteen inches in thickness. "The comparatively modern frontage," says an investigator, "ought not to condemn it, considering how that difficulty was surmounted in the case of the birthplace itself, which had been pulled about by generations of private owners before it became the property of the nation."

The destruction of this house seemed too bold a vandalism, and Miss Mary Corelli, a resident of Stratford, came to the rescue. Whatever criticism Miss Corelli's career may have previously evoked, there is no doubt but that she has the sympathy of her own countrymen and of us in America (who have done so much to remember Stratford-on-Avon and keep it holy.) Recounting the facts, Miss Corelli asks:

"If the lovers and students of Shakespeare do not step forward to protect and save the few remaining relics of their great Master, who is to guard them for future generations? But that vandalism is the rule rather than the exception in Stratford (or has been, up to the present) will be realized by the fact that, though an Act of Parliament exists (54 Vict. c. 3) whereby the 'Trustees and Guardians' are told that they 'shall purchase' the 'house at Wilmcote, known as the house of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother,' as well as 'all other property' known or believed 'to have belonged to Shakespeare, or his wife, parents and relations,' purchase has never been attempted in the case of Mary Arden's home, for the quaint old cottage has been turned into three cheap 'tenement dwellings,' and its former rustic and picturesque beauty utterly destroyed." A contributor to the *New Liberal Review*, pursuing the matter, asks his question thus:

Why, if you must have free books in Stratford-on-Avon, pull down a Tudor house and deface Shakespeare's street to gain your library? Why pull down the world's property instead of keeping an honorable trust and restoring it to its original beauty? Why associate the names of Carnegie and Shakespeare in the same street? And why not remember that there is a Memorial Theatre and Library at Stratford already, which building is shut up for months in the year? A few extra books and an assistant librarian would complete a Carnegie Library. It is cleaned and lighted and warmed already; in fact, here, out of the way of sentiment, but in the middle of usefulness, is the very place. If not that, there is a house opposite to this which would comfortably house all the novels Stratford can read. Would not the Mayor, instead of uprooting an historic street, allow either of these

to be used and Mr. Carnegie allow a portion of his money to be used in restoring that Tudor house in Henley street? Even from the lowest standpoint, that of business, it is commercially valuable to keep the old town as quaint and genuine as possible." (And to this latter, at least, each true-born Englishman can assent).

Later on, Miss Corelli returned to the subject and claimed that a proposal to swallow up and build into the modern brick and mortar of the Free Library this old genuine building, is worse, if possible, than the first project of tearing it down altogether, as it could at least, in that case, have been re-erected elsewhere. And now an item in the London Standard presents the latest information.

"The Shakespeare Birthday Trustees held a meeting at Stratford-on-Avon yesterday afternoon, and decided to retain two of the four cottages presented to them by Mr. Andrew Carnegie for the purpose of adding the site to Shakespeare's Garden. The cottages, which have been the cause of much controversy, have been found to possess a good deal of ancient timber work of early sixteenth century date, so the order for their demolition has been cancelled."

Miss Corelli addressed a large audience on this subject the other evening, opening her speech with some tart remarks concerning Mr. Carnegie. She said that "Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, small, simple and lovable—the one street in the world to lovers of literature—was threatened with demolition and desecration. She did not oppose the establishment of a free library. She only objected to the introduction of any such modern inferior goods into Henley street, which for three centuries had contained that great national institution, the birthplace of William Shakespeare. The protest was against the destruction of any buildings in that street, particularly such old and valuable ones as were seen and known by Shakespeare, and were therefore priceless in the present day to the literary and dramatic world. She pleaded specially for the quaint little half timbered dwelling of one Thomas Green, once Town Clerk of Stratford and cousin of Shakespeare himself. She wanted the public and the press to be on their guard against misleading information constantly sent out on this subject. On Saturday, for example, there appeared the statement "cottages saved." They were not saved. Two of them could not be pulled down because they were genuine Shakespearian objects. They were, however, to be practically destroyed by the addition of sham antique fronts. The other two cottages next to that of Thomas Green were already nearly levelled to the ground. Irreparable injury threatened the cottage of Shakespeare's cousin, which was to be embedded in the

free library. She earnestly requested that a committee might be formed to inquire into the case she put forward. She maintained that the culpable ignorance and carelessness of the executive committee of the Shakespearean Trust proved that the time had come when their national duty should be taken up by a wider, more educated and more Shakespearean body. An appeal to Parliament for the preservation of Henley street was being sent out for signature, and there was every reason to believe that it would be received with favor." The result of this appeal we noted at the head of this article.

The second Jeremiad at "Desecration at Stratford-on-Avon" is the familiar one. We find it in a contemporary of August 24th, 1902: "The gross vulgarization of that place—the shop in the church lobby, the overcharging of visitors, and the air of paltry meanness which rests over this profitable monument to the Shakespeare idea." The writer continues: "Stratford is an ugly little village in a lovely neighborhood, but its ugliness has been vastly increased in the last generation by the efforts of people to advertise themselves and their wares in pretending to honor Shakespeare. The glaring brick Memorial Hall is unfortunately now a fact, but something might be done to alleviate the ugliness of the place by closing the unnecessary theatre and removing certain so-called memorials which do not belong there, and crowd Stratford's few literary and artistic treasures.

"The desecration of the church at Stratford-on-Avon is one of the abuses there which is causing indignation. It has been described as 'almost a national scandal.' A fixed fee is charged for admission, and, as is natural under the circumstances, the visitors, led to regard the place as a show, treat it in this way, and talk, laugh, take photographs and eat sandwiches in the building without protest from the authorities." A writer to the London Times said recently: "The sacred building is turned into a house of merchandise, and the whole show is run on the vulgar lines of a catch-penny and money-making exhibition. It is hard to believe that the Bishop and Archdeacon can be aware of this desecration. If it is allowable at Stratford there seems no reason why every vicar in the diocese should not open his church as an exhibition hall for pictures, or a book-store for the sale of books, photographs and other fancy stationery more or less connected with his church. A very large sum of money must be collected in this unrighteous and illegal way, and what is done with it is of very small moment. I have no doubt that the vicar and church wardens lay the flattering unction to their souls that the money so earned is well spent."

"If it is spent in the so-called restoration they cannot be congratulated

on the result. Restoration at Stratford means the sweeping away of everything that could have had any connection with Shakespeare—filling the fine windows with poor glass (some quite hideous), and erecting a black and white pulpit which is of good workmanship, but a marvel of expensive ugliness.

“If the vicar and church wardens really cannot run the show with more decency, let them confess their weakness and give it up. Let them stop all sacred services, and hand over the building to the government as a national memorial, and then let them build for themselves a new parish church, which will be treated with the reverence and respect which is now happily given to all English parish churches.”

Of course, all this is aimed at the unhappy vicar, the Rev. George Arbuthnot, who, by this time, must be uncomfortable enough to satisfy even his dearest friends on the Rochefoucauldian principle. Truly, a parochial life is not a bed of roses, especially if the parish happens to be a Shrine! But as Dr. Arbuthnot is living and in vigorous enjoyment of his faculties, we have requested him to speak to our readers for himself with the following result:

TO THE EDITORS OF NEW SHAKESPEAREANA—Gentlemen:

I am much obliged for your courteous letter which I have received this morning. I do not, as a rule, care to answer attacks in the public press, but in answer to your request I send you a card which gives particulars as to admission to Stratford Church. You will see from it that no charge is made except to those who come as sightseers, and inasmuch as their visits entail the constant attendance of two custodians, whose salary amounts to over £100 a year, besides a large amount of cleaning, I think it is reasonable that they should be made to pay something towards these expenses. I may add that the Bishop of the diocese has expressed his approval of the course we pursue, and his opinion is based upon his previous experience as a canon of Westminster Abbey. A church which is visited by many thousands of excursionists cannot be controlled by the same rules as those which would apply to an ordinary parish church.

As regards the sale of souvenirs, it is entirely confined to the porch, with the exception of a small guide book which the custodians are allowed to supply to those who ask for it inside the church, as I believe that the possession of such a thing tends to increase the interest of a visit, and as no one is obliged to take it unless he likes.

This is all I have to say in answer to your enquiries. If I were to an-

swer all the attacks upon my administration of this parish, I should not have time to do the work which demands my attention. Once more thanking you for your courtesy, I remain yours faithfully,

GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

The Vicarage, Stratford-on-Avon, April 24, 1903.

The card enclosed is as follows:

COLLEGIATE CHURCH, Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. Daily Services: Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 A. M., Mattins at 10.15 A. M., Choral Evensong at 5 P. M. A Custodian is in attendance in Summer from 8.30 A. M. to 7 P. M.; in Winter from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. He is instructed to admit, without charge, all parishioners and friends in their company, all who wish to pray or meditate in silence in the nave, all residents in the neighbourhood bringing visitors, for whom payment is made, all clergy-



THE COTTAGES THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION.

men, with their families or choirs, on presentation of their visiting cards.

Visitors who are desirous of entering the chancel, and seeing Shakespeare's Grave, are expected to pay 6d. each (or, in the case of parties of

not less than 20, 3d. each), towards the expenses of keeping the church and churchyard in order and maintaining the services.

This charge is made with the knowledge and sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese, GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, VICAR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

We are able to present a picture of the dwellings proposed to be razed (the open-timbered gable shown being the Birth-place), and our readers can judge for themselves (if, that is, building lots in Warwickshire are still procurable) whether they ought—even if only “early Victorian,” to perish utterly to make room for a depositum for twentieth century historical fiction. But, when all is said, it seems to us that Mr. Carnegie has acted with delicacy and with honor in the whole affair! He has, we learn, stipulated that his name should not be bestowed upon the building at all, but that it should be known as “The Stratford Free Public Library.” As the maintenance of the library is to fall upon the town rates—which are, of course, modest since ratable values in the little town are small—it would appear that nothing of the picturesque attractions of Shakespeare’s precinct ought to be obliterated for a building of such modest dimensions as seems required and obtainable.

PROFESSOR MARK HARVEY LIDDELL’S “Elizabethan Shakespeare” is before us in its initial volume, the *Macbeth*, one of the three shortest of his plays, and if the late Mr. Joseph Gargery were living, he should be beside himself with delight. “Lord,” said Jo, rubbing his knee, “when you do come to a J, and a O, and says: At last here is a J, O, JO!” How interestin’ readin’ is!” Mr. Gargery could have found no fault with the capital letters in Professor Liddell’s “Elizabethan Shakespeare.” And the few lonesome lines of Shakespeare’s text—modest little cantons buried in their huge Black Forests of capitals, would scarcely have interrupted his enjoyment. Not to infringe upon the copyright, we are reduced to a minimum sample from half a page of the *Macbeth* only.

This seal’d-up coun- L.L.L. III. I. 169 (N.E.D. I a). **INGREDIENCE** is an **EL.E.** spelling of ‘ingredients,’ and means ‘mixture’ N.E.D. I. a. 13 **AS**, ‘because I am,’ cp. 1. 6. 12; *Macbeth* was Duncan’s cousin, see 1. 2. 24. 17 **FACULTIES**, ‘authority’ (N.E.D. II), a legal term glossed in Cowel’s Law Dictionary,

This, we sadly fear, is all the law allows us. But no copyright law can cabin or confine our imagination compassing, or struggling to compass, the area in square miles of this sort of thing when massed in forty

volumes—about 12x14 each in superficial area and two or three hundred pages thick! Even the publishers themselves feel that it is too good to be true! But they yet assure us that our eyes are not deceiving us! Of the editor (Professor Liddell), after leaving a prominent American university, so long ago as the year 1878, they tell us “his graduate study in English was made [sic] under the personal supervision of the late Professor Zupita of the University of Berlin.” Mr. Richard Grant White was wont to say that your German professor of English would dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up muddier than any other Shakespearean commentator! But it would be only mixing metaphors to quote Mr. White in dilating upon the charms of the late Professor Zupita! Suffice it to say that Professor Liddell has been personally conducted through the black forest of f. f. caps, and has even bettered his conductor!

Professor Liddell has not, however, left the entire prospectus of this wondrous edition to his publishers. In “The World’s Work,” a serial whose advertising pages set forth the glories and the costliness of the Elizabethan Shakespeare (the set, when completed can be furnished in the best binding for \$500.00; but for students whose circumstances bespeak economy, an edition with precisely the same opulence of fat face caps, will be provided at the nominal sum of \$250.00), Professor Liddell himself speaks under the caption “Why is Shakespeare not Understood? Our Greatest Literature Neglected because of its Unintelligibility.” (The World’s Work, March, 1903). He remarks:

“Time has so changed idiom, the meaning of words and the manner of English thought, that what was as clear to Elizabethan theatre-goers as Pinero’s dramas to an audience of to-day is fogged for modern readers with baffling unintelligibility. Thus, lurking in the mind of the ordinary reader, even one who feels the mighty power of Shakspeare’s literature, is a haunting subconsciousness that Shakspeare is ‘hard reading.’ With modern scientific scholarship equipped by recent research to tell us to the full just what Shakspeare conveys—beginning, indeed, to give us Shakspeare’s Shakspeare without slips and errors and nods and stupid transliterations and respellings—the opening of a new century should give us a Shakspeare revival in America as enthusiastic as that in the early part of the last century in England.”

From which we infer that when Mr. Liddell arrives at so baffling a crux as, for example, “Violets, pale, but sweeter than the lids of Junos eyes,” it will be clarified for “the ordinary reader” something in this wise:

Violets—cf MND. II. ii. 166. LL. V. ii. 904. MND. II i 250. T. N. L i 6. C IV. ii. 172. H. IV v. 184 lids TN. I. v. 266. C. II ii. 20. T, C, I ii 228 H I ii. 70. J, s Eyes, P. V. i 112.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, who, unhappily, never lived to know Professor Zupita, "notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stop at correction or explanation."

And we grieve to find that even yet there are living writers of books who have not escaped the density of Dr. Johnson's ignorance! Open Mr. Phin's "New Glossary" and listen to him, here on the actual threshold of the Twentieth Century! "There is not a single Shakespeare play, which, as a whole, cannot be easily understood by anyone who has a fair common school education, without any aid from glossary or commentary * * * however there may be here and there a few words now obsolete, for explanation of which reference must be had to a special glossary or to one of the larger dictionaries." (We tremble all the more because, as it happens, we happen to agree thoroughly with Mr. Phin.) As to Professor Liddell's prophecy that we may yet have in this opening century (inferentially when the Elizabethan Shakespeare is completed) a "Shakespeare revival in America," etc., the New York *Tribune* remarks: "By all means, only let us have it without too much fuss." Possibly the *Tribune* was thinking of Sir James Prior's description of the Shakespeare revival "in the early part of the last century in England." "Editors and commentators appear at every turn in all societies. In the club-house we meet three or four of a morning; in the park see them meditating by the Serpentine or under a tree in Kensington Gardens; no dinner-table is without one or two; in the theater you view them by the dozens. Volume after volume is poured out in note, comment, conjecture, new reading, statement, misstatement, contradiction. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers report these with as little mercy on the reader, and give occasional emendations of their own." Every new aspirant in this struggle aim to push his predecessor from his throne!

Let us then gird our loins and forth to the melee, for verily this monstrous, this cruel neglect of great Shakespeare must cease! To think that not a semester passes in the civilized world without the launching of a new

edition, or the reprint of an old edition of the plays; that not an evening dawns but somewhere in christendom some one of them is presented upon a living stage, and that not a book or a newspaper is uttered from the press in which the name of Shakespeare, or a quotation from his plays does not present itself; and then to think—well, what shall we think? We await completion of the Elizabethan Shakespeare with a fearful joy! *Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet!* Young Mr. Liddell takes himself too seriously! Commentating upon Shakespeare should, of course, be something more than s'amuser avec la moutarde; should doubtless be earnest and conscientious, and all that! But it is not a matter of the Bloody Assizes! It need not be as tense, as awful and as strenuous as Life itself! George Steevens, the Puck of commentators, was no less valuable because he got a little fun out of it by running in all his most outrageously risky notes over the names of the Rev. Richard Amner and the Rev. John Collins (dear old Dominies whom he did not truly love)! We hope Mr. Liddell will not square himself with us for this Review by capitalizing us in future Elizabethan Shakespeares! But, while we admit that Shakespeare Commentary is not all beer and skittles, there is no utility in making it a weariness to the flesh!

WHO WAS JOHN BENSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ADDRESS "TO THE READER" in the 1640 edition of the Sonnets? What was he driving at when he affirmed that those most obscure and perplexing verses which now constitute, as Sir Henry Irving says, the greatest literary problem of the age, were "serene," "clear," "plain" and "no intricate or cloudy stuff" to "perplex your brain?" Did Benson know the allusive secret of the Sonnets, and was he laughing up his sleeve at the intellectual gymnastics his readers would have to undergo to find the meaning of those excruciatingly simple verses? Benson must have been a book-seller and not a publisher, for these "Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare, Gent," were "Printed at London by Tho. Cotes and are to be sold by John Benson." Cotes also printed the second, or 1632, Folio of the Plays. Why were sonnets eighteen and nineteen, those trumpet blasts of self praise, omitted from Benson's edition? Why, also, were omitted the beautiful number forty-three with its conceits upon the subject of shadows and dreams; number fifty-six, one of the most beautiful sonnets in the whole collection, upon the separation of the poet from his love; numbers seventy-five, seventy-six, and ninety-six, and lastly number one hundred and twenty-six, the closing verse of the first principal part into which the sonnets are divided? Benson must have had before him the original 1609

imprint in which the verses were undoubtedly carefully arranged and numbered. Why did he re-arrange them into little groups bearing fanciful titles? Benson's "Address" is worthy of more than one perusal, and, as Mr. Massey says, has never had sufficient attention directed to it. The following is the address:

"TO THE READER:—I here presume, under favour, to present to your view some excellent and sweetly composed poems of Master William Shakespeare, which in themselves appear of the same purity the author himself, then living, avouched! They had not the fortune, by reason of their infancy in his death, to have the due accommodation of proportionable glory with the rest of his ever-living works. Yet the lines will afford you a more *authentic approbation* than my assurance any way can to invite your allowance; in your perusal you shall find them serene, clear, elegantly plain,—such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex the brain. No intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle your intellect, but perfect eloquence, such as will raise your admiration to his praise. This assurance will not differ from your acknowledgements, and certain I am my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing lines. I have been somewhat solicitous to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men, and in so doing glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved author in these his poems."

This address raises several perplexing questions. Under whose "favor" did Benson present these "sweetly composed poems?" Why does he speak of the "purity" which appears "in themselves" of these notoriously salacious verses? Was he aware of their absolute purity, in their inner or perspective meaning, but which was masked by the "suspect of ill?" We are also given an interesting piece of information in the statement that the purity of these sonnets was "avouched" by their author while he was living. To whom was the author obliged to vouch for the purity of these sonnets? Was it to Benson, at least twenty-four years before the latter had them reprinted? If not, how did Benson know about this avouchment? How did the "infancy" of the sonnets at the time of Shakespeare's death deprive them of the "proportionable glory" of the plays? They were seven years old when Shakespeare died. Why are we referred to the lines themselves for the "authentic approbation" which even Benson's "assurance" could not give? Was it because Benson knew that the great object of the sonnets was to give a true tribute of praise to the poet's own Genius, and which could only be done behind a mask and by a separation between

the poet and his art, without ill-mannered egotism?—which even caused the poet to exclaim:

Oh how thy work *with manners* may I sing,
 When thou art all the *better part of me?*
 What can *mine own praise* to mine own self bring;
 And what is't but *mine own* when I praise thee?
 Even *for this*, let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That *by this separation* I may give
 That due to thee which thou deservs't alone.

How could Benson expect these sonnets, if literally construed, to "raise admiration to their author's praise?" Nothing has done more to besmirch and drag down the poet's reputation. And yet, true it is, that when this marvellous perspective writing is viewed aright, the lines afford their own "authentic approbation,"—that approbation which will make them the great literary wonder for all time and confer upon their author the most radiant crown of immortal fame that ever encircled poet's brow?

F. C. HUNT.

"LET ME WRITE THE BOOK-REVIEWS OF A PEOPLE AND I CARE NOT who writes the books," cried the Sage, and he might have added, "or what is written in those books." We believe it was Appleton Morgan who defined a book-reviewer as "Anybody around the printing office who happened to be unoccupied at the time!" Such a definition might at least account for that absolute impartiality for which the book-reviewing craft are famous. To be handicapped by no knowledge in particular as to the subject matter of a book ought to be quite as effective a safeguard against prejudice as the expedient of not opening the book at all (which we remember was Sidney Smith's precaution against possible bias). But here, at last, is something even better than an unprejudiced book-reviewer: namely, an honest one! Touchin' on and appertainin' to Judge Webb's "Mystery of William Shakespeare," the literary editor of *The New Ireland Review* for June, 1902, says: "To go into the constant misinterpretations of evidence, which our pencil has marked on page after page of this book, would require more space and labor than we propose to waste upon any Baconian." *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Guerre!* While this book-reviewer is being honest, he does not care a picaroon if all the world and his wife are catching Baconianism! Indeed, our pages for the last two years,

and our Book Department in this issue assure us of it, just because book-reviewers will be honest. This pesky Baconian question has, it appears, devoured every other literary question in Christendom. We hear no more even of burning problems of split infinitives or of distributive pronouns! No vaccination against it seems to "take!" Will not somebody please write a book espousing our poor, silent Shakespeare's cause, and send it to us for review?

For our readers are but human! If we prick them they will bleed; if we tickle them they will laugh; and if we bore them they will run. Moreover, the effect of all this upon is, we sadly fear, to make us anything but honest. Here, for example, comes to our table from its publishers, in the regular way, Dr. Theobald's book: "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," the calmest and most scholarly of them all; and we distinctly dare not review it at all!

One sentence in its preface we must cavil gently at, however. "But O most gentle and gentlemanly critics, do be patient and tolerant about it; 'be not so indelicately angry!' . Cease your clamours and ausperities, your denunciations and vituperations, and let us talk the matter over calmly and without vulgar abuse or heated imputations. You call us half-educated Philistines, crazy Baconizers, ignorant cranks, mad-moon rakers," etc. etc. We don't wonder that Dr. Theobald objects to being called a "Baconizer." "Who? I! Go to! I defy thee!" remarked Mrs. Quickly, when Sir John Falstaff called her a "woman" (we have heard of people who tore their hair and rent their garments when called equilateral triangles, or even paral-lepipedons, and we really suppose that one of our countrymen who could have read cuneiform or stated the merits of the Letters of Phalaris controversy, but who yet thought, perhaps, that Bacon might have boosted Shakespeare just a little over Cardinal Woolsey's Latin syntax, may have been grieved when his Scandinavian critic, Mr. Brandes, wrote that nobody but "half educated Americans" disbelieved)! We are entirely in accord with the rules of the society upon the Stanislaus that

"It is not fitting for a Scientific Gent,
 "To call another Gent an Ass—at least with wrong intent;
 "Nor should the individual who happened to be meant,
 "Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent."

But we really think Dr. Theobald expects too much! Would he expect to make a morning call on the Duke of Omnium, and say: "My dear Duke, you and your ancestors for seven hundred years have claimed to own three

hundred square miles of English soil, and have grown fat upon them, you and your wives and your concubines! Now, you know, don't you? that you are trespassers, and that all these estates you call yours, really, as a matter of fact, belong to the Theobalds? Now, don't wax angry about it! You see how tranquil I am." Would Dr. Theobald expect the Duke of Omnium to "sit down quietly and talk the matter over calmly without vulgar abuse or heated imputations?"

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK extends its fraternal greetings to the British Empire Shakespeare Society—lately organized. Its prospectus announces its objects (1) to promote greater familiarity with Shakespeare's work throughout the empire; (2) to form Shakespeare reading societies and aid those already formed; (3) to give prizes for the best reading, recitation, essays upon, or acting of the plays; (4) to specially arrange for children's classes, and (5) to give special performances of the plays and lectures upon Shakespeare's life and work.

The Hon. Secretary is Miss Morritt, 17 Southwell Gardens, London, S. W., who will be glad to have any interested persons communicate with her. The motto of the society is: "USING NO OTHER WEAPON BUT HIS NAME."

The Presidency of the Society has been accepted by Sir Henry Irving, for eleven years past a life member of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK HAS ISSUED A CIRCULAR to remind subscribers that when the Bankside Edition was projected it was intended only to include the First Folio Plays of which First Quarto texts were in existence. The Loves' Labour's Lost was one of these. An accident to the photographs of the texts of that play during the passage of the work through the press, however, led to the substitution therefor of the Pericles, of which, although a First Quarto text exists, there was no First Folio, but only a Third Folio, text. The society now proposes to issue a twenty-first volume to the Bankside Edition, to contain the Love's Labour's Lost, the First Quarto text of 1598 paralleled with the First Folio text of 1623, to be issued only to present owners of the five hundred original sets. Of course only five hundred of this additional volume will be printed, and the types distributed as before.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK ANNOUNCES with regret the death of Professor Thomas Randolph Price, LL.D., Chief of the

Department of English in Columbia University. Dr. Price was for six years first vice-president of the society, and contributed to its publications a "Study of the Construction and Types of Shakespeare's Verse Construction," which was separately printed and afterwards reprinted as the introduction to Volume IX of the *Bankside* (the *Othello*). At a special meeting of the society Albert R. Frey, Esq., for eighteen years recording secretary of the society, was elected first vice-president. M. J. J. Jusserand, Minister of France to the United States, and M. Fernand Henry, whose translation into French of the sonnets induced his election to the Institute of France (the "Immortals"), were elected life honorary members, and Edward Merton Dey, Esq., of St. Louis, Missouri, a life member. Mr. William O. Bates, formerly assistant recording secretary of the society, becomes its recording secretary.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues.]

70. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam; the Sufi Interpretation of Khayyam and Fitz Gerald.* By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Librarian New York Public Library, Astor Branch, New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. Quarto, Boards. 15x11.

71. *The Age of Shakespeare (1579-1631).* By Thomas Seccomb and J. W. Allen. With an Introduction by Professor Hales. Cloth, 12mo; 2 v; pp. 292-232. London: George Bell and Sons.

72. *Shakespeare's Portrayal of the Moral Life.* By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin. 12mo; cloth; pp. 232. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

73. *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century.* By Henry A. Beers, author of *A Suburban Pastoral*, *The Ways of Yale*, etc. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 455. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

74. *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. II: *Macbeth*. Revised Edition by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Imperial; 8 vo; cloth; gilt top; pp. xiv-565. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

75. *Everyman: The Fifteenth Century Morality Play.* With illustrations reproduced from sixteenth century wood cuts. Cloth; 8½x6; pp. 42. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

76. *Shakespeare's Art: Studies on the Master Builder of Ideal Characters.* By James H. Cotter, A.M. 12mo; cloth; pp. 183. Cincinnati: Robert Clark Company.

77. *A New Portrait of Shakespeare: The Case of the Ely Palace Painting as against that of the so-called Droeshout Original.* By John Corbin. Sq.; 12mo; boards; pp. 96. New York and London: John Lane: The Bodley Head.

78. *The Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene.* By Lewis Wager. A Morality Play. Reprinted from the original edition of 1566-67. Edited, with introduction, notes, and glossarial index, by Frederick Ives Carpenter of the Department of English in the University of Chicago. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 90. The University of Chicago Press.

79. *The First Folio Edition of Shakespeare; Vol. I: A Midsomer Night's Dreame.* Edited, with introduction, glossarie, lists of variorum readings. By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Cloth; 16mo; handy volume size. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

80. *The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays.* By George C. Bompas. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 120. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

81. *The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy: a Report of the Trial of an Issue in Westminster Hall, June 20th, 1627; read in the Inner Temple Hall, May 29th, 1902, and prepared for publication by William Willis, Treasurer of the Honorable Society of the Inner Temple.* Boards; pp. 170; quarto. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

82. *Lord Penzance on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy: a Judicial Summing-up.* By the Right Hon. James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. Edited by M. H. Kinnear, with a biographical note by F. A. Inderwick, K.C. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 200. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

83. *The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon: an Appeal for Further Investigation and Research.* By Harold Bayley. Illustrated. 12mo; cloth; pp. 274. London: Grant Richards.

84. *The Early Life of Lord Bacon.* Newly Studied by Parker Woodward. Quarto; paper; pp. 110. London: Gay & Bird.

85. *Is It Shakespeare? The Great Question of Elizabethan Literature Answered in the light of new Revelations and Important Contemporary Evidence hitherto unnoticed.* By a Cambridge Graduate. With Facsimilies. Cloth; 8 vo; pp. 387. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. (London: Murray.)

86. *Contemporary Evidence of Shakespeare's Identity.* By R. L. Ash-

hurst, Vice Dean of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society. 8 vo; paper; pp. 66. Philadelphia: The Shakespeare Society.

87. *An English Garner: Critical Essays and Literary Fragments.* With an Introduction by J. Churton Collins. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 344. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

88. *An English Garner: Social England Illustrated.* A Collection of Seventeenth Century Tracts. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 8 vo; cloth; pp. 458. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

74. The Revised Edition of the Furness Variorum Macbeth is a splendid Imperial 8 vo, volume of 566 pages; and, as usual with every succeeding volume of this magnificent edition, entirely beggars praise. It is as impossible to mention any edition which competes with this one, as it is to discover any consideration omitted, or any phase of criticism neglected, in its editor's exhaustive sweep. Readers and students may have preferences as to size, form of page, convenience of portation, binding, paper or type. But for everything—everything for reader, student, scholarly consultation and reference—in short, everything—the Furness new variorum is all in all and at once!

Macbeth was first published in this edition in 1873. Dr. Furness says, in an explanatory note, that "almost as many years now separate us from the first volume of this edition as, at the time of its publication, separated us from the Variorum of 1821. During these years so much has been added in the way of criticism and illustration, that the epithet 'new' as applied to the earlier volumes is become almost misleading, and a demand for a 'newest new' Variorum can be deemed hardly unreasonable." The First Folio text, which has been used in all the Variorum editions thus far, excepting the first four volumes, is now substituted for the composite text originally employed in "Macbeth" by Dr. Furness. Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., to whom has fallen the work of revision, states that this change of text has necessitated a new collation of all the texts, and Dr. Furness himself, says: "Surely, the instances are not many where a literary task begun by a father is taken up and carried forward by a son; still fewer are they where the father can retire within the shadow with such conviction, as is now mine, that the younger hands are the better hands and that the work will be done more deftly in the future than in the past."

In the thirty years since the edition was launched the only changes in the plan were the rejection of the editor's own text—which was printed in the "Macbeth," Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Lear—for the first folio text,

as a confession that after all is said, and allowing for all archaisms, there is only one true text of Shakespeare! Malgre Dr. Furness's modesty, if the work is done better in the future, it can only be because "two heads are better than one," and the son will have—for many years, let us hope—the counsel and assistance of the father. The latter will go on with the comedies, and is now editing *Love's Labour's Lost*; while the former, as the preface to the present volume informs us, is at work on *Richard III.*

To adequately review a volume of the *New Variorum* would be to prepare a volume of equal size. A minor note we may however make. As mention of the difficulty which Germans have to contend with in translating certain passages in Shakespeare, Mr. Furness exhibits no fewer than twenty-one different versions of the lines:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

For the word *cauldron* the German language appears to have no equivalent. Even the noble edition of *Delius*—which Dr. Furness does not praise more highly—high as his praise of it is—than we all do, falls into occasional lapses in English metaphor. In the fourth act of the play where *Macbeth*, horror-stricken at the show of kings, says: "Start, eyes!" *Delius* explained in 1865 that "*Macbeth* could gaze no longer, and, therefore, bade his eyes start away from the sight." In his last edition *Delius* repeated this note word for word, but added the saving clause: "or from their sockets."

"I have found it remarked," says Dr. Johnson, in his Preface to *Shakespeare*—written in 1768—"that, in this important sentence: 'Go before, I'll follow,' we read a translation of 'I prae, sequar.' I have been told that when *Caliban*, after a pleasing dream, says 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates *Anacreon* who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

This was written one hundred and thirty-five years ago! But had Dr. Johnson lived until the year 1903 he would hardly have considered the item prominent. The only thing great *Shakespeare* appears never to have been able to accomplish, was to satisfy his commentators that his readers were, or ever would be—in *sæcula sæculorum*—possessed of common sense.

75. A new firm of New York publishers, Messrs. Fox and Duffield, have chosen well, we think, to issue as their first output a new edition, the fourth in four hundred years, of the quaint old morality play of *Everyman*, so lately presented throughout the United States by the Elizabethan Stage

Society of London, and which literary critics, artists, authors, actors, clergymen, students, and the public generally have united in praising for its curious worth and beauty. Everyman is thought to have been written first in Dutch by one Peter Dorland, of Diest, a priest of mystic and speculative turn of mind, who lived in the latter half of the Fifteenth Century. The earliest date to which the English version can be assigned is the reign of Edward IV (1461-1483); but if this be doubtful, it is at least certain that it was printed as early as in the year 1500, "at London in Fleetstrete at the Sygne of the George by Richard Pynson prynter to the Kyngs noble grace."

Poor Everyman (by whom is personated everybody—all mortality, of course) is represented as enjoying himself innocently enough, and the spectator must have considered it "hard lines" that death, a repulsive old skeleton with a vile horn and a noisy drum, should interrupt him. However from the time of death's interruption Everyman has a hard time, and, strenuously as he strives, gets nothing as a compromise except to be buried with book, bell and candle. We hope, however, that nobody neglected to see it; or if he did, that he will not overlook this opportunity to possess himself of the book.

77. We don't know what Mr. John Corbin's specialty is, but evidently it is not portraits of Shakespeare. He has only heard of two or three, and these he laboriously struggles and worries with and about, and compares, button by button and braid by braid and tippet by tippet, until we wish he wouldn't, and are willing to do anything, even to admit his proposition (if we can make out that he has any) that the "Ely" is quite as authentic as the Droeshout, if he will only make an end. We dare say it is. But that is not saying much for the Ely. There are by this time portraits of Shakespeare galore. Mr. Boaden enumerated, we think, seven. Mr. Norris added, perhaps, as many more. All that can be said for any portrait—the most that can be said—would be that its lines recalled the Stratford Bust, the nearest in point of time to Shakespeare, which certainly was intended to represent him (a certainty, by the way, that does not attach to all the others). Historically, then the Stratford Bust has the best claims. Circumstantially, as one might say, the D'Avenant Bust has almost a better claim (at least, that is an opinion). But Mr. Gunther's portrait shares—if not with the Droeshout, at least with the Ely—the right to be called an Idealized Stratford Bust. And if a portrait of a man is a portrait of Shakespeare because it "idealizes the Droeshout," then the "Spook" portrait which lies before us (being underwrit "William Shakespeare, photograph of a precipitate

portrait in colored oils, produced instantaneously in my presence, June 10th, 1887. Luther R. Marsh") is a portrait of Shakespeare. The late Mr. Marsh was an eminent lawyer—law partner of Daniel Webster, and possibly as deeply read in the rules of evidence as is Mr. John Corbin. On Mr. John Corbin's showing (but we will wait until we hear the other side) we should hesitate to pronounce between the "Ely" and the "Spook" Shakespeare.

78. Like *Everyman* just noticed, this reprint under the careful and competent hands of Professor Frederic Ives Carpenter of the Department of English in the University of Chicago with an illustrative and exhaustive introduction and necessary Notes and glossary presents us with the text of a mixed miracle Play and Morality of the shadowy pre-Renaissant period of English literature. Its early title page ran: A new Enterlude never before this time. Imprinted, entreating of the Life and Repentance of Marie Magdalene not only Godlie, Learned and Fruiteful, but also well furnished with pleasant Myrth and Passtime, verie Delectable for those which shall heare or reade the Same, made by the learned Clarke Lewis Wager—the name of the players. Infidelitie, the Vice—Marie Magdalene—Pride of Life—Cupidite. Carnal Concupiscence. Simon the Pharisee. Malicious Judgment. The Lawe. Knowledge of Sin. Christ Jesus. Fayth, Repentance. Testification. Love. [Foure may easely playe this Interlude].—Imprinted at London. by John Charlewood. Dwelling in Barbican at the Signe of the half Eagle and the Key. Anno 1567."

79. We congratulate Miss Porter and Miss Clarke upon having thought out a new plan of editing the Plays. Their plan is to print the 1623 text at a popular price, barring only long s's; transposed u and v; and the logotypes the old printers used for "justification" purposes, and of adding only the comparatively few notes that anyone really needs—anyone, that is to say, who opens Shakespeare at all! It does our souls good to find at least an editorial prescience that is willing to admit that, in a country which spends some hundreds of millions a year for popular education, people don't need to be told that a "bonnet" is a piece of head-gear, or that "dearest" is a term of endearment, or to be encumbered with sapient assistance in the shape of acres of annotations to a text that has survived, not only its contemporaries, but thousands of its successors, simply because it is intelligible to every heart that beats and to every pulse that throbs, as it is! And we thank the editors for having the moral courage to say (we have awaited the editors who would say it and stick to it in their

editing—we have awaited them for, say, fifty years) “there is practically nothing in the form of the first complete text of the Plays published in 1623, and commonly called the First Folio, particularly if these few changes mentioned be made, which should cause the present-day reader to stumble in reading it.” Besides a sensible preface, a common-sense introduction, notes that annotate, and a good glossary, there is a careful table of Variorum readings and a dainty selection of really terse commentary. The size is “handy-volume,” the type ideal, the headlines run across two pages! We don’t believe, after growling at all sorts of editors of Shakespeare for twenty years, that we have any fault to find with this Porter-Clarke Shakespeare, and every successive volume of it (and we hope it will include the Edward III and the Two Noble Kinsmen, even if the First Folio does not) will be very welcome at this table.

80—81—82—83—84

“BACONIAN CONTROVERSY—THE: see BACON, *Delia*; SHAKESPEARE, *William*.” We find this entry in The New International Encyclopædia. So, our pene-literary contemporary The Times Saturday Review, to the contrary notwithstanding, there is a Baconian Controversy! But behold how the whirligig of Time brings in his Revenges! Twenty-five years ago, said The London Athenæum, in reviewing a Baconian book. “We leave this tom-foolery where it alone exists, *in partibus Infidelibus*—Australia and the United States!” Here, to-day, are six sizable works all from England. Having devoted over an hundred of our pages to this controversy already, we must deal very summarily with these. Mr. Bompas’s book is an able restatement of the heretical side. As to Mr. Willis, while not entirely agreeing with Anthony Trollope that lawyers think themselves the only adult members of society, yet it is true that lawyers are the only class whose business is logical discussion, and whose vocation compels an exact knowledge of the meaning of words, popular as well as terminal. “A court of law,” says Hayward, “is the only place where free speech is tolerated and a logical judgment rendered.” Therefore it was a happy thought in Mr. Willis to take the Bacon-Shakespeare case into court. He assumes that in the probate of Shakespeare’s will, the question arises whether the man signing the will is the man whose plays, in 1623, are printed in the First Folio, and the Lord Chancellor frames the issue and sends it to the King’s Bench for trial. The trial is had, and a jury finds that William Shakespeare, the testator of the testament of 1616, was the Dramatist of the First Folio of 1623. We trust every Baconian will read and digest this trial. We are sure no orthodox Shakespearean will miss so doing. Speak-

ing as lawyers, however, we should say that no such issue could possibly have been framed so that a jury could hear it at all. One might as well frame a London fog! The plays in the First Folio were not signed in anybody's handwriting, and if they had been the issue would have been—if possible—foggier yet! Francis Collins, the attorney, permits his client to sign his will in three different hands, and in three different orthographies. If he knew that his client was called Shakespeare, he ought at least to have held him to that orthography, or, at least, *idem sonans*. He did neither. If he—Lawyer Collins—knew or suspected that his client was a famous Dramatist, or owner or late owner of theatrical or dramatic chattels, he should have made some intimation in the body of the will to that effect. Mr. Willis's work is clever, and the trial at bar conforms so closely to Jacoban practice that it is worth the pleasure of reading it. But speaking as a lawyer, we think that Mr. Willis's jury would have disagreed!

Lord Penzance's book is juridicial, and will be noticed again in these pages. He sees no escape from the Baconian theory. Mr. Harold Bayley's appeal—an eloquent one—we are also compelled to pass for the present, to recur to it later on. The reader who opens Mr. Parker Woodward's "Early Life of Lord Bacon" must be prepared to disregard Mr. Sneer's injunction, "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope!" Mr. Woodward, in his preface "wants nobody to review his book who has not first read it from cover to cover." We have done that, and if Mr. Froude long ago assured us that the Virgin Queen was more than once a mother, Mr. Woodward cannot be blamed, now that Mrs. Gallup claims one of the Queen's offspring to have been Lord Bacon, for trying to discover if this could have been the fact! Mr. Woodward takes Mrs. Gallup "on honor" when she says that she has extracted, and not invented, her cipher, and makes his book a brief in Mrs. Gallup's behoof. It will be remembered that Mrs. Gallup herself replied to the most damaging of her critics that if she had herself composed the cipher story she claims to have extracted, she would have (1) gone to the encyclopædia and got the history right, (2) being careful to paraphrase Homer *via* some less familiar translation than Pope's rhymed version, and (3) that the object of a cipher is to be difficult to construe. Mr. Woodward elaborates this as to the circumstantial evidence he marshals. We trust lay readers will remember in reading this brief that circumstantial evidence is at once the strongest and weakest of all evidence; the strongest, unless explained; the weakest (*i.e.*, not evidence at all) after it is explained. But that, if not explained, it cannot be objected to as interested or prejudiced or *ex parte*. We hope all interested in the discussion to which *New Shakespeareana* has devoted so disproportionate

a space already will not fail to read "The Early Life of Lord Bacon, newly studied by Parker Woodward."

Why did not Dr. Furness, when he sat on the famous Seybert commission, ask the spirits to settle the Bacon-Shakespeare fight?

85. Will the line stretch out till the crack of doom? Can nothing be done to suppress this torrent of books on the Bacon controversy? Here comes an anonymous "Cambridge Graduate" with the everlasting question. According to him Bacon must have been a sad, sad boy in his early days. It may be so. Full many a father have I seen, a sober man among his boys, whose youth was full of foolish noise, and it is not to be supposed that Bacon was born in a wig, nor did he always pose *sic sedebat*! If we can judge by his companions, Essex, Southampton, Herbert and the unspeakable Perez, he was at this time quite awake to the diversions and follies of the gilded youth of the court, even if not an actual participant in them. Perhaps Lady Bacon's warning not to sinfully revel was not so wholly puritanical and uncalled for as we sometimes think. Certainly Bacon's set was a very gay one. Our "Cambridge Graduate" acquits Bacon of the most debasing of the faults of that set. The subject is a delicate one, and our author handles it delicately. Evidently he thinks Bacon at one time stood on the brink of the pit and peered over, but that was all. The argument is based on the sonnets and other poems, and not on the plays. The sonnets are undoubtedly, the author thinks, autobiographical, and the autobiography is much more easily reconciled with Bacon than with the actor, who has been supposed to have brought the first part of *Venus and Adonis* in his pocket from Stratford, and to have finished it while he was taking care of the senior Burbage's horses.

There are some pretty serious stumbling blocks in the way of the autobiographical theory as usually understood. Take Sonnet cxxxvii, for instance. It is perfectly inconceivable that any man from the beginning of the world to this day could have spoken of the woman he loved in this fashion, least of all a poet! His love would have made him blind to her faults; or, if not blind, at least he would not have blazoned them forth. Suppose, however, he was speaking for another person, and suppose he is describing his friend's mistress, not his own, putting the phrases into his mouth in order to shame him from an unworthy infatuation. This would be so much like what we know of Bacon, that if it were found to be the case, it would tend greatly to strengthen the theory of Baconian authorship.

Southampton is the "friend" of the early Sonnets; Herbert of the

later. Mistress Fitton receives due attention. Now adventures and intrigues, such as are suggested by the Sonnets, would more naturally fall in the way of a companion of courtiers than of a companion of stable boys and supers of the play house. But the argument by no means rests upon this weighing of probabilities. Hall, Marston and Ben Jonson knew the secret, and let slip many hints. When Marston alludes to a hidden poet as *mediocria firma*, which is Bacon's own motto, the disguise seems very thin.

The author shows remarkable knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and many mouldy archives have been ransacked and gleaned to support his position, which is that Bacon was the sole author of the sonnets and other poems. The plays are, in the main, he contends, the work of the author of the poems. Of that he admits no doubt. But what of the actor and manager from Stratford? He was a genial companion and a man of great ability. He was a play-broker and factotum, honest, able and popular. He obtained plays where he could find them and fitted them for the stage. Hence they were known as "Shakespeare's Plays." He probably supplied some of the lighter parts—the "gags." Jonson thought that half eyes would know a fleece from locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece. This theory accounts for Warwickshire names in the plays, and is virtually in accord with that advanced by Appleton Morgan twenty-five years ago in "The Shakespearean Myth."

It is undoubtedly true that Bacon, after his great misfortune, grew very serious and deeply concerned in matters of religion, as his writings plainly show. May it not be that at this period of his life something of the puritanical spirit of his mother took possession of him? and, if so, may it not have been one reason why at the end he did not wish to own the plays? The book is delightfully written by one who does not take himself too seriously, but who is evidently very much in earnest and is possessed in full measure of the saving grace of humour—a grace which many Ba-

The author places his "name and claim" in the form of an anagram at the beginning and end of the book. It has been read "Walter Begley, the Discover of Milton's Nova Solyma," which, however, runs two letters short.

I. H. P.

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